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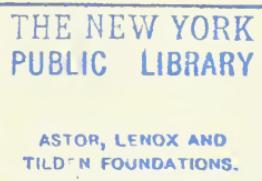












Tent on the Library Grounds



HISTORY  
— OF THE —  
Centennial of the Incorporation  
— OF THE —  
Town of Eliot  
Maine

AUGUST 7th-13th, 1910

— \* — \* — \* —

Edited by

AARON B. COLE

J. L. M. WILLIS

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OF THE TOWN OF ELIOT

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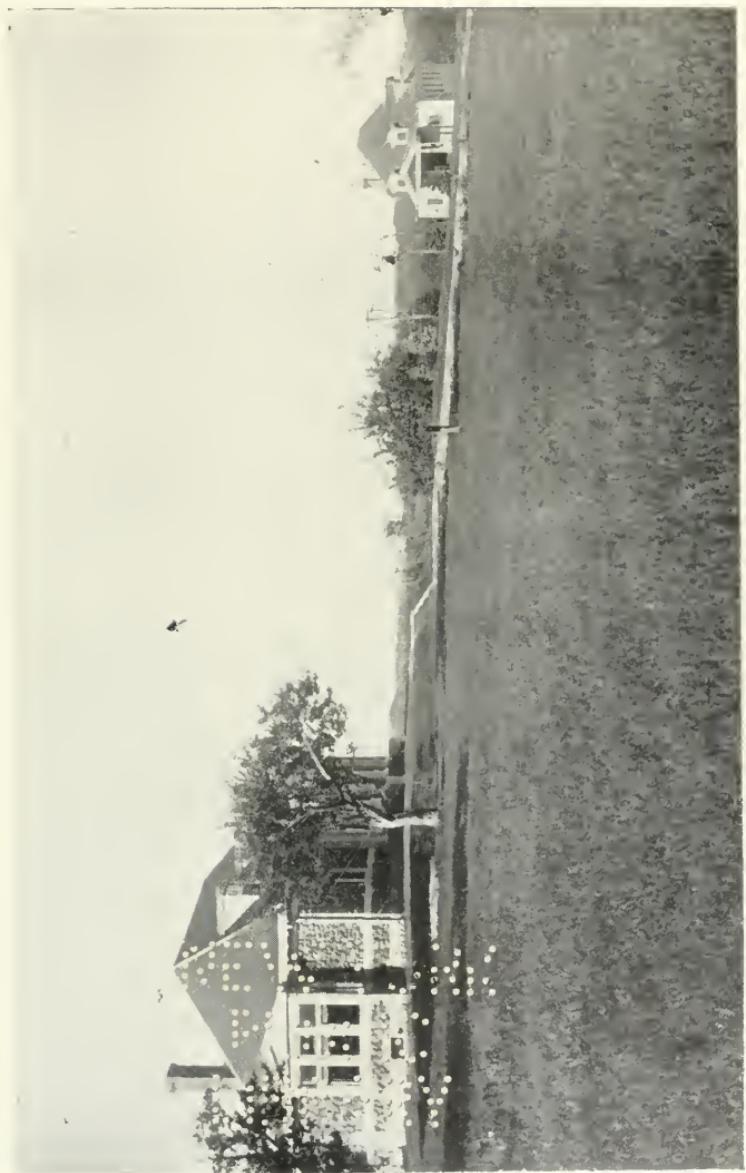
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## Invitation.

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY.

—o—

1810.

1910.

The Town of Eliot, Maine,  
is to celebrate its  
One Hundredth Anniversary  
by an Old Home Week, August 7--13,  
nineteen hundred ten,  
and cordially invites its Sons and Daughters,  
and all of kin,  
to return once more, and visit the old  
Town by the Piscataqua.

“ May here, among thy native hills,  
The thoughts of age depart;  
And all the glow of sunny youth  
Come bounding through thy heart.”

The Town of Eliot,  
By the Committee.

## P r e f a c e .

This little volume contains a record of the exercises carried on during the Town's Celebration of its One Hundredth Anniversary ; and is sent forth with the hope that all who participated in those exercises may have some memento to recall the pleasant days spent in Eliot during that time.

The old town's sons and daughters are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land ; and it was thought by the committee having in charge the exercises of the One Hundredth Anniversary, that the collection of programs of that Week might well be worth preserving, in order that those who receive a copy may have their interest in their home town rekindled, and a renewed desire aroused to return for each summer vacation.

Eliot is rich in history and tradition, situated upon a broad estuary of the Atlantic Ocean, known as the Piscataqua River.

It was explored and settled by the traders who came to the New England shores in the early days of American History. It is said that in 1524, John Verrazani, an Italian navigator, in the employ of the French, or Franks, explored the Piscataqua ; and from this source came the name, *Frank's Fort*, which we have at the present time.

About the year 1600 there were many English explorers in the River, including Gosnold, Pring, Capt John Smith. In 1623, came the first permanent recorded settlement, begun by Alexander Shapleigh, and continued soon after by the Frosts, the Leightons, the Downings, the Emerys, the Nasons, the Pauls, the Remicks, the Hurds, the Spinneys, the Hanscoms, the Rogers, the Dixons, the Staples, and many other Eliot and Kittery names.

Down to 1810, Eliot was known as the Second Parish of Kittery. Differences arose between the two sections of the

Town, of which Eliot, at that time, was the larger and more influential. At a meeting held on the 27th day of April, 1809, it was voted to petition the General Court of Massachusetts, that the Parish be incorporated into a town. The act of incorporation was passed, and duly approved, on the 1st day of March, 1810.

The Warrant for the first Town Meeting was issued on the 8th day of March, 1810, under the hand of— Andrew P. Fernald, Justice of the Peace, who was a Representative to the General Court, and who had been instrumental in securing the incorporation.

At the time of the separation of Kittery and Eliot,— Eliot contained 307 polls, and the valuation list amounted to seven hundred and two pounds and nineteen shillings.

From 1810 until 1850, the town continued to grow slowly in population and valuation, having, in 1850, a population of one thousand eight hundred and three; the largest in the history of the Town.

No industry, except that of brick-making, has ever located in Eliot; and it is purely a rural town. Within its boundaries, many people find recreation during the summermonths; and since the establishment of Greenacre, the fame of Eliot as a summer resort, has been extended far and wide.

The Committee in charge of the Anniversary Celebration sent invitations to all former residents of the town, as far as their names could be ascertained; and as a result, several thousands returned, many of whom had not been in Eliot prior to that time for many, many years.

All entered into the spirit of the occasion; and the memory of that week, and the material benefit to the Town resulting therefrom have been great.

The Committee desire to thank each and every one who, in any way helped in the success of the Celebration; and in sending out this record of the occasion, hope that this home-coming is but the first of many that will follow as the years go by.



The General Committee





## Eliot Centennial.

FIRST DAY, SABBATH, AUGUST 7, 1910.

—o—

At the annual Town Meeting, March 14, 1910, it was voted that the Town celebrate the

### One Hundredth Anniversary

of its incorporation; and that a committee of twenty-five have charge of the occasion;—of which committee, Dr. J. L. M. WILLIS should be Chairman, and the other members be appointed by the Moderator.

The town appropriated four hundred dollars, and the citizens nine hundred and fifty, to assist in the expenses of the celebration.

The Committee organized April 14, as follows,—

Dr. J. L. M. Willis, *Chairman*,  
George Everett Hammond, *Vice Chairman*,  
C. Edward Bartlet, *Treasurer*,  
Aaron B. Cole, Esq. *Secretary*.

Joseph H. Dixon,	George E. Ireland.
Samuel Dixon,	Col. Francis Keefe,
Charles F. Drake,	George F. Kennard,
Dr. Henry I. Durgin,	Howard P. Libbey,
John L. Emery,	Albert Lord,
Charles B. Gale,	Charles A. Raitt,
John R. Goodwin,	Joseph H. Remick,
Moses E. Goodwin,	Alfred Spinney,
William L. Hobbs,	Calvin H. Staples,
George O. Athorne	F. A. Staples,
	M. P. Tobey.

The exercises of the Centennial week began on Sunday, August 7. Appropriate historical sermons, reviews and allusions interested the assemblies in the various churches of the awakened town :—

At the Congregational Church,—the first organized within the limits of Eliot,—Mr. J. M. Dees, made appropriate allusions to the interests of the week, the more than century church history; and its early pastors of renown;

In the Methodist Church, east, Rev. Wm. B. Eldridge, the Methodist Church, west, Rev. Frederic C. Norcross, and the Advent Church, Rev. George W. Brown,—were made allusions in the pulpit exercises, to the interests of the Centennial week, and the historic traditions of the town.

At 7.30 p. m. a large assembly gathered at the Congregational Church, Dr. H. I. Durgin presiding. There were several interesting reviews and reminiscences of the earlier years; and names once familiar were revived.

Among those who participated, were Rev. D. S. Hibbard, Samuel Dixon, Rev. G. W. Browne, Mrs. Mary A. Butler, who sent a paper, and Miss Arabella B. Hammond a poem written for the hour.

Each of the papers read are included in the following pages :—

#### A PASTOR'S MEMORIES.

The paper read at the evening service by a former Pastor,  
Rev. D. S. Hibbard, Gorham, Maine.

We are here to-night, my friends, to look back for a hundred years and more in the History of this good old town of Eliot.

Now I cannot tell of what happened here a century ago. I happened not to be in this town at that time. But on looking back, I find it is almost a third of century, since, in 1878, I got off the cars at your station. A man was to meet me then; but we somehow failed to connect; and I took the stage for the home of Dr. Guptill, the only man in Eliot I knew anything about,



Rev. D. S. Hibbard





Congregational Church, 1895



After I had eaten a good dinner, with an all needless apology about it, as I had not been expected, the Dr. harnessed his horse, and took me to Alexander Shapleigh's where I was to stay a few days, until the widow Hanscom could get some papering and painting done, so as suitably to entertain the new minister. It was plain by this time that they were all a bit afraid of him ; but they got over that after a little while.

When we had a three weeks acquaintance, we arranged for a permanent relation : my household goods came down from the station, and then my house was well stocked with good Eliot apples, without money and without price.

It was just like Eliot.

And then came, in the same way, a very nice suit of clothes. It was known to be the desire of some of the donors, that this should include a stove.pipe hat. Perhaps this was, that, as the new minister was not a very tall man, it might make him look up a little. But he had never worn a stove pipe hat ; and he has not to this day.

And so we began in what was then called "the old Church ;" although there had been two, at least, before it. It was needlessly large for the audience we then had. Our territory was considerable. It extended not much beyond Chandler Shapleigh's on the north, nor much beyond Dr. Guptill's on the south. Our border on the west, like that of the children of Israel, was the water ; while on the east, from the back road, which was mostly Methodist grouud, came John R. Some of you may need to be told that this meant John R. Hanscom. We did not usually put on the last name. It was not necessary. We had many Hanscoms in town, but only one John R.

There was no more active man among us than Dr. Guptill. He was not a Congregationalist ; he was a Baptist. But as there was no Baptist church here, he joined us, and became a good working Congregationalist. There is more of that kind of union and co-operation in Christendom, than Christianity gets credit for. It doesn't get noised abroad as the divisions do.

The Dr. had a large class in the Sunday School, and

with negligible exceptions, if any, he was always at church. He would start at 3 o'clock in the morning, to make the necessary calls; and if any of his patients disliked this early hour, I never heard of any friction about it. When the Lord's day came, he gave the Lord this day in full measure, without scrimping. He once told me of an incident of his earlier practice:—

A man came from the back part of the town for the Dr. to come and see his sick wife, on a Sunday morning. He naturally inquired somewhat into the case as Dr's do:

"How long has your wife been sick?"

"About a month."

"Any worse this morning?"

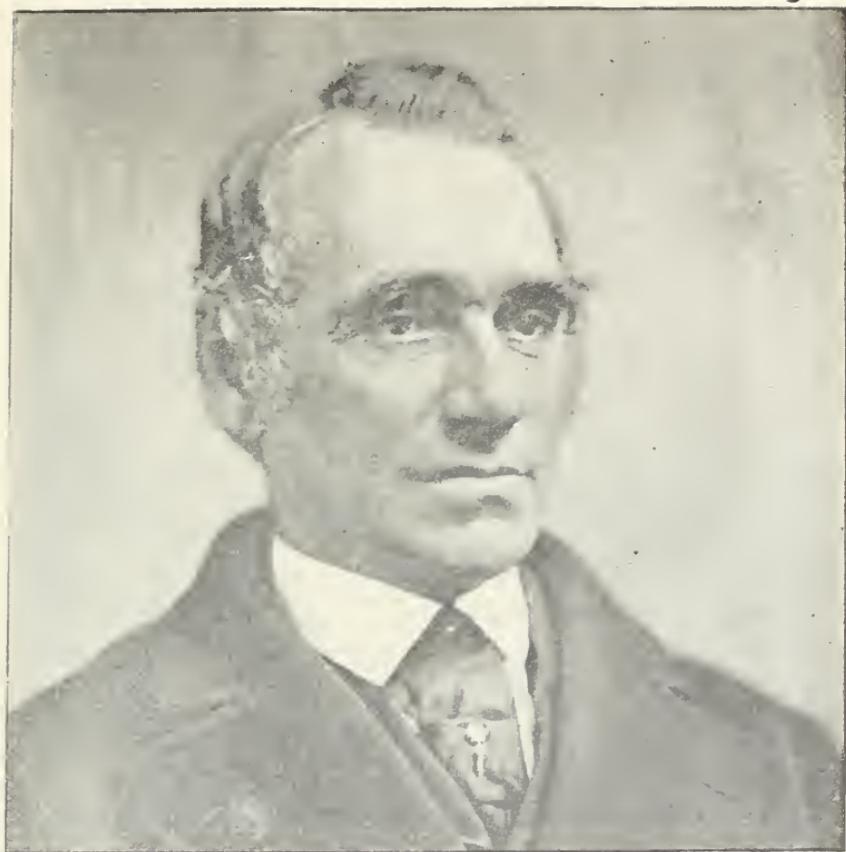
"No, perhaps not; but I thought it was about time to have some help."

"I'll come to-morrow morning, and I won't till then."

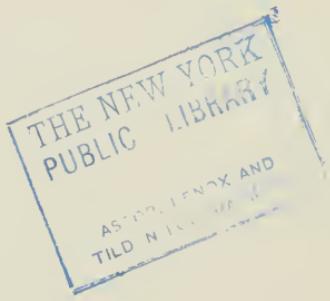
Well, the Dr. lost his case, and lost his customer; but that didn't trouble him any. There were enough left. In those days the Dr. had a good practice; he served the church well, and if he was a little strenuous about the church employing its own Doctor, he had a pretty good right to be.

The Dr. was a Prayer Meeting man. We had a prayer meeting; and it was not kept alive by sprightly music, and attractive quotations from the poets. There were enough to carry it on without. There came always another party than the Dr.—a husband and wife. Their voice was never heard. The husband was not a man of talk, and in those days women took no part in Congregational prayer meetings. But their presence could always be *felt*. I once talked with a deaf mute, who told me, "I always go to meeting; I can't hear anything, but I can always feel the Spirit, if it is there." If Mrs. William Oliver Brooks was in a meeting, the Spirit was there. And there was spiritual telepathy; just what is meant in the Apostolic creed, when it says, "I believe in the communion of saints;" a thing which the unconverted man knows nothing of.

In those days our church shared with another the occupancy of the house; we had it but three quarters of the



Dr. Calvin H. Guptill.



time ; and I had a spare Sabbath every month. So a few times I supplied the Advent Church, at Scouth Eliot. I had preached there one day, had dined at Samuel Dixon's, and was sitting with them after dinner, when a hasty messenger announced that my church was burning up, and the parsonage in danger of going with it. So my host hastily got his team and carried me home, where I found the embers of the church still burning. The contents of my own house had been taken out, but put back when the danger was over. A house occupied by Mr. Ireland, at a similar distance from the church with mine, but under its lea, as the wind was, could not be saved.

And now we were without a place of worship. The Academy, with its hall, had been burned three years before, and had not been rebuilt. It was a time in the history of education in the country, when the old Academy was giving place to the High School,—the new High School.

In my boyhood a High School was a tuition school. It was held usually in the common school house, in the fall and spring, when the public school was not in session ; and it furnished instruction in higher branches than were allowed in the common school.

The Eliot Academy was burned ; and for a good while there was nothing to take its place. But the High School has come now. Eliot does not start perhaps as quickly as some towns, but when it starts it usually gets there.

The rebuilding of the Church hung poise for a little. We were paralyzed. Meetings were held in the parsonage parlor. It accommodated all who came. Many came not, knowing that the room was scant. The general feeling was that the fire ended the Congregational Church. For some years it had labored under special difficulties ; and now all was ended. But we did not stop. The regular Sabbath service was always held.

As soon as the weather permitted, we went into Capt. Jenks grove, by the river, and held our services in camp meeting style for thirteen consecutive Sabbaths, with never

a drop of rain to interfere,—save only on one occasion, a very slight shower somewhat thinned the five o'clock meeting. It had well dried out, but some were afraid.

One result of our camp meeting worship was that it ended the preacher's use of a manuscript, which hitherto he had always used part of the time. It did not seem adapted to the camp meeting, and by the time that worship was over he was weaned of sermon reading. And this brings to mind an incident which touched me a little, and two other men of Eliot were in it, which I have repeatedly told before, but never in Eliot :—

By way of exchange I was supplying one of the other churches in town. They had Sunday School in the forenoon and preaching in the afternoon. I attended Sunday School, and when I went with a brother to dinner; my manuscript which was somewhat bulky, and written in short hand which no one there could read, I left under the desk to be used in the afternoon. But, when I went into the desk at the hour of service, my manuscript had disappeared! In this old Book I am to go by, is a commandment which runs, "*Be ye angry and sin not,*" On this occasion I think I obeyed the first part of that commandment. I am not quite as certain about the second part; but in my indignation I said to myself, "No matter, I can preach well enough for these Methodist thieves without any manuscript." So I fired away.

When I got up and looked over the audience, I could see two men who knew about that manuscript. I could see it just as plainly as if I had seen them carry it off.—Now, if either of these men are in this crowd tonight, (and both of them may be here,) there need be no apprehension. I am not on the war path; and I have entirely forgotten who they were. However, at the close of the services, during the last hymn, under some discarded packs of Sunday School literature on a shelf beneath the desk, I rescued my manuscript, carried it home,—and the incident was closed.

Our Church was *gone!* But after lying stunned for a while, we arose and built,—I with the rest. I got more



Congregational Church



credit in the matter than I deserved. I made some mistakes ; but when a great work is going on, and the people have a mind to work, it is easy to move on and leave mistakes behind. In about a year the new building was dedicated, free from debt. It was proposed to ask help of the Congregational Church Building Society ; but that would require that the building be mortgaged to the Society to secure it to the denomination. But we did not want a mortgage, so did not ask for help.

It was a busy year for some. We had a sociable and served ice cream every week, for about a year, regardless of weather. If it was cold we made the house warm. The young people ate the cream out of a sense of duty, to help pay for the church.

In each of the two longest pastorates of my life, I have come in contact with Church building. In the other case the pastor (who was my predecessor,) under whom the church was built, told me that building was the *bete noir* of his life ; he hoped never to build another.

And to be sure the building tore the church organization into two hostile and embittered factions. Then the church was in a distracted and reckless condition, and the building just bound it together, and set it on its feet again.

There was one circumstance in the matter which it would be hard to parallel in the annals of building. The architect and the chairman of the building committee, and the contractor, were one and the same person :—

F. J. Paul made the plan ; let the job to himself ; and then built the Church.—and there was neither graft nor dissatisfaction at all in the case.

When the work was nearly done, but before the pews were put in, a fair was held in it to help defray the expenses. During the evening some one called order, and announced that John R. wished to make a speech. We all gave attention. I do not think I had ever heard John R. make a speech in public. I doubt if any one had. His speech was short, and right to the point, but not specially classic. He said :

“ When this ere house is done, I’ll give it a ten hundred pound bell.”

I recollect no applause. Perhaps it was received like Lincoln's Gettysburg speech,—in silence.

When it came to making the purchase, the cost was more than the old man had expected; and I had fears of its being cut down; but when the bell came, it came in full weight, with hangings and rope for ringing.

With less dramatic presentation, our friend, Abraham Hill, then of Brooklyn, N. Y. gave a carpet for the church.

We speak of the great gifts of Rockefeller and Carnegie. But the gifts of these men, were more than those of the multi-millionaires.

Well, we worshipped in the new Church about four years; and I took my leave, possibly too soon. I know not that any one wished me to go. But these are days of change; and it is better to go considerably too soon, than to stay a little too long. Talking afterwards with an Eliot man about different ministers, he remarked that every minister had his friends and his enemies.

I know not how many enemies I had in Eliot, nor who they were. And yet there lies another and serious question under that. Using phraseology of recent introduction, it may be asked, "If Christ had been just in my place those six years, would he have made any enemies?" He made many while on the earth, and he knew who they were. But if it could be made known to me that Christ would have made enemies if he had been in my place, still I could by no means undertake to decide who they would have been.

---

#### ELIOT NECK.

The Paper written, and read at the evening service by  
SAMUEL DIXON.

We shall confine ourselves principally to the state of affairs on what is called Eliot Neck:—

About seventy-five or eighty years ago, the male inhabitants were mostly fishermen; sailing each spring in Portsmouth schooners "Down in the Bay," or "On the Banks," where they spent the summer months, returning in the fall to pass the winter at home;—sometimes fishing at the harbor in their boats, or digging clams in the coves



Samuel Dixon



and creeks, where they abounded, or setting nets for the plentiful lobster; finding a good market for these products at the "Town" of Portsmouth, a short distance below.

The Neck contains about a hundred and twenty acres of land; on which at that time there were only thirty-three houses, all of them, except two, of one story,—where now there are one hundred and five dwellings, a school house with two schools, a Post Office, and three stores: showing greater improvement along these lines than any other part of the town.

Our parents attended school in what was called the old brick school house, at the junction of the roads, near the home of George A. Fernald, where they were taught by Parson Chandler and teachers of his class. The few weeks of Grammar School each year, being held in a distant part of the town, was of no advantage to them.

For religious services they had to walk about four miles to the Congregational Church. One devout couple attended the Methodist Church at Spruce Creek, going there on foot every Sunday. Meetings were sometimes held at the School House, by Elder Mark Fernald and others.

There were then few mechanics or farmers. In process of time with the building of railroads and vessels, our people changed their occupations, becoming mechanics in various branches of trade,—principally ship-building,—finding employment at the shipyards of Portsmouth and Kittery; fishing being nearly abandoned.

We will now call attention to the *Roads* in town:

The Cedar Road, extending from Moses Paul's to Sturgeon Creek, was originally laid out on the north side of the depot. After the building of the Eastern Railroad, it was changed to its present location,

As to the time of the building of what was formerly known as the Back Road, now Goodwin Road, running from South Berwick to Kittery past Moses Paul's and the homes of the Goodwins, we have no knowledge.

That portion of the road from Gould's Corner to Kittery, between Joshua Downing's, now *Tucker's Corner*, and Thomas Hanscom's, now *Leibman's Corner*, was indicted in 1696; this shows the age of the road, which con-

tinued on to Kittery, passing by Tobey's Corner and the present Methodist Church. The road from the Elm Tree near Jasper Shapleigh's, to Eliot Academy, was built in 1843. The road from Farmer's Corner, over Bolt Hill to Kittery line, was built in 1825.

The Hanscom Road was built in 1827.

The original road over the Neck was laid out in 1692, by the river bank.

A road was laid out in 1807, leaving the river bank a short distance below the Advent Church, and ending at the Town Landing near Nathan Spinney's.

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#### REMINISCENCES.

The paper prepared for the occasion by

MRS. MARY A. BUTLER.

The old Shorey house, near Shorey's brook, was a true specimen of old time houses, built in Queen Anne's reign, as the last owner used proudly to say. Four or five generations grew to mature life beneath its roof;—the last tenant living to be nearly *one hundred years*.

It was an ancient tavern; and many celebrities have been entertained there.

In my remembrance it was a treasure house for ancient relics, which were the delight of children, and valuable only for their age; and many hours we spent looking them over, and listening to stories told of their owners of long ago.

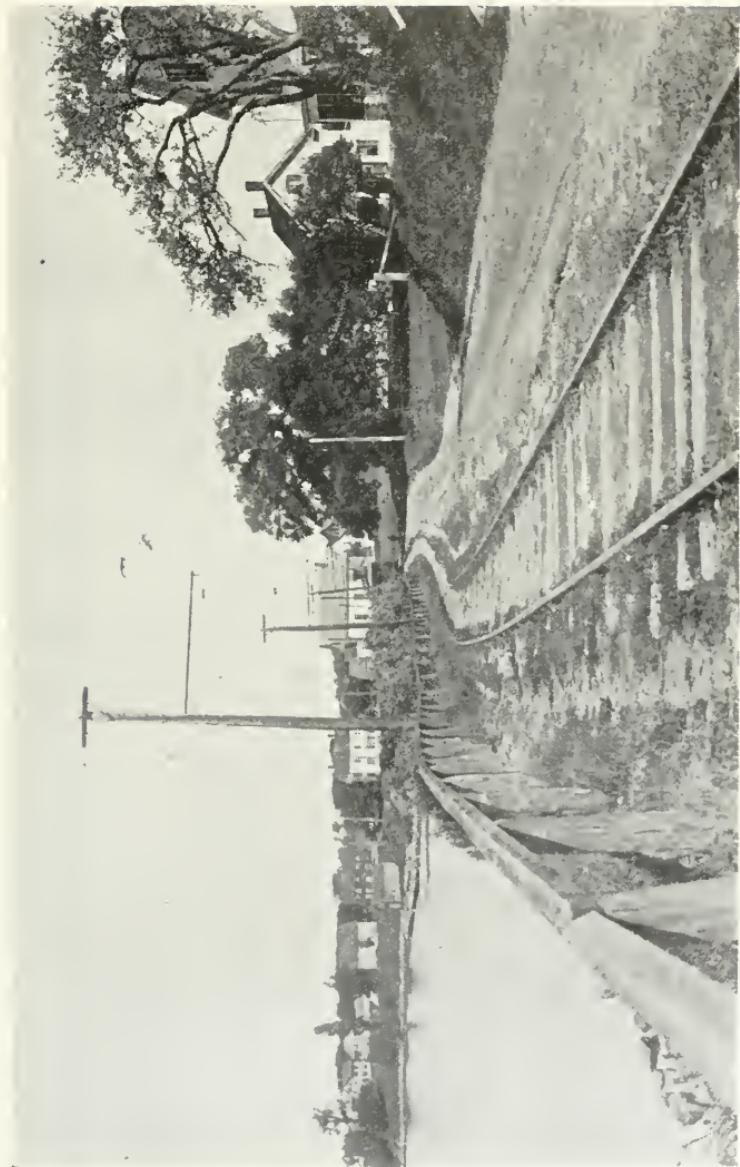
The house owned by the late William G. Emery, and used by him as a summer home, is noted as being the residence of the first native lawyer; and the room he used as an office is still in a state of preservation. It was for many years the home of Miss Harriet Emery, who lived alone, and tilled her garden and cared for its products.—The house is still in good condition, and bids fair to survive another century. It contains many relics of the olden time that are quaint and interesting.

The old school house, of District No. I, from which so many of the inhabitants graduated, now stands near this house, used as a woodshed, awaking memories of study

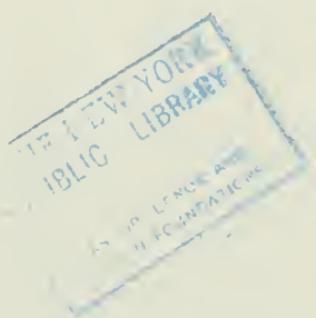


Mrs. Mary A. Butler





Pleasant St., By the River.



Old Shapleigh House





and punishment ; for the birch and ferule were considered as necessary as book and quill, in the days of the old School Houae.

A near neighbor to this is the old house occupied by Miss Paulina Emery,—the last of a large family.

With its low ceiling, its quaint windows, and its old cupboard in the corner, it carries the mind back to *old times*.

It was the residence of a shoemaker who tanned the leather he used. I well remember how intently I watched the horse as he wearily travelled round and round, grinding the bark for tanning, in the old mill.

A very large ancient Bible, with its pictures, was one of the attractions of the old house in the days of my childhood.

The old Shapleigh house, torn down a number of years ago, was one of the oldest houses in town. It stood near the school house in district No. 1.

With its hip roof, its quaint windows, and big old fashioned chimney, it was an object of interest to all who passed it. Around it stood old poplars and lilacs. No one knows its age ; but it is known that an earthquake in 1755 damaged the house and shook down the chimney which was rebuilt on a smaller scale.

This house was the home of Nicholas Gowen, father of Capt. and later, Hon. James Gowen, a quite prominent man in his time,

Near the old Shapleigh house, between it and the road, stood another house, the home of James G. Shapleigh, afterwards removed, and is now owned and occupied by Elbridge Goodwin.

On the top of the Rocky Hills once stood a little old dwelling house, owned by Joshua Johnson. But few now living remember it. A family of children grew to maturity here, and went their several ways.

A once much used road, known as Johnson's Lane, now abandoned, ran from the Brixham road near Otis Sillsbee's to the Goodwin road, near my own home.

A short distance below the school house, and about half way between the road and Rocky Hills, were three old houses. All were on land now owned by Mr. Albert Lord, but then owned as three farms. The first the Jenkins house ; afterwards hauled away, and ended its days on the spot where Mr. C. R. Hooper now lives, and was the house owned and occupied by the late Capt. William Bartlett.

The next, the old Lord house, and the next the Butland house. The only thing left to mark their site is the old well of the Butlands.

The old Tide Mill at Sturgeon Creek should be remembered here :

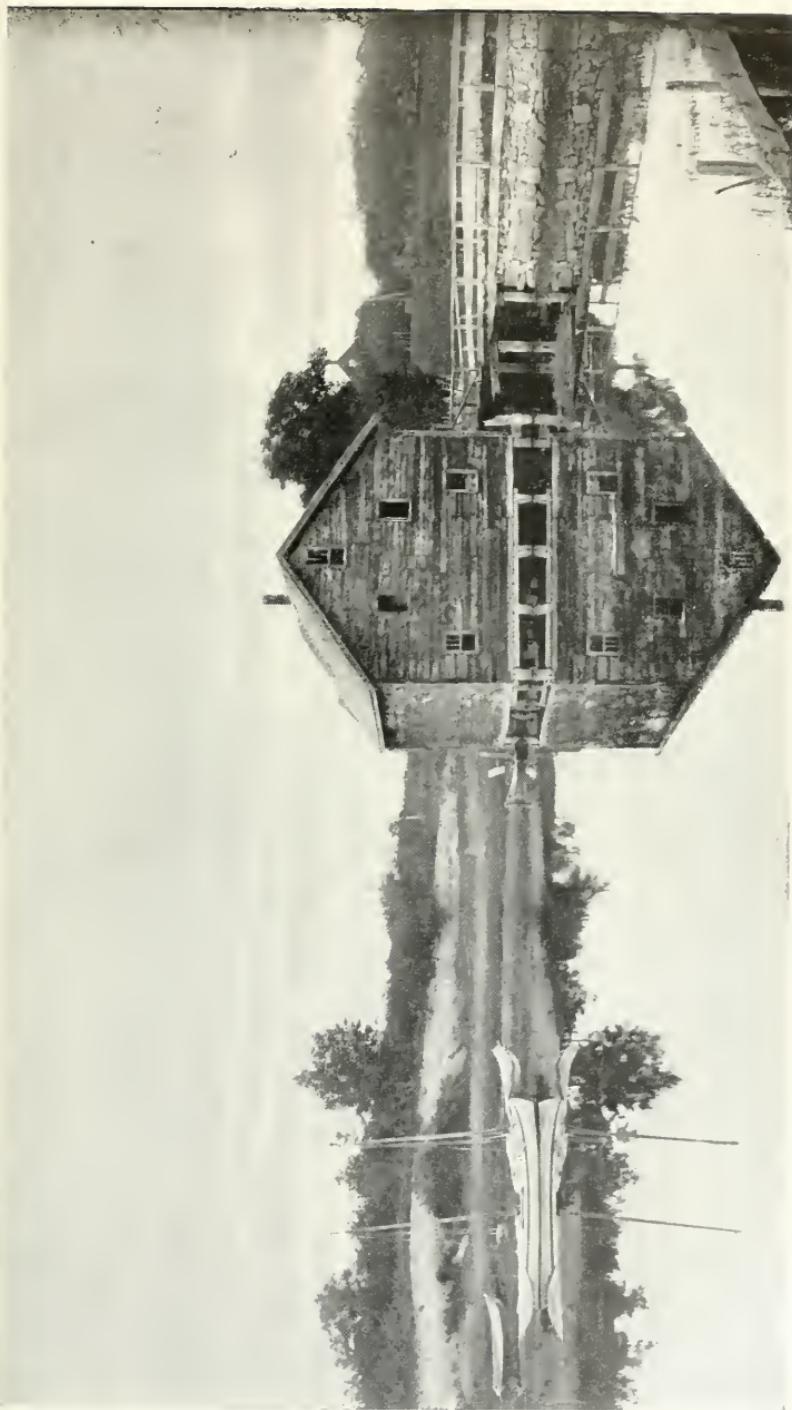
Grinding only at high water, it was frequently an annoyance to the farmers who depended on it for grinding their corn, to find they were five minutes late ; for the tide had gone down, or many were there before them,—and perhaps several days would elapse before their grist would be ready for them.

I have thought the modern farmers would be likely to be impatient at such proceedings ; but we are writing of a time when people had not learned to harness the lightning and imitate the birds of the air in their flight.

We boast of our free mail delivery service ; but more than sixty years ago, we of East Eliot, had an R. F. D. Our postmaster, Esq. James Goodwin, who lived near the church, took with him each Sabbath Morning, the mail for all who attended church ; and distributed it as one after another arrived at the door. The postage was charged to the receiver then ; but as there were only two mails per week, the bills were not extravagant.

Many other places might be mentioned of equal interest ; but we will close with lines,—by one who was many years away from her native state :—

I've looked today on the dear old hills,—  
The dear old hills of my early home ;  
I've looked with eyes that were dim with tears  
That came with the thought of former years,  
When knowing no sorrow, and bearing no pain,



Old Mill at Sturgeon Creek





Joseph H. Dixon



I just looked out on the hills of Maine.

I've walked today in the dear old woods,—  
The dear old woods that my father loved ;  
I've pressed my feet on the mossy sod,  
The very same that my mother trod ; ~  
I've picked the berries so ripe and sweet,  
I've breathed the pine trees fragrant breath ;  
And the fairy fountain once again  
Has filled my cup in the woods of Maine.

I've stood today by the lonely graves,  
Where rest the friends my childhood knew ;  
The breeze stole out of the quivering fir,  
The wild bird sought its hidden nest ;  
The myrtle wreathed the tangled path ;  
And blinding tears fell down like rain,  
As I bowed my head o'er the graves in Maine.

O glorious hills of Maine !  
O beautiful woods of Maine !  
O lakes with wealth of shimmering waves !  
O silent spot of the silent graves !  
Though absent long I've wandered far,  
And smiled and wept 'neath other skies ;  
Through every change does my heart retain  
Its early love for dear old Maine !

—o—

### THE SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES OF ELIOT.

BY JOSEPH H. DIXON.

The settlers in this colony placed a high value on education, religious and secular. Soon after the incorporation of the town of Kittery, they set apart tracts of land for Meeting Houses and Schools.

The first School Building within the limits of our present town of Eliot, is said to have been a log house,—location unknown. This gave place to a frame building at Sandy Hill, later used as a dwelling house and still in existence.

In 1810, our town's birth year, there were six school houses within our limits; five of which were in nearly the same locations as at present; the sixth was the Brick Schoolhouse, which was torn down in 1823; and the houses at the Neck, and the present No. 6 district, were built. Our present No. 4, is the only one of the original houses remaining. In 1841, the 8th district was formed from parts of the 5th and 6th.

Some prominent teachers have been,—Parson Chandler, William Hammond, William Randall, Alpheus Hanscom, and George C. Bartlett. They were paid from fifteen to eighteen dollars a month, with no summer school.

The Academy, established in 1839, and continued thirty-five years under various eminent instructors, exerted a great and favorable influence upon the schools of that period.

To-day we have eight School Houses, with ten school rooms, which, with a well equipped High School Building, afford educational facilities surpassing most of the country towns of our State of Maine.

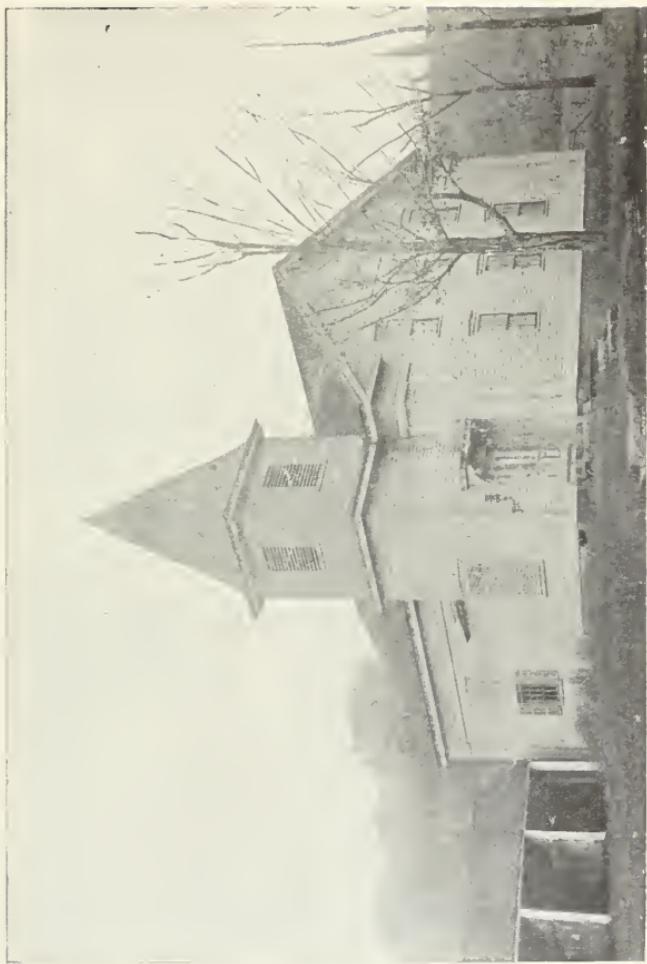
Along with the majority of the settlers of the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay colonies, the most of our ancestors belonged to the Congregational Church,—which might have been aptly styled the Established Church of New England. Of this Church and its successive houses of worship in our town, much has been written:—

The first, a little structure in the wilderness, of which we have so slight a record that even its location cannot be definitely fixed; the next house, built in 1715, with its church of less than twenty members, organized in 1721, with its ministry of Rogers, Spring, Chandler, has now become familiar to us; and the next church, erected in 1832, and burned in 1886, in which the society received the labors of Bacon, Peabody, Hall, Holmes and others, is within our personal recollection.

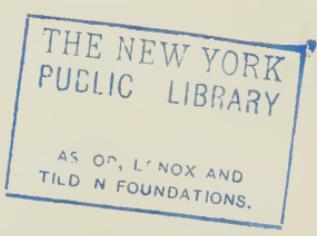
But not all of our ancestry were of the Orthodox faith:—

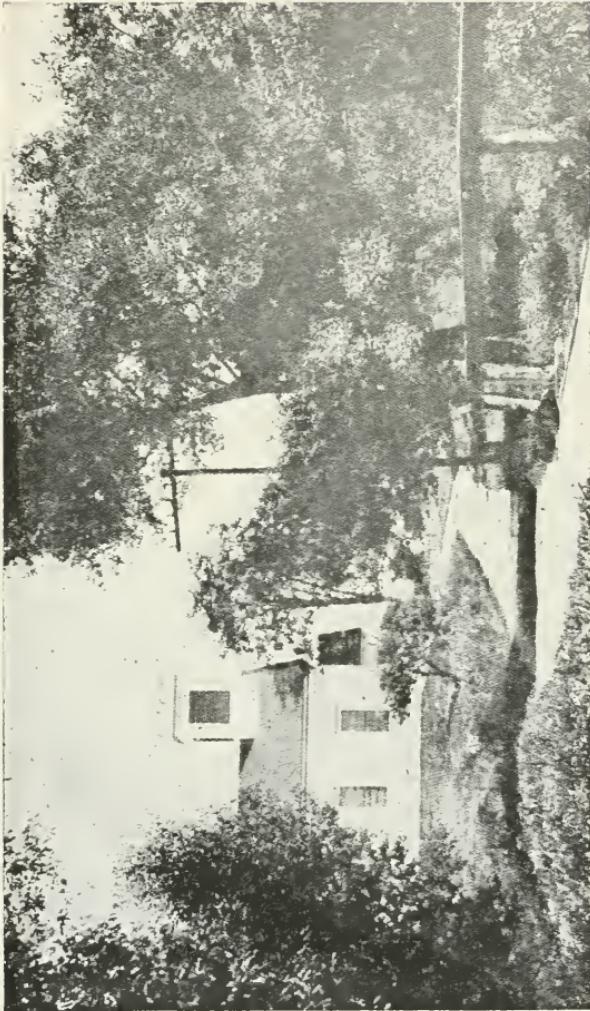
The first sect of dissenters was that known as Friends, or Quakers.

"The first meeting for worship was established here in



East Ellicott Methodist Church.





South Eliot Methodist Church





2nd Advent Church

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AS OP. L. FOX AND  
T. D. FOUNDATIONS.

1730; it was connected with Dover monthly meeting, - - - and stood alone in this state for more than ten years."

The Quaker Meeting House was built in 1769-70, on land of Friend Jenkins, on the site of the house of Charles Goodwin, near Sturgeon Creek. It stood until about the middle of the last century, when it was taken down.— Among those belonging to this sect, we find the names of:

Allen, Davis, Frye, Gould, Hill, Jenkins, Kennard, Morrill, Neal, Witham.

A list of Quakers in Kittery, May 1737, contains the names of twenty-two men, allowed as such by the Selectmen; which gives us an idea of the probable number of the sect at that time.

But the Peace principles of the Friends, seem to have been unadapted to the tumultuous times which followed. Early in the last century they ceased to hold their meetings, and there is now but one member of that society in our town.

In the early days of our town, a number of the town's people joined the Baptist churches in Berwick and Kittery, but no society of that faith was ever formed here.

In 1826, the First Methodist Church at East Eliot was built, a class and society organized, which have continued until the present time, under the ministrations of various pastors appointed by the Maine Conference.

About 1844, the Methodists of South Eliot erected a small vestry in which meetings were held ten years, when the present church was built.

The Universalists held meetings in Academy Hall,— about fifteen years from the time of its erection; enjoying the occasional ministrations of Ballou, Skinner, King, Cobb, Baker, Willis, Patterson and others; they had no organized society; but held a Sunday School of which Capt. Samuel Hanscom was Superintendent.

From about 1810, Elder Mark Fernald, of Kittery, one of the founders of the Christian denomination, assisted by others, held meetings in the Brick School House at the Neck; and later, in School House No. 7, which succeeded it; a church was formed, called "The First Christian Church of Eliot." About 1845, they erected a small chapel

where the Advent Chapel now stands; in which they maintained worship for ten or twelve years; after which the house was unoccupied for some years, except by transient preachers.

The first Adventist meetings in the town, were held in 1857-8, in the Academy Hall, and in a grove near the house of Hammond Libbey.

In the spring of 1860, Elder F. H. Burbank held a protracted meeting, of four weeks duration, in the vacant Christian Chapel, which resulted in the establishment of regular services at that place. The old chapel being small and out of repair, was taken down; and the present chapel built in 1887. A Church was formed about the same time, of which Elder G. W. Brown is the present pastor.

About 1890, Elder J. P. Goodwin, at the back part of the town, formed a church of the Adventist people on the borders of Eliot and York, with some from Kittery.—They erected a small chapel near his dwelling, where they have since held occasional services.

Thus has the Century brought toleration to all denominations; the bigotted asperities of former days have given place to Christian courtesy; and we are testing the blessing of dwelling together in unity.

Thus has our town enjoyed the blessings of School and Sanctuary; these united with our healthy climate and fruitful fields may well cause us to feel that "Our lines have fallen in pleasant places; we have goodly heritage."

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—o—  
OUR ELIOT.

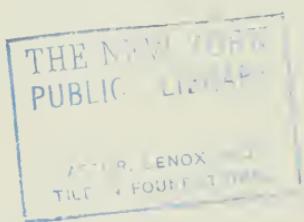
Written by Miss ARA BELLE HAMMOND,

We meet when "good old summer time"  
In beauty clothes the earth  
With its joyous robe of living green,  
On these August days of mirth.

Our Eliot receives to-day;  
Her hills and vales are fair;  
She greets you with extended arms,  
There's welcome in the air.



Miss Ara Belle Hammond



For you she opens wide her doors,  
And bids you enter in ;  
She flings her starry banner out,  
For all are our own kin.

She beckons you from lives of care,  
From loved homes not a few,  
To spend a while with friends of yore,  
And old time scenes review.

You stand to-day on the same ground  
Your youthful feet did tread ;  
More sacred now, since passing years  
Have hallowed memories shed.

On these same paths, now worn and old.  
Your childhood games were played ;  
We hope you've kept their memory green  
Though far from home you've strayed.

And whether now you pass your days  
In mansion or in cot,  
We greet you here as school-day friends,  
Who happiness have brought.

Some have not met for many a day,  
And almost strangers grown ;  
We'll give the cordial handshake now,  
And pass it on and on.

And others whom we sadly miss,  
Have laid life's armor down ;  
And for their lives, with good replete,  
Received the Victor's Crown.

Our Fathers planted well these homes,  
They guarded them with care ;  
A bounteous heritage they left,—  
These lands and dwellings fair.

Then for their lives of sterling worth,  
And for the love we bear,

Can we forget to tribute pay,  
While we the fruitage share?

A Century our town has stood  
With name and honor clear ;  
Let every loyal heart give praise.  
On this Centennial Year.

Then ring the bells and fire the guns,  
And march with torch and flame !  
And let Old Eliot's children all  
Allegiance true proclaim.

Long will our river ebb and flow,  
Folks come, and people go ;  
But none be nearer to our hearts  
Than these friends of long ago.

May this reunion, glad and true,  
For absence long atone ;  
And as years flow may our love grow,  
For this our childhood's home.

And when the good-byes all are said,  
May this wish oft return :—  
To spend another "Old Home Week,"  
In this ancestral town.

Now here's to lives so brave and true,  
That homage long will last ;  
Whose deeds historians proud record,  
When a hundred years have passed !

And may some bard, as yet unknown,  
With thrilling voice or pen,  
Recite our virtues loud and long,  
In *Twenty Hundred Ten!*



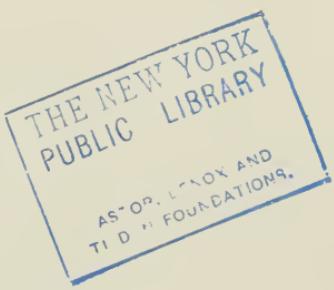


Geo. O. Athome





C. Edward Barltett



## The Musical Program:

We must not close this account of the First Day, without mentioning the very delightful Musical program rendered :—

The opening selection : Auld Lang Syne,—sung by the combined choirs of the various churches.

Solo,—Feed my Sheep. Mrs. D. C. Clark.

Mid the Clover and the Corn. Chorus.

Duet,—Home, Sweet Home,

Misses Edith and Harriet Magee.

Bercease, Violin Solo, Ray G. Edwards.

Old Folks at Home. Chorus.

Solo. Forever with the Lord. Edith Magee.

Pantomime. Nearer my God to Thee. Miss Presbrey.

Old Friends and Old Times. Male Quartet.

Dear Old Home State. Chorus.

America. Chorus and Audience.

The Chorus was made up of the following :

### Soprano :

Miss Edith Magee, Mrs. D. C. Clark,  
Mrs. H. I. Durgin.

### Alto.

Miss Harriet Magee, Mrs. A. W. Nowell,  
Mrs. Cyrus A. Bartlett, Mrs. C. E. Foye.  
Miss Winifred Fernald, Miss Cora Emery,  
Miss Marjorie Fernald, Miss Edith M. Raitt,  
Mrs. Burgess Abbott.

### Tenor.

Dr. H. I. Durgin, Prof. John T. Brooks.  
Base.

Mr. Fred. Wilson, Mr. Albert W. Nowell.

Miss Myrtie A. Ham, Accompanist.

The church was packed from the pulpit to the front steps.

SECOND DAY,  
MONDAY, AUGUST 8, 1910.

—o—

The interest that began on the Sabbath, was greatly increased on Monday; and the second day of the Centennial became a series of interests and pleasantness.

The forenoon was enlivened by the arrival of many guests, who once were of Eliot families; and the arrangements were of especial interest; designed to make the day attractive and memorable.

At ten A. M. the ladies of the committee held an informal reception, at the William Fogg Library.

For several hours there was a continual entrance to the open door of the attractive building,—where the visitors were given an opportunity to register.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, a large company assembled at the Library; and a tour to the historical localities of Eliot began. To these interesting spots the processions of visitors and town's people were conducted.

Among those visited, were,—

First,—the site of the old Eliot Academy,—a locality that has never lost its interest; and is dear to the hearts of the old scholars who are still alive; and to younger people also, who frequently ask for its history.

Then came the William Fogg house,—where resided the genealogist of Eliot; and later his son Dr. John S. H. Fogg, who gave to the town the William Fogg Memorial Library.

The Daniel Fogg estate, now owned by Dr. J. L. M. Willis. This estate once belonged to William Hawthorne —ancestor of the renowned Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The old Kennard Tavern,—famous in Revolutionary days and as the home of Dr. James H. Pierpont, who was a prominent physician.



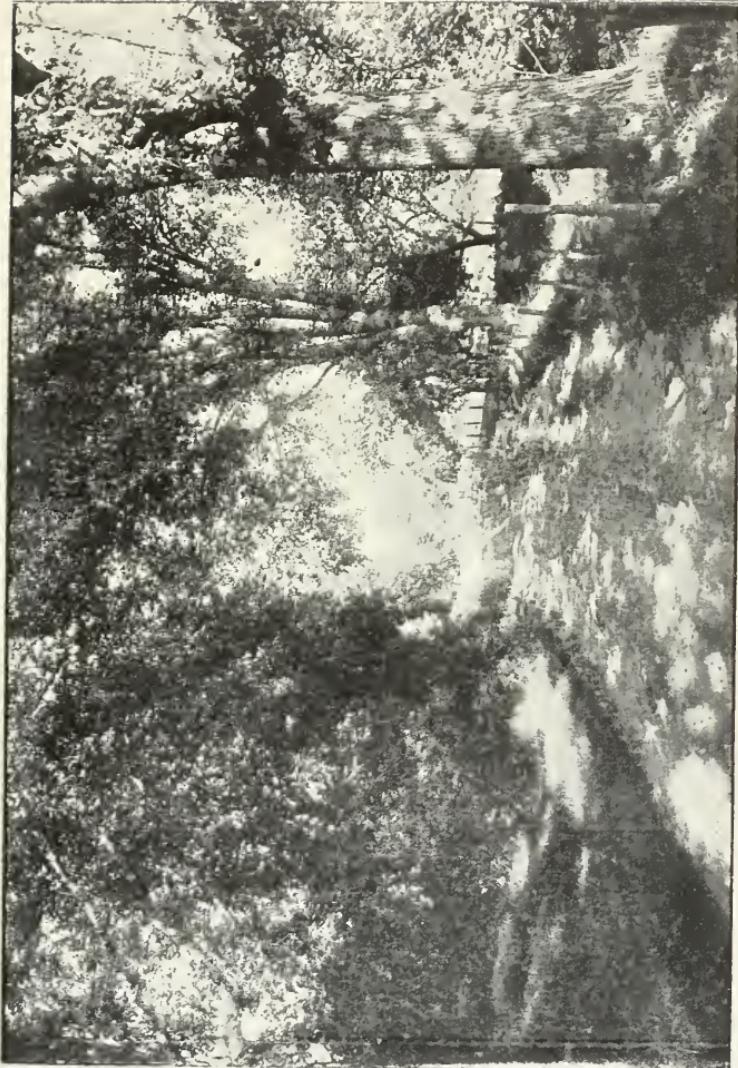
Kennards Corner



On the Old Road

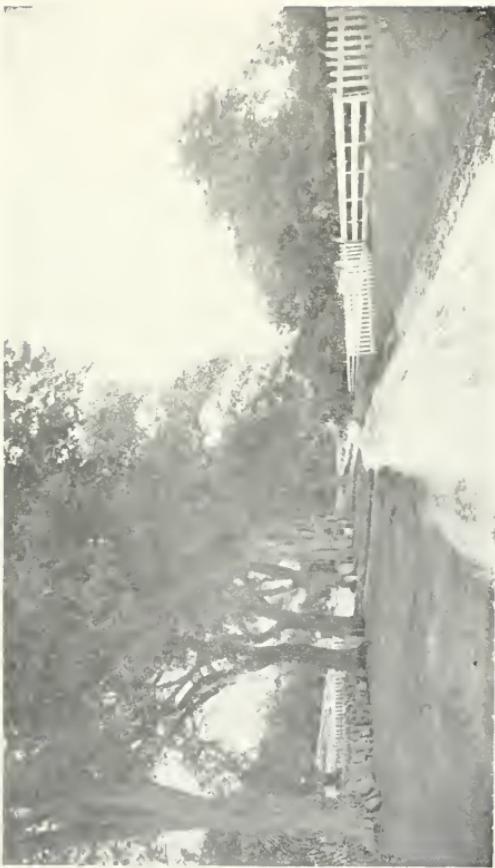






The Old Road, near Charles Jellison's.





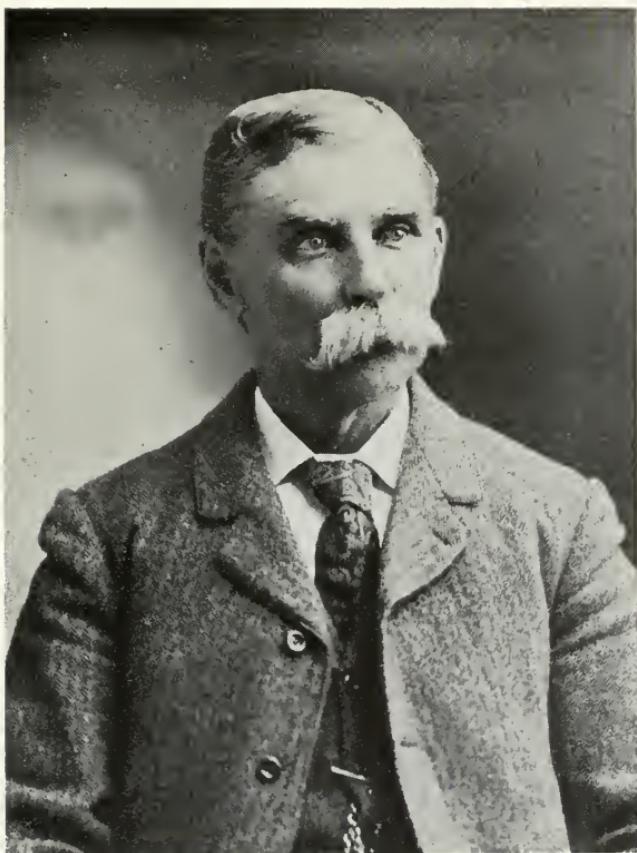
Old Road Near Old Kennard Tavern



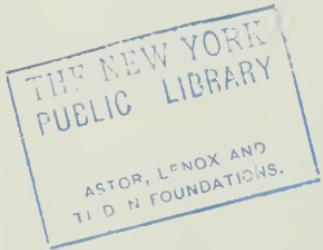


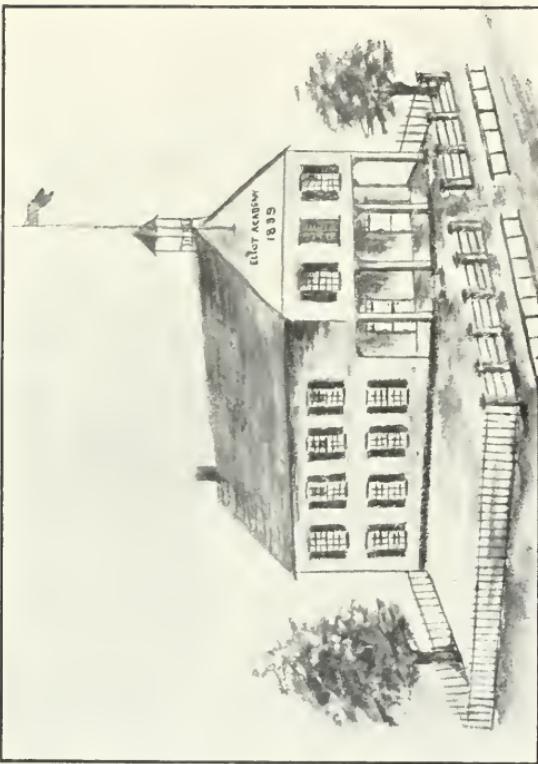
Neal Garrison





G. Everett Hammond





Eliot Academy—A Sketch from Memory



The site of the Second Parish Meeting House.

The home of Honorable Andrew Pepperrell Leighton,—the grandfather of Ex-Governor John F. Hill, of Maine. This was the site of Eliot's first Public Library.

The site of the William Everett tavern,—where the submission of Maine to Massachusetts, in 1652, took place.

The site of the First Quaker Meeting House in Maine; Gen'l Leighton's; Old Prime's; Ambush rock, where Major Charles Frost, Dennis Downing and Mrs. John Heard, were killed by the Indians.

The home of Noah Emery, the first King's Attorney for Maine.

The home of Squire Joshua Hubbard, friend and associate of General William Pepperrell.

The Neal and Frost Garrison House.

The home of Mary Batchelder, wife of Samuel Batchelder, said to be the original of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*.

The monument to the memory of the Rev. John Rogers, who preached in Eliot fifty-four years, the oldest pastorate in Maine; unveiled in the old Parish burying ground.

The burying ground of the Hon. John Frost, the first Register of Probate of Maine.

At eight o'clock this Monday evening, the East Eliot Industrial Club gave a Lawn Party, at the G. W. Webber place, on the Hanscom road; there was a fine display of fireworks.

Various addresses, given at localities of historic interest, are included upon following pages; they will aid in memorizing the early names, and the events that will never cease to win thought and observation:—



## ELIOT ACADEMY.

GEORGE EVERETT HAMMOND.

For a number of years prior to 1840, the people of Eliot came to appreciate more and more, the pressing need of some means of benefiting and improving conditions in the community. It became evident that there was imperative need of some central building, where assemblies could be held; and that would be instrumental in advancing the interests of the town.

There seems to have been a wide spread development of a desire for improvement; and as an outcome of this desire, after more or less canvassing and discussion, something like fifty men of our town, some of whom could ill afford the outlay, became interested share holders in what was stated in the first meeting to be—"A house for public purposes."

This was about February, 1839; and it is noted in passing, that it was not till the shareholders meeting in August of that year, that the new structure was alluded to as *The Academy*. Up to this latter date, it was mentioned only as "The building."

After the usual difficulties incident to such an undertaking had been overcome, and the time for the actual construction to begin, there evidently was much eagerness to have the erection and completion speedily accomplished.

At a meeting of the shareholders, held February 22, 1839, Mr. Joseph Fogg offered "a lot of land in his field," for the anticipated building. As compensation, he requested \$40, and five shares in the building. His offer was unanimously accepted.

Immediate arrangements were made for the erection of the building; and John P. Rogers, Eliot Scammon and William Hammond were chosen as a committee, to be the directors and managers of the construction.

At the same meeting William Fogg was chosen Treasurer for the shareholders, with the understanding that "one half of the subscription money be paid on the raising

of the building, and the remainder as the directors may direct."

Early in March, 1839, the foundations were laid, and the progress of the work seems to have been satisfactory to all concerned; and it is evident that during this period of construction, plans had been perfected for a School;—for at a meeting the first of September, it was voted that the committee be requested "to finish the lower floor as soon as the 20th inst;" and also, "that the school commence as soon as the house is prepared."

On Sept. 29, 1839, the shareholders assembled at the "Eliot Academy," at 7 o'clock, p.m., and it was there voted, "That we, the subscribers and proprietors of the building now being erected in Eliot for public purposes, do agree to associate ourselves under the name of *The Eliot Academic Association*."

Later in the year the lower portion of the building was completed, and arrangements were made for installing therein a school.

We find that an organization was effected in the latter part of 1839, for the management of the school, with the following named officers, chosen October 3, of that year:—

Rev. Elisha Bacon, Chairman.

Isaiah Hanscom, Secretary.

William Fogg, Treasurer.

Prudential Committee: Samuel Hanscom, jr. Alexander Shapleigh, Oliver Libbey.

Examining Committee: Jacob Hayes, James S. Tobey, Oliver Libbey, Elisha Bacon, William Hammond.

Trustees: Charles M. Weeks, M. D. President.

William Hammond, Secretary.

Jacob Hayes, M. D., Hon. Mark Dennett, John P. Simes, Esq., George C. Bartlett, Esq., James S. Tobey, Esq., Alpheus Hanscom, Esq., William Fogg, Esq.

We find no record of the employment of the first Preceptor, but it is thought that without doubt, Israel Kimball of Portsmouth, and his wife, Mrs. Clara P. Kimball, had the honor of organizing and teaching the first school installed in the old Academy;—the upper part of the building not being finished at the time.

The Academy was incorporated February 25, 1840; and on April 13, the act was accepted by the proprietors.

During all the years that the town had the benefit of the old Academy building, the half in the second story was used for general purposes, and in a variety of ways.—Gatherings of all kinds were wont to assemble there; for example,—singing schools, religious meetings, courts of law, temperance meetings, balls, school exhibitions, political assemblages.

The meetings of the Lyceum, as conducted by the people of the last generation, stepping stones as they were towards broader views and expansion of thought, were held in this hall; as were also the meetings of the town in its corporate capacity.

There does not seem to be a complete list of teachers who succeeded Mr. Kimball, as principal of the school; but most of them are known. The first to follow was:

Moses G. Farmer; known in later years as the pioneer electrical inventor.

His successors were: Timothy Senter, Elisha B. Shapleigh, Miss Mehitable Mood, Horace Parker, Mr. Lane, Ashton Rollins, James Garvin, Mary T. Cutts, Sarah L. Bacon, John H. Moore, Julia A. Lord, Stephen G. Norcross, Lydia K. Potter, Mary M. Mitchell, Albert B. Putney Freeman Putney, William B. Bennett, Edmund Fogg.

The school in the old Academy was run through all these years with a varying degree of success. Sometimes with a meagre attendance; but generally with a goodly number of pupils, the largest of which there is a record, was in the fall term of 1867, when the register showed an attendance of 116. This was during the time that Albert B. Putney was the principal.

An interesting fact is revealed by a catalogue published in 1860, that in this Academy was held the earliest sessions of the County Normal School; and that a class of twenty-seven, took the course.

The organization at this period was as follows:—



George A. Hammond





Dr. L. M. Willis

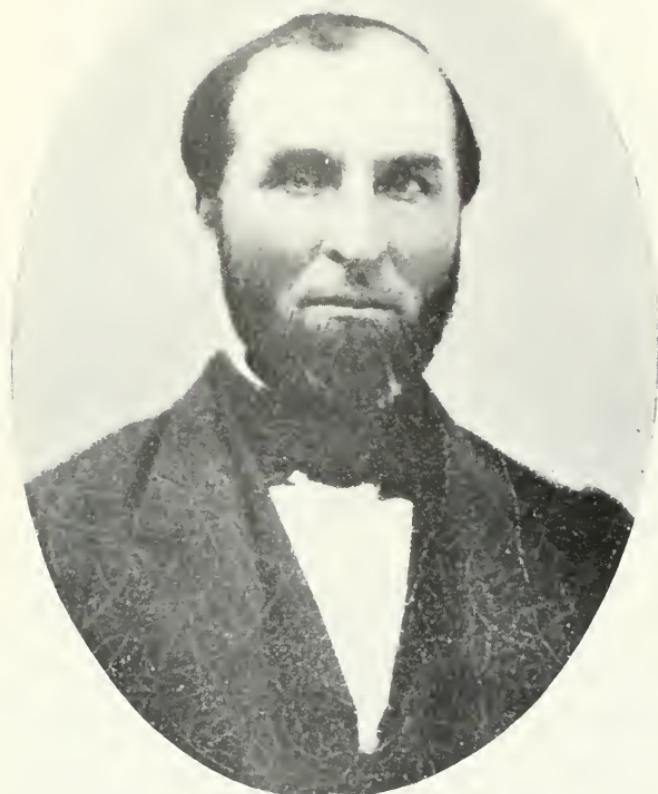




Prof. Moses G. Farmer

THE NEW YORK  
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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



Horace Parker





Mrs. M. Louise Foye, Librarian Wm. Fogg Library



## Trustees:

Rev. Otis Holmes, *President*, George A. Hammond,  
Rev. A. Moore, Horace Parker,  
Maj. James Shapleigh, B. H. Cram.

## The staff of Teachers were:

John H. Moore, A. B. Principal.  
Miss Maria L. Patterson, Preceptress.  
Miss Annie J. Holmes, Assistant Pupil.  
Miss Sarah A. Paul, Assistant Pupil.  
Miss L. M. Waterhouse, Teacher of Music.

The influences connected with the Old Academy, were most beneficial to the youth of the community; and we have heard it remarked by those who have gone out from it, that these influences awoke them from their lethargy, and started them forward,—and really were the cause for whatever success they attained in after life.

The old Academy came to its finality December 21, 1875. Its existence,—if not its memories,—was ended by fire. It was burned to the ground; but has left chapters in town history which fire cannot destroy; and influences which will endure for generations.

—o—

## THE WILLIAM FOGG HOUSE.

MRS. LOUISE FOYE,  
Librarian William Fogg Library.

As you, friends, have gathered with us in our Library, and have seen the pretty, comfortable homes clustered near it, I think you will like to know a little of the history of this part of Old Eliot.

The pretty, winding road at the entrance of these grounds, is known as the *Old Road*; and was once an Indian trail; and probably the most ancient white man's path in Maine;—and now something about the settlers along this road:

Daniel Fogg was born in Hampton, N. H. When he was twelve years old, he was sent to Portsmouth, where he remained until he was of age. He then chose Scar-

borough as his home, and there married Hannah Libbey. In 1690, the settlement was broken up by the Indians; and he with his wife and two children went to Portsmouth.

One of the strong characteristics of the Foggs has always been a love for pleasant places. Daniel looked with longing eyes on the lands up the Piscataqua; he saw they were fertile, well watered and well wooded. The river provided rich fishing; wild ducks came up the river in great numbers; and all around was a hunting ground for deer.

In those days the only way to travel to these pleasant places was in fishing canoes. We can imagine the men making these canoes: taking the body of a big tree, peeling the bark; and when the trunk was dry, dig and hew at the solid wood; then, Indian fashion, set the centre aflame, that the fire might gnaw out the centre of the log. When the great pine was hollow as a bucket, it was smoothed and sealed; the "dug out" was ready for use.

In 1699, Daniel consulted with four of his Scarborough friends, and a decision was reached; they purchased a large tract of land, known as the *Bay lands*; extending from the Piscataqua, inland, to what is now known as the Great Brook. The purchase price was 300 pounds.

It is an interesting fact that this property is practically all now in the hands of the descendants of these five pioneers, namely,—Joseph Hammond, David Libbey,—Matthew Libbey, Stephen Tobey and Daniel Fogg.

This land once belonged to William Hawthorne, an ancestor of the famous writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The house at the entrance of the Library grounds, belonged to William Fogg, one of Daniel's descendants. He built, lived, died in it. William Fogg was a noted genealogist and historian in his time; and prepared manuscript genealogies of the old families of Kittery, which are noted for their accuracy and completeness; and which, strange to say, were printed a half century later, in the very room probably, in which they were written, namely,



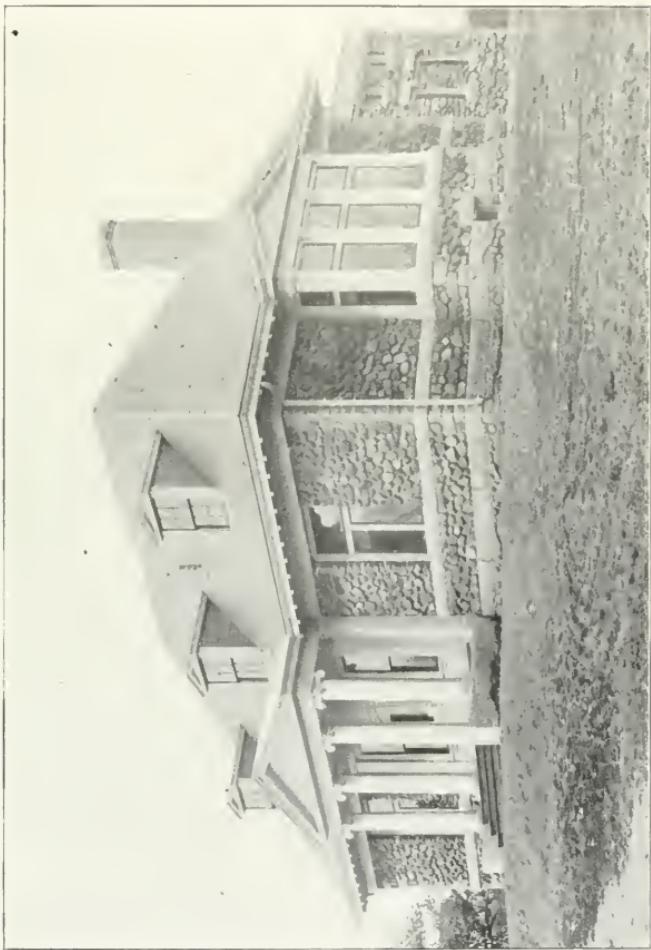
Wm. Fogg House, Birthplace of Dr. J. S. H. Fogg





Dr. J. H. S. Fogg





Wm. Fogg Library

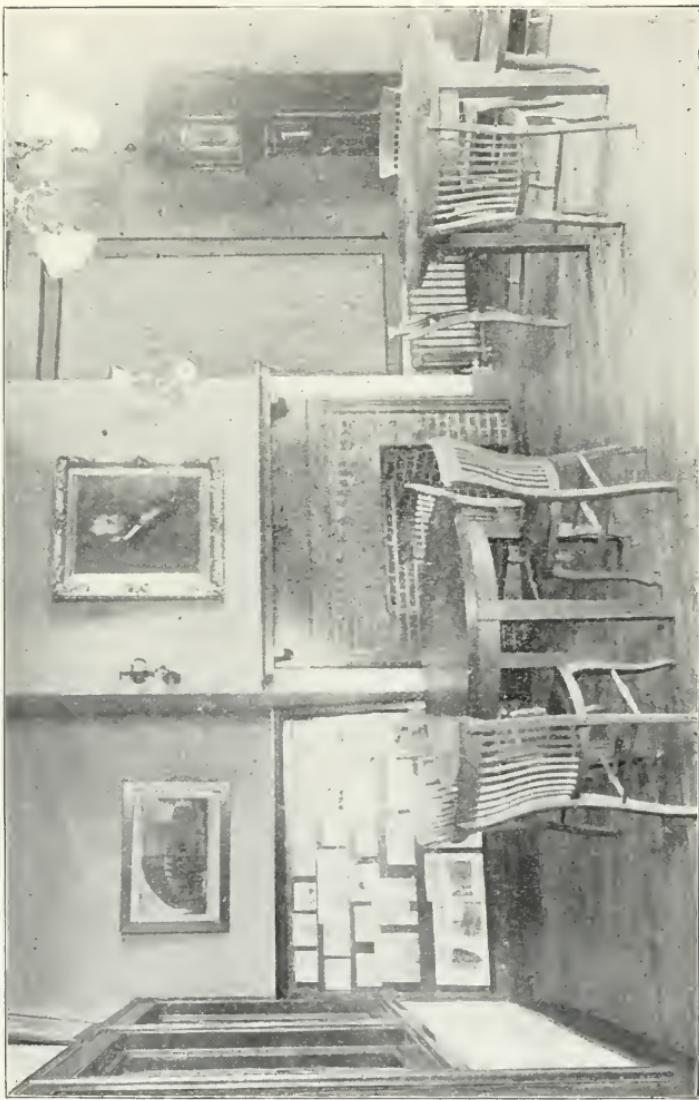




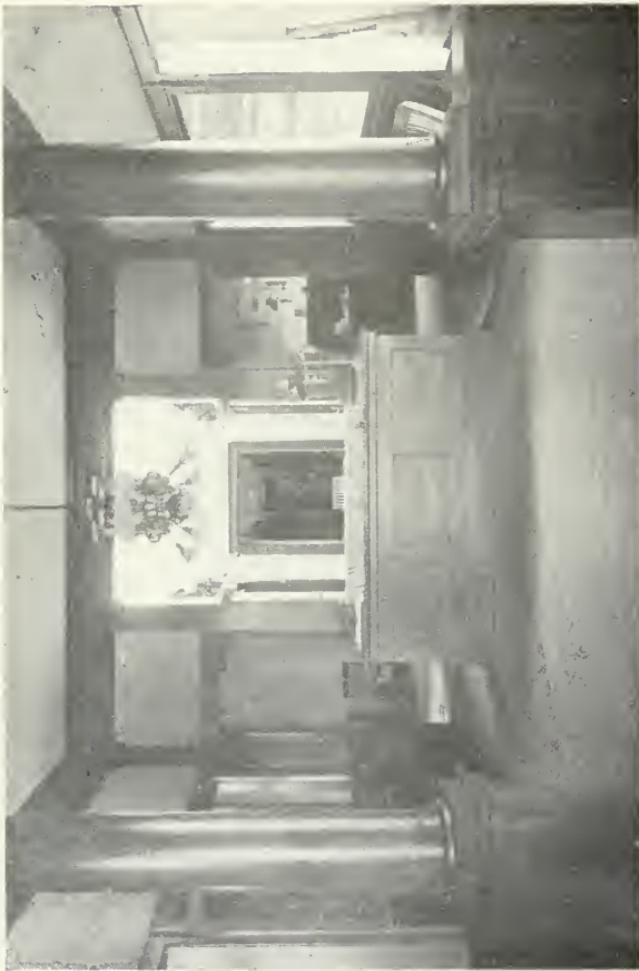
The Fogg Library—Children's Room



Reading Room, William Fogg Library



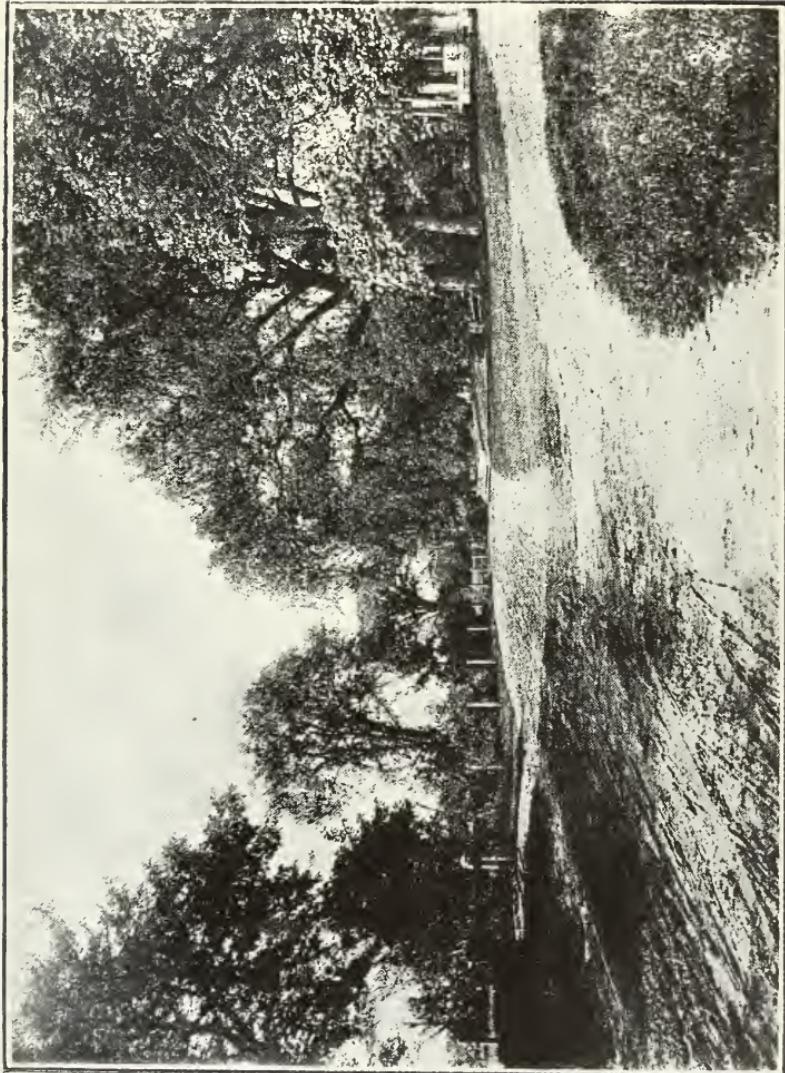


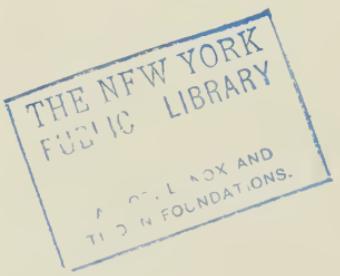


Delivery Room—Wm. Fogg Library



The Old Road, in front of Dr. Willis'.





the sitting room of the old Fogg house. He was a man of strong character, prominent in the affairs of the town and state; and filled acceptably many public offices.

William had two brothers, John and Joseph; the estate of Joseph was inherited by Joseph F. Kennard; whose mother was Merriam Fogg; and is directly opposite the old Fogg house.

A few minutes walk up the road, brings us to the home of the other brother, John. On this estate is the site of the first house,—Daniel's home; but the old house and hearth-stone have long since departed. This property was inherited by Dr. J. L. M. Willis, whose mother was Paulina Fogg.

Now a little more than two hundred years since the purchase of the land, Dr. John Samuel Hill Fogg, son of William, gave his estate, on which to build and maintain from funds donated by him, the Free Public Library for the town; to be known as the *William Fogg Library*,—a memorial to his father.

Dr. Fogg was a prominent and successful physician; practicing in South Boston, up to the time of a severe illness that incapacitated him for further work in that line. He served in the Massachusetts Legislature, and was for many years on the School Board of his adopted city.

For the last twenty years of his life, he was unable to walk; during this time he busied himself with historical work; was known all over the country as a great historical scholar, an expert in historic autographs; a collection of which he gave to the Maine Historical Society, and which is said to be worth more than \$50,000.

This Library is especially rich in early American history. Few of the large libraries of this country, and probably no other of its size, can boast of such a collection; the books came from the private library of Dr. Fogg.

As librarian I am having the opportunity to see the good work that is being done here; and surely the *William Fogg Library* is an illustration of the fact that the "good deeds of men live after them."

THE SITE OF THE  
HOME OF HON. ANDREW P. LEIGHTON.  
JOSEPH H. DIXON.

At this place lived Mr. Andrew Pepperell Leighton, of the sixth generation from William Leighton, who settled on this estate about 1652.

Andrew P. Leighton was, on his mother's side, a descendant in the fifth generation of Dr. Reginald Fernald, of Portsmouth and Kittery, the progenitor of the Fernald family in this town. Also, on the same side, descendant in the sixth generation of Nicholas Frost, of historic fame, from whom he was also descended on his father's side, in the seventh generation. He was also a descendant of the Pepperell family in the fifth generation, deriving his name of Andrew Pepperell from his great grandfather.

Mr. Leighton was born June 9th, 1793; he married Sarah, daughter of William Odiorne, Nov. 29th, 1814. His eldest daughter, Miriam, married William Hill; these were the parents of Gov. John F. Hill.

Mr. Leighton held various offices in the town; was its Representative in the Legislature; also State Senator; a man respected and beloved as a citizen and neighbor.

His house which was taken down a few years ago, occupied the site of this one. Here for several years was kept the Eliot Social Library, of which Mr. Leighton was Librarian.

It contained about one hundred and fifty volumes, which were eagerly read.

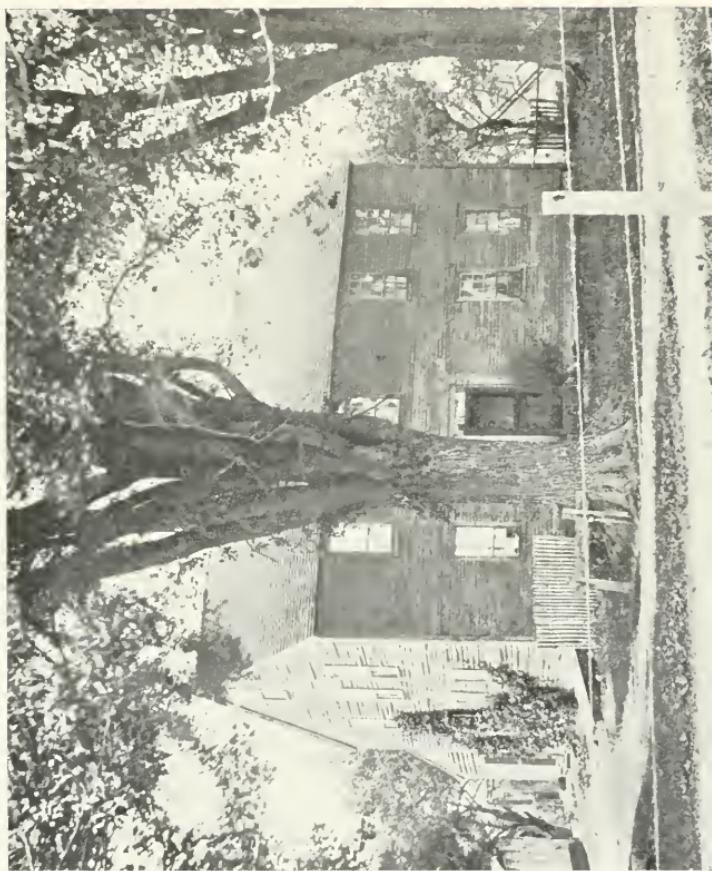
We have reason to believe that the use of this little Library in his youth, was an inspiration to Dr. John S. H. Fogg, which led to his bequest to his native town, of our present beautiful Library.





Andrew P. Leighton





Old Leighton House



## THE SITE OF WILLIAM EVERETT'S TAVERN.

J. L. M. WILLIS.

One of the good things of the Centennial, is the revival not only of memories and phases of long ago life, but also *historic localities*,—ancient structures and important events.

There is one section of our old town that is of interest to both Maine and Massachusetts; and we revive its memory in these Centennial hours:—

On the banks of our Piscataqua, at the corner of the very road a part of which we have come over today, and the road to Knight's Ferry, was a building, an immense structure for its time: Three stories in height, and front rooms like halls,—known as William Everett's Tavern.

To this house, two hundred and seventy-five years ago, went the citizens of old Kittery, when they attended public meeting, which for many years, (till 1690 at least), were held here.

The house was built by Capt. William Everett, before 1648. We know but little of the man:—A sea captain, tall and muscular, as tradition says, and a leader among his townsmen.

We find him, January 25, 1640, with others from Kittery, attending Court, at Saco<sup>1640-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648</sup>.

October 16, 1649, the Court at Gorgeana licensed William Everett to keep an Ordinary;—“he to give a just account unto the Treasurer of what wine or licor he shall draw.”

He was drowned at sea, in 1665; and later, his son met the same fate.

His widow, Margery, soon married Isaac Nash, of Dover; and went there,—selling the Tavern, and other property, to William Leighton, in 1656.

For all these years the land at the river was known as Leighton's Point; though primarily known as Joselyn's Point.

William Leighton's son John, took down the old house in 1690; and built on the spot another great house, in which was held the Court of General Sessions, Town and

other important meetings,—as in its predecessor. This house stood till 1851,—when it was taken down.

John Leighton was High Sheriff of York, and Kittery which for many years was practically all of Maine.

But, one event more than all others, gives the old Everett Tavern an historic interest: and that was Maine's Submission to Massachusett's,—which was here signed November 16, 1652.

Let us look for a moment at the causes which led up to this important act:

Massachusetts' settlers had come for religious toleration; and yet were very intolerant of any religion but their own.

Maine did not allow any one form of religion to limit or restrict the wishes or efforts of her colonists. They were principally of the English Episcopal faith and form of worship; but without any restriction, if other modes were preferred. In fact business ventures came before religious forms.

Massachusetts was afraid this freedom of thought and manner would interfere with such government as they wished to establish in New England. So Gov. Winthrop and his Government, began shrewdly to change it all; and in 1652, a new survey of the entire territory was made; and the report was that Massachusetts owned the entire land as far as Presumpsit River; and she immediately set about to take possession. An address was sent to Maine, in which it was asserted, "that the town of Kittery, and many miles to the north thereof, is comprehended within the Massachusetts Grant."

And, "taking into consideration the premises and the commodiousness of the River Piscataqua, that it would be prejudicial if the river should be possessed by people who were no friends to Massachusetts," they decided to send a "loving and friendly letter," and commissioned Governor Bradstreet, Maj. Denison and Capt. Hawthorne, to treat with them, and receive them under the Mass'tts Government.

The Commissioners who came from Boston to Kittery





Wic. Chapligh  
John Ford  
Sam'l Jarvis

Ab Marke of  
Euse I. Orne  
John Deasman

Thomas Soggy

Major D. Scott

M. H.

Submission of Maine to Massachusetts—from the original



were not successful. They returned and declared Gov'r Godfrey, of Maine, need not be further consulted.

In October, 1652, another commission was sent to Kittery; and they carried a notice that declared that Massachusetts "just right," and "interest to, and Jurisdiction over the Land you inhabit," required "their Subjection;" assuring them that they should "enjoye equal protection and privilege."

And, they added, that they not "only desired," but Massachusetts "requires you, and *every one* of you," to assemble at the Tavern of William Everett, 16 Nov'r, 1652, and at that time and place they were to "setle the Government amongst you."—And on the 16th of Nov'r, the Commissioners were at the famous old Inn.

It was a day of bitter words; and one Kittery man,—John Bursley,—spoke so severely, that he was carried into court, but on submitting, he was afterward pardoned. Others present used strong language; and strenuously objected; but after long discussion and argument, forty men and one woman,—Mary Bachellor, said to be the original of Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter,—signed the document, and "Acknowledged ourselves subject to Massachusetts."

Soon after the section was called Yorkshire; the officers were at once appointed for the new *Shire*:—

Nicholas Shapleigh, County Treasurer. (He had been the bitterest and strongest opposer to the submission. He is called the most marked public character of that day;)

Thomas Dunstan and Robert Mendam, were sworn Constables;

Hugh Gunnison, was licenced to keep an Ordinary;—sell wine and strong water, and pay the Government 20s per butt.

And thus our Kittery began its new life in 1652;—with two Inns and Ordinarys; two Constables; and the equipments of office and men.

William Everett was the last man to sign the submission. Of the signers, fragments of personal history can be found:

Philip Babb, lived at the Isles of Shoals; and he was

earnest in asking that the Shoals might be regarded as a *town*.

Mary Bacheller was the wife of the Rev. Stephen Bacheller, of Hampton, who, later, was divorced from him.

John Bursley was a Constable.

Humphrey Chadburn was a Selectman, 1651; Representative to General Court, 1657-9.

William Chadburn was a Carpenter; erected the First Sawmill in New England.

Abraham Conley, Selectman, 1657.

John Diamond, Constable.

Dennis Downing, lived on the estate now owned by Mrs. James Coleman; his son was shot by Indians at Ambush Rock, with Major Charles Frost and John Heard's wife.

Thomas Dustin, was the father of Thomas Dustin whose wife, Hannah, was of noted Indian captivity.

Nicholas Shapleigh was the son of Alexander, who built the first house in Kittery.

John Heard was renowned as an Indian fighter.

And thus we have brief gleanings of historic places, of strong men,—who began the settlement, laid the corner stone of the most ancient town in Maine:—

And we do not wonder that it is a pleasant Centennial thought, that our own Eliot history is thus allied and blended with the old locality that had open doors and gave welcome to *all* who came—with true, free principles, without limitations to any whose life would radiate *light*.

—o—

GENERAL SAMUEL LEIGHTON,

AND

CAPT. SAMUEL LEIGHTON.

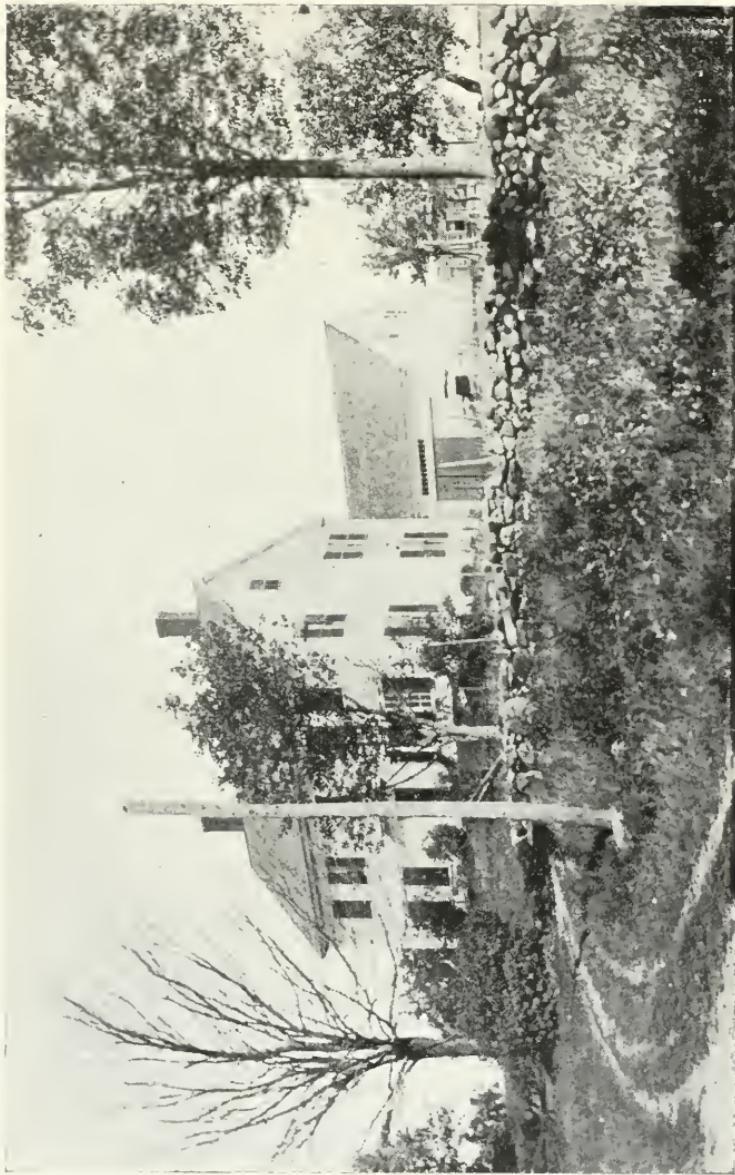
DR. H. I. DURGIN

The large house built by Capt. Leighton, is the present residence of Clifford Trefethen; and the Leighton tomb may be seen near the residence of Millard Goodwin.

This is the place. Stand still my steed!

Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been.

Gen'l. Samuel Leightons, Home of C. Trefethen





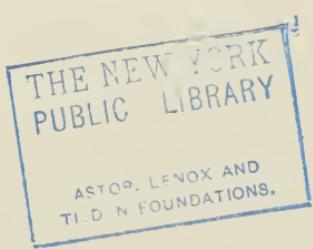


Residence of Dr. Henry L. Durgin.





Henry S. Dargie, M.D.



Samuel Leighton, to whom we shall hereafter apply the title of Major and Capt.; son of John and Mary (Hill) Leighton, was born March 10, 1740; married Abigail Frost great granddaughter of Maj. Charles Frost, Oct. 15, 1767.

To them were born nine children. Major Samuel Leighton owned a farm on the North Road, as this was then called; and built a large house upon it.

When the last of the remaining regiments at Boston, after the siege and evacuation, were ordered, in the summer of 1776, to march to reinforce the northern army at Lake Champlain, their places were filled by regiments organized from the militia for short service. One of the regiments in which Maine is interested, was Col. Ebenezer Francis'; in which was Capt. Samuel Leighton's York County Company.

Under date of April 24, 1775, Gen. Warren, who met death heroically at Bunker Hill, wrote officially to Major Leighton, empowering him to raise and enlist the Company of fifty-six soldiers. To his commission as Captain, then and there received, John Hancock set his name and seal.

Capt. Samuel Leighton's company was composed entirely of York County men, and their names are both interesting and familiar: We note,—Bartlett, Emery, Frost, Goold, Kennard, Lydston, Paul, Remick and Staples among them. They did what was required of them during their service, and are entitled to the gratitude of their Country.

For three years our subject was a Captain in the Revolution. In 1778, we find him Second Major in Colonel Ichabod Goodwin's 2nd York Co. Reg't. That he did not lose interest in town and church affairs, is evidenced by the fact that in 1792 he was appointed one of a committee of five "to transact ye providential business of ye town for ye present year;" and, June 4, 1792, one of a committee of four men to negotiate with the Rev. Samuel Chandler to supply the church pulpit.

Capt. Leighton died suddenly, February 27, 1802, aged sixty-one years. He was a man of positive patriotic principles, who animated others with the same.

Samuel Leighton, jr. to whom we shall hereafter refer as General,—the son of Capt. Samuel and Abigail (Frost) Leighton, was born May 25, 1771, and married Frances Usher Parsons, of Alfred, Dec. 29, 1799.

He lived at his father's homestead till 1820, then kept the Inn, at Alfred.

General Leighton represented Kittery in the General Court, held in Boston, in 1809; and Eliot in 1810-11-12-13; thereby gaining the distinction of being Eliot's first representative to the General Court, after the severance from Kittery.

On Sept. 17, 1814, at a town meeting, the following vote was passed, "That Samuel Leighton, Esq. and five (5) others, constitute a Committee of Defence and Safety of this town; and by correspondence with similar Committees of other towns, do those things proper for said Committee to do."

In the same year, 1814, he had charge of building a fort on land of Joseph Dixon, and adjusting through the office of the U. S. War Department the claims of said Dixon.

Under date of Sept. 6, 1815, we copy the following from William Fogg's diary :

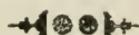
" This day I received a commission and took the oath of a Lieutenant of the Company to which I belong. Said oath being administered by Brigadier General Samuel Leighton."

He was a man much occupied in public affairs.

He was one of the Justices of the Court of Sessions for York County; and filled other offices of trust.

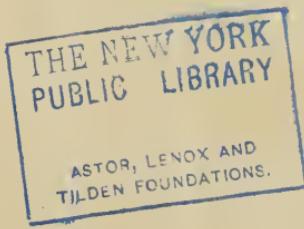
His last military act was to escort President Monroe through his brigade.

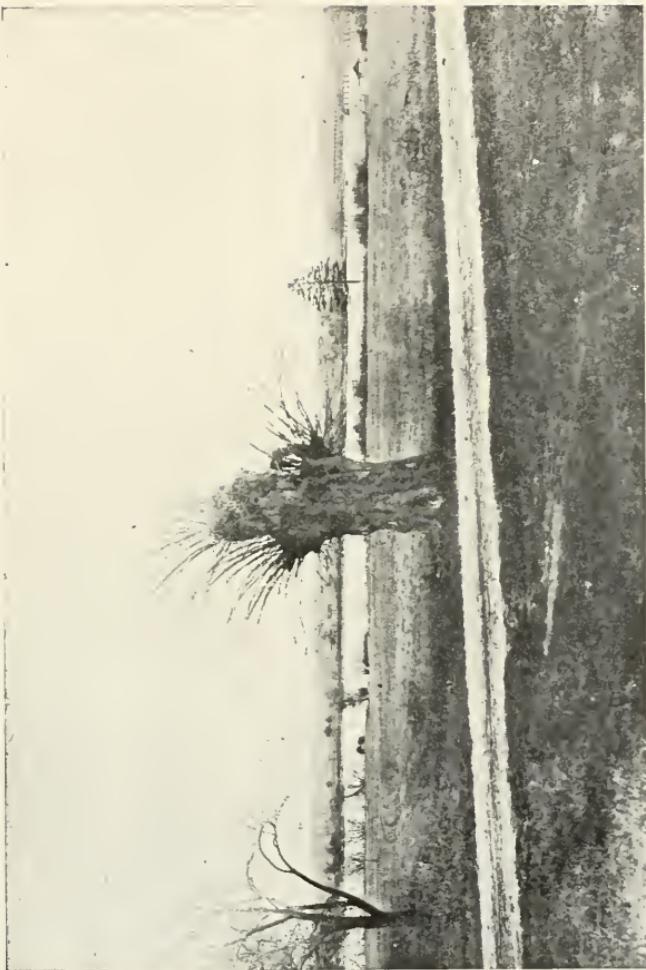
He died April, 1848, aged 77 years.



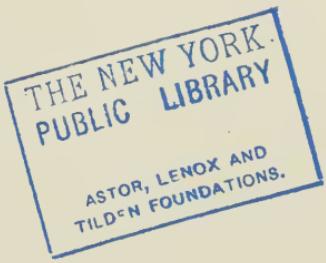


James A. Coleman





Roadway to Knight's Ferry



## THE OLD FERRIES.

JAMES A. COLEMAN

History tells us that Edward Hilton, and his brother William, made the first settlement on the Piscataqua River at Dover Point, in 1623. But we must not think that those two men were all the people involved in this settlement.

The settlement was backed by the Laconia Company, consisting of merchants of London, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth and Dorchester, whose strong idea was to establish a fishing station. The Hilton's, fish dealers of London, had charge. There were other people. Furnished with all the necessities to carry out their design, they selected Dover Point as the place to build their town, which is protected on three sides by the river,—the only highway in those days.

We are not told what was included in all the necessities to establish a successful colony; but we do know that many colonies brought cattle; and we may feel safe to say that the Piscataqua colony was not different from the others; nor that Edwin Hilton and his company did not take into consideration the fact, that our Bay land offered good feed for the cattle, when they selected the nearby point of land for houses.

The Bay Land in 1623, was a large marsh extending from what is now Lanier Camp to Frank's Fort. The land is now salt flats over which the tide flows twice a day. There are several early deeds to cover this water.

The settlers at once took up claims on the east side of the river. Some claims were made for land, on what is now Eliot; even the Hiltons securing several acres. With houses on one side of the river, and fields on the other, a constant crossing and re-crossing must have become a necessity.

The Piscataqua plantation was a commercial enterprise, pure and simple; and as such it was a success.

From the first, its growth was slow, but sure. As early as 1638, a church had been organized at Hilton's Point, now Dover Point. To this church came all the settlers of

the Piscataqua; and the necessity of crossing the river became the question of the day.

Richard Waldron had built a saw mill at the falls of the Cocheco, by 1640; and had his home there. Thus we see that in only seventeen years, the Piscataqua Settlement had grown from the mouth of the river, along its banks, to the places we are now familiar with,—Portsmouth, Dover, Kittery, Eliot, and others.

Another citizen of Dover at this early date, was Thomas Trickey. He being an enterprising man, soon started a *Ferry*,—which for years ran from Bloody Point.

The location of his early home is not known; but by 1657, his business demanded much of his attention; and he had built him a home there. This Ferry connected what is now three towns,—Eliot, York Co. Maine, Newington, Rockingham Co. and Dover, Strafford Co. N. H.

All roads seem to have led to the William Everett Tavern, which stood at the right of Mrs. Rebecca Hammond's home. The highway ran to the east of the house, and also east of the Burying Ground in which the Rev'd John Rogers is buried, and then turned short to the river. Thus business boomed for the proprietor of the Trickey Ferry. For nearly a quarter of a century he continued to meet the public wants, until his death, which occurred early in 1680.

He left several heirs, including his wife, Elizabeth Trickey, who conveyed all he interest in the Trickey plantation and ferry to her son Zechariah Trickey, June 16, 1680.

Zechariah Trickey after a quarter of a century of ownership, and half a century after it had been opened by his father, sold the ferry out of the family.

John Knight, a French Huguenot of some means had settled in the colony, and on Oct. 8, 1702, he purchased of the Carters their farm at Pine Point, near Bloody Point, for which he paid £100. A few weeks later he purchases of Benjamin Bickford and his wife, sixteen acres of meadow land adjoining. Three years later he bought the Trickey ferry, and fourteen acres of upland. This deed is recorded

~~South~~ ~~Erott~~  
Cammock's Creek





November 22, 1705, and includes the gondolas and other equipments of the ferry.

December 8, of the same year, Capt. John Knight petitioned the General Assembly of New Hampshire for a license to run the Trickey Ferry, stating that it had always been run by the owners of that estate, and as he had purchased the same, he wished the privilege conferred on him. His request was granted; and the rate of fare established by the State government.

Capt. John Knight was a leader in the affairs of the colony, and something of a politician.. At the election of town officers in Dover, April 22, 1706, Capt. Knight was elected as one of the surveyors of highways; and also surveyor of fences at Bloody Point.

And again, the following year, at the town meeting held May 10, 1708, it was voted that Thomas Roberts, sen'r, Richard Waldron, Capt. John Knight, Mr. Francis Matthews, be chosen selectmen. Capt. Knight re-elected every year until 1712; and the following year Newington became an independent town.

The success of the Bloody Point Ferry called the attention of others to the business, and in 1717, Nicholas Hartford was licensed to run a Ferry from Beck's Slip to Kittery. This Ferry was later called Morrell's Ferry, also the Cold Water Ferry.

How long Hartford continued in the business is unknown; but by 1736, Capt. Thomas Gage sold to Joseph Roberts five acres of land, and buildings, and the privilege of running the Ferry. This is up the river about two miles, where it is quite narrow.

What the earliest mode of transportation was, I do not know, but after the ownership was transferred to Maine, it was no uncommon thing to take the carriage and the passengers in a small gondola, and swim the horse across the river.

It appears that the Morrill Ferry failed; perhaps because the Knight Ferry was better. The Ferry owned by John Knight and his successors, ran until the bridge was built across the river from Bloody Point to Dover Point.

John Knight's grave is to be seen today near the end of the Dover and Portsmouth Bridge at Bloody Point.

## NOAH EMERY.

AARON B. COLE, ESQ.

Noah Emery, the first King's Counsel in the province of Maine, was born in that part of Kittery now Eliot, December 11, 1699; son of Daniel and Margaret (Gowen) Emery. He was the fourth generation descended from Anthony Emery, who with his brother John, sailed from Rumsey, England, on the ship James, and landed in Boston, June 3, 1635.

Anthony Emery seems to have been of strong temperament, and pugnacious disposition. He lived in Ipswich and Newbury, Mass., and Dover, N. H., and about 1649 settled in Kittery, probably on the spot where the house formerly occupied by Noah Emery now stands.

He was one of the signers of the Submission to the Mass'tts Bay Colony, November, 16 1652.

He received four grants of land in town, besides purchasing his first trust from John White, Nov. 16, 1648, and another of Joseph Austin, July 15, 1650.

He was several times fined for entertaining Quakers; and was finally disfranchised. He then left Kittery, and removed to Portsmouth, R. I., where greater liberty was allowed.

He seems to have been a man of importance in the community, having filled various offices during his residence in Kittery. That he was a man of means is shown by the fact that he sold his property in Kittery, May 12, 1660, just prior to his departure for Rhode Island, for £150, a large sum in those days.

Anthony had an only son,—James,—who, having purchased his father's property, continued to occupy it. He was a large land owner, and an important personage. His fourth son, Daniel, was born Sept. 13, 1667.

Daniel Emery became one of the leading citizens of Kittery, having been elected surveyor of Kittery from 1706 to 1716; and selectman from 1704 to 1712; and again in 1718. He died, Nov. 21, 1751. Of his ten children, the Noah of this sketch was the second.



Home of Noah Emery



Frost Garrison House



Of the early education of Noah Emery, we can learn nothing; but in all probability it was very limited.

In his early years he was a cooper; and not until he arrived at early manhood, did he take up the study of law. He was, however, a man of scholarly tastes; and in 1725, when he was twenty-six years of age, he was admitted to the bar.

The courts of that early period were perambulating affairs; and the business was largely settling disputes of boundary lines, and the prosecution of people who violated the *blue laws* enforced at that time.

William Willis, in his *Bench and Bar of Maine*, says that Noah Emery was possessed of great legal acumen and accuracy; that he was a ready draftsman, of quick perceptions and considerable ability, which gave him an extensive practice.

He was interested in the Portsmouth Social Library, now probably the Portsmouth Atheneum; and possessed himself an extensive library, for that time.

The compiler of the Emery Family says he bequeathed to his sons his library; and that one volume, worth its weight in gold, bearing his autograph on its fly leaf, is now owned by the Massachusetts State Library. This volume is "The Laws of the Colony of Massachusetts;" edition of 1660. This, however, is denied by the Librarian of the Massachusetts State Library.

Noah Emery was twice married; first to Eliabeth Chick, daughter of Richard Chick, Jan. 22, 1722. Of this marriage were born eleven children; five only survived young childhood. She died January 15, 1739, and October 30, 1740. he married Sarah Cooper, daughter of John Cooper, and a neighbor. From this union one son was born,—making twelve children in all.

It is worthy of note that the qualities of Noah Emery were transmitted to his posterity; and that several of his descendants have been prominent in the legal profession.

Of his children:—

Daniel, the second of that name, the first died in infancy;

Noah, the third child, born December 28, 1725 ;  
Richard, born May 9, 1728 ;  
Japhet, born July 27, 1732 ;  
Shem, born May 6, 1738 ;—

children of Elizabeth Chick;  
and John, born June 9, 1743, grew to manhood.

Noah seems to have followed the footsteps of his father in the study of Law. He early removed to Exeter, N. H. and after holding various positions in the provincial government, during the latter years of his life was Clerk of Courts.

Daniel, the first son, remained in Eliot, and was a cooper and lawyer; probably a Justice of the Peace, only doing local conveyancing.

A son of Noah, the grandson of our Noah, succeeded his father as Clerk of the Courts at Exeter.

A great-grandson of Noah,—Nicholas Emery,—born Sept. 4, 1776, was appointed a member of the Supreme Court of Maine in 1834, and died August 24, 1861.

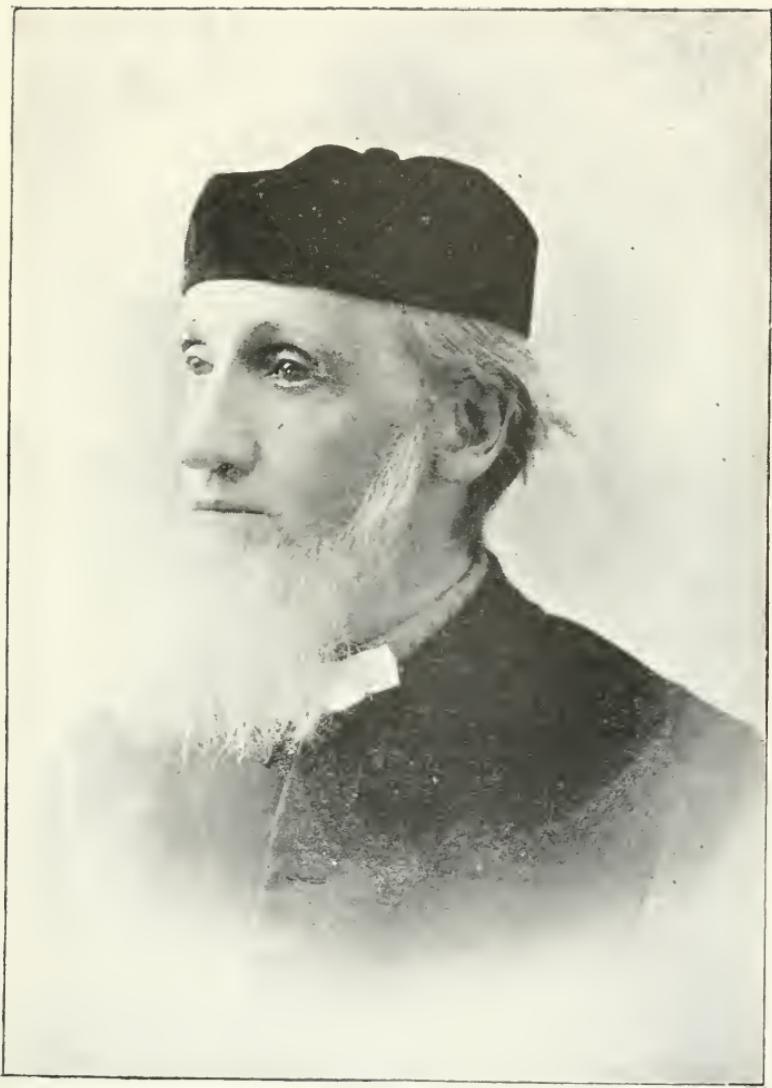
It may also be a source of local interest, that our present Chief Justice of Maine, Hon. Lucilius A. Emery, born July 27, 1840, is a direct descendant of Anthony Emery, the great grandfather of Noah, and of the eighth generation; his great-great-grandfather Thomas, having settled at Biddeford in this county.

The descendants of Noah are scattered from Maine to California.

Noah Emery died Dec. 9, 1761. Of his descendants in Eliot, an honored member of the Centennial Committee, John L. Emery, is a direct descendant, and Moses Morrell and his wife are both directly descended from Noah;—all of the ninth generation from Anthony Emery, and the fifth from Noah.

Chester E. Frost, also, is one generation later, being the tenth generation from Anthony, and the sixth from Noah.

It is a matter of note that Noah Emery was succeeded as King's Attorney, in 1761, by his brother Caleb, who had studied law with his elder brother Noah.



Rev. Augustine Caldwell



## UNVEILING THE MARBLE.

REV. JOHN ROGERS' GRAVE.

Rev. Augustine Caldwell.

There are occasions when the Past is revived, events transpire anew, names and deeds freshly return.

This is a moment when we live in the far away two hundred years. The new marble, upon which we gaze, awakens a true gratitude that the kindly, thoughtful, ready heart, now erects this memorial by this ancient and sacred grave ; and thus renews memories ; recalls historic and valued facts ; and preserves the name of him who actually was the sunbeam of the Truth, Life and Light, of our early Eliot.

It is strange to say it is *pleasant* to stand by a *Grave*, and renew memories ; but the grave around which we assemble, has a story pleasant to unfurl ; it is a Voice, to which we interestedly listen :

It is *John Rogers' Grave*,—the First Eliot Minister ; the man singularly connected with a large family of clergymen.

The review of the several generations of early New England, reveals the interesting fact that the early Rogers families were evidently born with a willing tendency to supply pulpits ; to lead the long-ago people in the paths of Bible truths ; for when the Rev. Nathaniel Rogers came to New England, in 1636, a pulpit door opened wide to receive him ; and his descendants inherited his charm.

His dying words were. “ My times are in Thy hand ; ” and he knew what he uttered. It was written of him in the Ipswich Church Book,—the Church that received and revered him,—“ Mr. Rogers was the best of the true Ministers ; he came little, if any, behind the chiefest of them all.”

This Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, [of 1636,] was the son of the Rev'd Nathaniel Rogers, of Haverhill, England ; a man whose memory is, to this day, fresh in the church of that English town. Yes, to this day ; though he died two hundred and fifty-one years ago ; his gravestone says, “ July 3, 1655, aged fifty-seven.”

I once stood by his grave in England ; and was kindly

led to his ancient pulpit, and allowed to ascend its steps.

And the portrait of this Rev'd Nathaniel Rogers, of Haverhill, in England, was sent across the ocean, to his son at Ipswich; and years later, it was brought to the home of our own Eliot Minister,—John Rogers,—yes, his Eliot home; and it is today in the care of his descendants. [A lady of Boston gladly received and possessed it, since I have been in Eliot.] As I stood by the grave in England the kindly man who led me to the sacred spot, said, "He was not only our minister, but his grave is sacred because he was a grandson of the martyr—John Rogers."

And this interesting English preacher, was, as I have said, the father of the Rev. Nathaniel Rogers,—the first of the name to come to New England; and as soon as he arrived, he entered the Ipswich pulpit,—1636; and the people of the new town, the young and the old, gladly ordained him in 1638.

And it is very interesting to note, that in the years immediately following, there were—

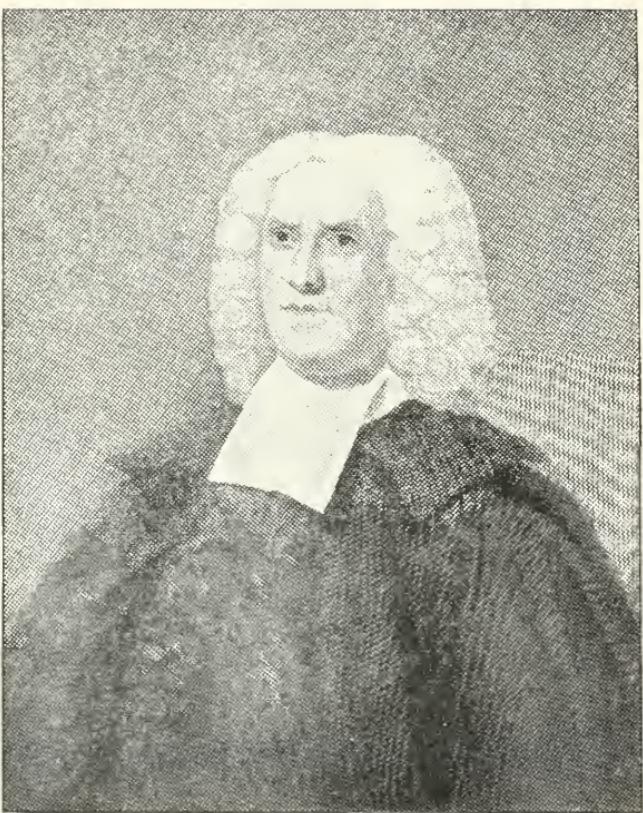
Seven Sons and Grandsons who became Clergymen:—

First, the Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, Ipswich, 1636.

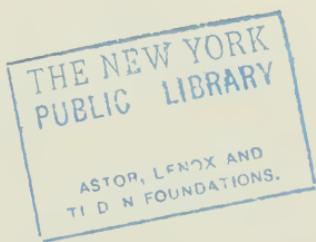
Then, the Rev. John Rogers, his son, became both Doctor and Minister, and the Ipswich people claimed him for their pulpit; and his name to this day is not forgotten. His wife, too, was of a singularly interesting family; she was the daughter of that truly wonderful Maj. Gen. Dennison, —who was really the George Washington of his day.

And, next, *his* son became the Rev. John Rogers, the *third*; and, as his father, (the minister,) and the Rev. Mr. Hubbard, (the teacher,) grew old, the Ipswich people claimed this son; and he was *sixty years* in their pulpit; and he had a brother Nathaniel, and he was called to our neighbor—the Portsmouth pulpit; and it is on record that he often came from Portsmouth to Eliot,—exchanging pulpits with his nephew, our Eliot John. They joyed that they lived so near each other.

And this Rev. John Rogers, whom we have stated was sixty long years, Doctor and Minister in the Ipswich pulpit, had three clerical sons:



Rev. John Rogers, father of Rev. John of Eliot



The oldest of the three was the John Rogers who became  
*the very First Minister of our Eliot Pulpit,*  
and beside whose grave we now stand, that we may  
revive and freshen and preserve traditions and memories.

Yes, he did a beautiful work for our long ago people. He led them onward to actual and perpetual Church organization; just what the early saints, (and sinners too,) longed for; as they were all obliged to go, sun or shower, to the far away Berwick meeting.

And when the organization came, and was made complete, then our John Rogers was allowed to be ordained.

His brother Nathaniel became a new Pastor at Ipswich; his brother Daniel became minister at Exeter.

What a talented family were blended, really, with our early pulpit. *Seven Rogers*, who were of successive generations, entered interesting and progressive pulpits; every one became a man of renown.

Our own Eliot John Rogers was so widely esteemed, and had so many, many calls to assist at ordinations, church conferences, and varied assemblies, that his wise and careful parish officers had, at times; to write to the applicants, and say, *No!*

His own records, in our church books, are full of great interest; he begins:—“An account of the settlement of the Church, here; my Ordination, &c.” Eliot had been a Parish but not a Church, for several years:—

But, in 1714, Mr. Rogers was invited to be the permanent Preacher. He had never been ordained; and he could not be ordained in Eliot until the Parish became an organized Church.

In 1721,—when he had preached in our Parish seven years the pleasant event occurred,—the Parish was transfigured into a Church; and—

October twenty-five, 1721,

was the day of his Ordination. His own quill recorded it. He writes:

Rev. John Rogers, of Ipswich, [his father,] gave the charge;

Rev. Jonathan Cushing, of Dover, gave the Right Hand;

Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, of Portsmouth. [his uncle,] preached.—

And all the Church records that follow, show that he lived a busy, helpful life.

He lectured certain weekdays at the School House; and he went yearly to ordinations, dedications, conferences, &c.

One of the invitations to an ordinatio, indicates a slight confusion; it came from the *third* church of Kittery,—to ordain Mr. Chase. The response was:

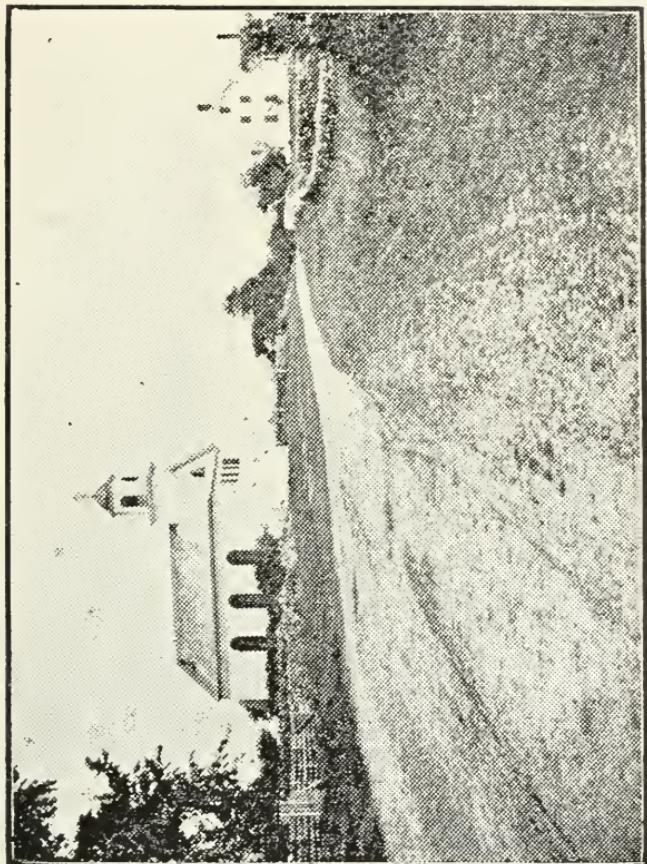
“No knowledge of Mr. Chase, or the members!”

One of Mr. Rogers' records will make us smile: Caleb Emery, of Berwick, wished to remove his name from the Church Book at Berwick, to the list at Eliot; he intended evidently, to live at Berwick. And the church at Berwick consented, and wrote, (as the reason of its willingness,) that the said Caleb Emery, “was a *regular walker*;” and they would, therefore, willingly commend him to the christian watch and Holy Communion at Eliot.

We have no doubt Mr. Rogers smiled, as he dipped his quill in the ink, and wrote of the “*regular walker*.”

We find in the records of Pastor Rogers, an interesting item,—the introduction of *Watts' Hymns*, into Eliot church service. How many old time choirs, sang Watts' sacred songs! In June, 1762. our good old minister suggested that—“Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns become the Hymn Book.” And John Heard Bartlett, James Fogg, Robert Morrell became the committee to secure the hymn books.

In 1761, the good Pastor evidently had a soulful desire for more earnestness in both pulpit and pew. It was a time of sorrow, for one Deacon died; the other Deacon lay at the point of death. And Parson Rogers tenderly spoke to his saintly hearers, and asked them to permit him to appoint a *Fast Day*. His language was: “Shall we humble ourselves?” They all answered—Yes. And February twenty, was the day of comfort, blessing and good results.



Third Congregational Church.



1768, began a new theme in the Church interests. The pleasant Parish had many, many thoughts. Mr. Rogers was an old man then; he asked for a Church Meeting at his house; and Wednesday, February 17, 1768, the wise and thoughtful ones assembled; and the aged minister Rogers wrote:—

"After earnest prayer to ye Head of ye Church for his Direction, respecting the choice of a minister, our Church unanimously chose Mr. Alpheus Spring to settle in the work of the Ministry, as a Colleague Pastor with the Rev'd Mr. Rogers in the work of the Evangelical Ministry;" and the result was, Rev. Alpheus Spring was ordained by ten ministers; Mr. Rogers gave the young man "the charge."

We cannot quote many church items today, from his interesting pen; but we can judge of the true spirit and purpose of the long-ago Pastor when we find in our church records *one hundred and forty* names of people who were received into our communion, by him. No wonder he was spared to the early flock more than half a century; he was the choice and loved Pastor, Teacher, Friend,—

Fifty-nine years;—1714-1773.

Yes, more than a half-century; then the colleague.

But we must before we close speak of two fragments of the biography of our earliest Pastor and of Mrs. Rogers, his wife; and Mrs. Rogers, like himself, was lovely in character; a lady highly regarded.

Of our Mr. Rogers, one pleasant and interesting fact will never be forgotten.—he descended from the Christly John Rogers, of England, who was burned at the stake; and he held in his possession, here, in our favored Eliot town, that martyr's own Bible.

Yes, our pleasant Eliot town can say that it once sheltered the Holy Bible, not only owned, but literally translated by the very *John Rogers* who was burned at the stake. And it was the very first Bible ever printed in the English language. Tyndale and Coverdale began the translation; and the Martyr,—John Rogers,—continued it at their deaths, translating and revising; and myriads, till this

hour, have later editions of the blessed Book that cost John Rogers his life. The anger of Romanists was roused. The martyr was shut up; then led to the stake.

Let us never forget that our first Eliot Pastor,—our own John Rogers,—was a direct descendant of the revered martyr and possessed the very Bible the martyr had held in his hands; yes, the very Bible that the martyr translated; and volumes went forth in English words.

And Mrs. Rogers, our minister's wife, whose grave is here,—side by side with her husband's:

She was of a beautiful and intellectual family. She was Susanna Whipple, of Ipswich, the daughter of John Whipple. She had a sister Martha, who married Rev'd Richard Brown, a minister of Newburyport. These two sisters names are remembered till this day.

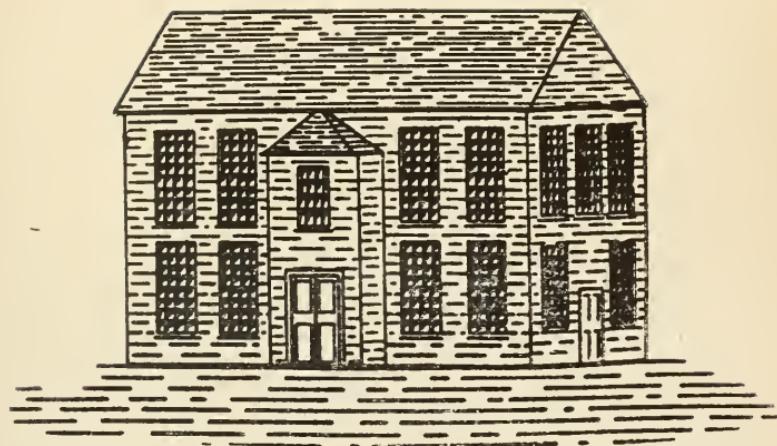
The grandfather of our Susannah Whipple Rogers, was known early as 1640; his name was very prominent. He was for eight successive years Representative to General Court. And,—better even than that,—he was blended with the Rev. John Rogers, of Ipswich, and others, and they organized the Grammar [or Latin] School in that ancient town in 1651. And that school was a blessing to the youth in old Ipswich town,—till within my own memory and school days. When a boy I entered it with several playmates; and though we were but ten years old, we were, every one of us, compelled to begin Latin Lessons; and we had read the Fables when the term closed.

That endowed ancient school, organized by the grandfather of our Susannah Whipple Rogers, was wide open for youthful boys from 1651 to 1850; and then was transfigured into the High School, for girls and boys. In its early history, it fitted boys for college.

The Mr. Whipple of 1650, was a Deacon; also, what was called a Ruling Elder of the Ipswich church; a Feoffee of the endowed Latin School, which he aided in organizing.

We may add to this that Mrs. Rogers was the cousin of William Whipple, who settled in Kittery; and whose son William signed the Declaration of Independence.

Thus we see that our First Minister, and his lady-wife,



Parson Rogers' Church, 2nd Congregational



were not only choice and valued people, but their origin is pleasant; and their memory has not faded,—even in nearly two hundred year. It is a kindly thought of this Centennial to mark these graves and other historic spots.

**The Inscription—**

upon the new marble at the Graves of the  
Rev. John Rogers, and wife:

REV. JOHN ROGERS,

First Minister of Eliot,

1714-1768.

Born, Ipswich, Mass.

Jan. 27, 1692;

Died, Eliot, Oct. 16, 1773.

Beside him lies his wife,

SUSANNAH WHIPPLE, dau. of

Maj. John Whipple

and

Katharine (Leighton) Whipple,

Born April 2, 1696.

He was a direct descendant of the Martyr.

We will close by reading the Inscription on the ancient slab, resting upon the grave of the Rev. Daniel Rogers, at the old Cemetery, in Exeter, N. H.; he was a brother of our Rev. John, and was the Pastor in the long ago, at Exeter. The slab seems like an outline of the sacred family of Rogers, whose ministerial influence and interest was a wonder:

*Inscription*,—on the ancient slab that lies upon the grave of Rev. Daniel Rogers, Old Cemetery, Exeter. Born at Ipswich, Mass. Brother of Rev. John Rogers, first minister of Eliot; another brother, Rev. Nath'l, was the last of the line of the Rogers Pastors at First Church, Ipswich.

[See next page, Inscription copied by Joseph H. Dixon, of Eliot, while spending an hour in the Exeter Cemetery:]

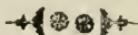
## REV. DANIEL ROGERS.

**Inscription :**

Cemetery, Exeter, New Hampshire.

Here lie the Remains of  
 The Reverend DANIEL ROGERS,  
 Pastor of a Church gathered in this place, 1748,  
 Who died December 9th, 1785, aged 78 years.  
 He had been many years a Tutor in Harvard College ;  
 Was a pious, faithful Minister of JESUS CHRIST,  
 And a worthy son of the Reverend JOHN ROGERS  
 Pastor of the first Church in Ipswich,  
 Who died December 28th, 1745, in his 80 year,  
 Who was a son of JOHN ROGERS, of the same Place,  
 Physician and Preacher of GOD'S Word,  
 And President of HARVARD COLLEGE ;  
 Who died July 2, 1684, aged 54 years ;  
 Who was eldest son of the Rev. NATHANIEL ROGERS,  
 Who came over from England in 1636 ; settled at Ipswich,  
 Colleague Pastor with the Rev'd NATHANIEL WARD,  
 And died July 2, 1655, aged 57 years ;  
 Who was the son of the Rev. JOHN ROGERS,  
 A famous Minister of GOD'S Word, at Dedham, England,  
 Who died October 18th, 1639, aged 67 years ;  
 Who was Grandson of JOHN ROGERS of London,  
 Prebendary of St. Paul's, Vicar of St. Sepulchres,  
 And Reader of Divinity,  
 Who was burned at SMITHFIELD, February 14th 1555,  
 First Martyr in Queen MARY'S Reign.

Thou martyr'd Saint, and all ye holy train,  
 O be your honor'd Names ne'er read in vain ;  
 May each descendant catch your hallow'd fire,  
 And all your Virtues all their breasts inspire ;  
 Prophets, like you, in long succession rise,  
 Burning and shining, faithful, firm and wise ;  
 And Millions be their crown beyond the skies.



THE TABLETS.

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The marble memorial at the graves of the Rev. and Mrs. Rogers was the kindly gift of Ex. Gov. Hill; and it was not his only thoughtfulness of memorizing interesting and historic places. Five beautiful bronze tablets, presented by him, were of great interest; and marked the sites of historic houses and scenes.

On Monday, as has been said, the procession of visitors and towns-people walked from the Library to these various localities, where the tablets were unveiled; it was indeed a revival of the long-ago. [See pages 24-25.]

The first point of visitation was the site of the Academy; a school of many memories and traditions. This interesting structure stood on land opposite the Library grounds, and adjoining the homes of the Kennard families. The inscription on the beautiful bronze reads:

The Site of  
Eliot Academy  
Erected 1839  
Burned Dec. 21, 1875.  
Here was opened the first Normal School  
in Maine.

A little farther up the road, the procession reached a spot of interest; it was the site of the old home of Andrew P. Leighton; and the tablet is a page of history:

The  
Homestead of  
Hon. Andrew Pepperrell Leighton,  
an early representative of  
Eliot in the  
Maine Legislature.

Here for many years was the  
First Public Library,  
of which he was  
Librarian.

Then the company went a little farther on, to the site of the old-time Everett Tavern,—where the following tablet is placed :—

On this Spot  
stood  
William Everett's Tavern,  
where on Nov. 16, 1652,  
was signed the  
Submission of Maine to  
Massachusetts.

On the bank of Sturgeon Creek, by the corner of the River and State Road, is a simple slab to commemorate a goodly place :

The site of  
The First Quaker Meeting House  
in Maine.

Built in Dover, N. H., taken down and  
Re-erected here in 1766.

And next,—the bronze memorial at the old Leighton house on Goodwin road :

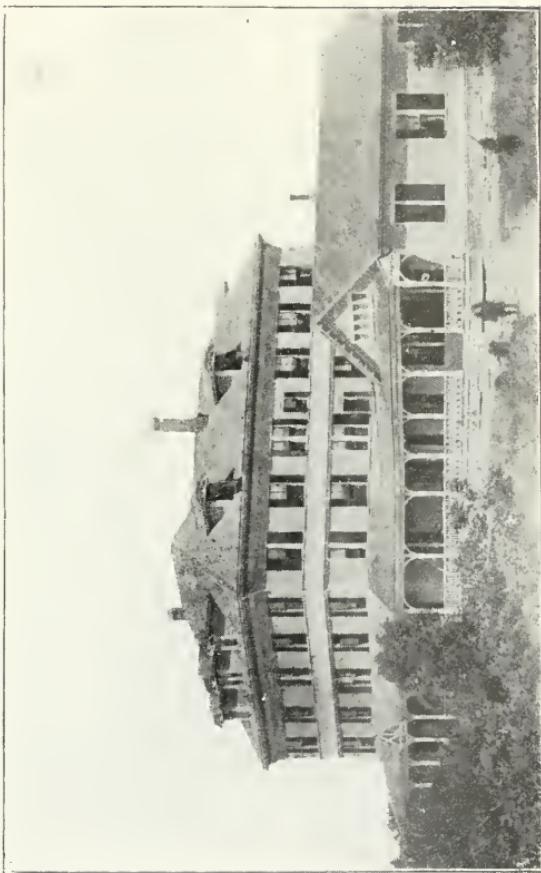
The home of Capt. Samuel Leighton,  
Capt. of the 30th foot regiment of the United Colonies,  
and his Son,  
Gen'l Samuel Leighton,  
the first  
representative of Eliot  
to the  
Gen'l Court of Mass.,  
1810-1811-1812-1813.



Greenacre from the River







Greenacre Inn



## THIRD DAY.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1910.

—o—

## GREEN ACRE DAY.

## PROGRAM:—

At three o'clock p. m., in the tent, the Green Acre contribution to the Centennial observance began:

Miss Mellicent Melrose, soprano, of Boston, gave a solo.

The oration was by Prof. Charles Zueblin, of Winchester, Mass., formerly of Chicago University; the noted orator and eminent sociologist; and his topic,—

*The Fellowship of the Common Life.*

A large audience gathered at the pleasant Greenacre to listen to this powerful address.

The speaker pointed out that this was the age of commercialism, when Mammon was the only God before whom the masses bow. The great law of evolution was working out a sweeter and nobler civilization; and the brotherhood of man would yet prevail. In this world there was enough for all; and this was the design of the God of nature; but man's inhumanity to man, was making it a charnal house of misery and woe. It would not long be thus. The leaven was working; and the time was not far distant when there would be a fellowship and a common life of happiness and plenty.

The following is an abstract of Prof. Zueblin's address:

The common life is the only avenue of approach to the universal or ultimate in human relationship. We are virtually all suffering from social poverty, quantitative and qualitative poverty. We do not know enough people, and the people we do know we do not know well enough. We excuse ourselves from the first indictment, by saying that we cannot know many people well; that we have only a given amount of affection, a certain definite quantity of love. That argument is about as appropriate as if we

should maintain that having acquired a certain amount of knowledge we have filled our minds, and now the mind reaches the point of satiety, and it is not possible to put any more knowledge in it. Whereas we know very well that the more we learn, the larger our capacity to learn. It is equally true in the training of the affections that the more we love the more capacity we have for loving.

Modern life gives more promise than ever before in the history of the world, of the possibility of attaining the fulness of life, of enlarging the lives, not only of the few, but of all. It is possible to enable all people to satisfy all kinds of human wants; not all human wants, of course, we do not want that. \* \* \* \* These six wants are health, wealth, sociability, taste, knowledge and righteousness.

In trying to find a basis of universal fellowship, what is the chief consideration? Not money. That is not a basis of fellowship. The work we do in the world qualifies us for fellowship, not the money that we have. Every human being ought to do his work well in the world. In a free society we should know that work qualifies us for fellowship, regardless of the kind of work, if it is worthy and we do it well. But unfortunately we live in a society with class distinctions. We see paraded before us, the resourceless lives of the idle rich, who find nothing to satisfy their poor dwarfed natures. In these days of free publicity, they are commonly before the world, and we see their poor naked souls shriveling up.

Sometimes one is almost prone to think that if we could get rid of economic distinctions, we might have a more spontaneous friendship. You may have heard of what occurred at the time of the earthquake in San Francisco. For a time all economic distinctions were levelled, when they all stood in line to get their bread, rich and poor, educated and uneducated. They had never known such good feeling, such a depth of human sympathy, as on this occasion, where there was but one economic standard.— Whether this is the way it will come about, we may hope that the time will come when we shall not care whether there are economic differences.



Tobey's Landing



Then there is the satisfaction of the physical want. We have been taught in times past that the body was not worthy of attention; that we must subdue appetite.—Obviously it is equally true today that we must subdue intemperance. But we cannot despise the body, even though we have sometimes magnified it unduly in importance, until we have almost elevated the care of it into a religion. Eating is not a pretty function at best; yet we make it the basis of some of our most desirable fellowship. We must remember that in gathering about a table at a dollar dinner, we each pay the same price, and that puts us on a level. Neither can we forget that the breaking of bread together is one of the most beautiful of the sacraments of the great religion that has dominated our civilization. But instead of satisfying ourselves normally, and all having good, sound, healthy bodies by the application of the principles of modern science, we suffer through carelessness or indulgence, and all the billboards bear witness to it, by inviting us to have all kinds of ailments, for which they have some kind of remedy at hand.

The training of the children in dancing, even more than any other form of exercise or class recreation, is one of the obligations of the public school, so important is it that young people should be taught to dance. Though not exactly in the religious sense, it may be called a means of grace. These contributions to our physical nature are always, of course, in danger of being on the verge of misuse. But that does not make them unworthy, any more than the functions of vision or hearing are unworthy because they are sometimes misused.

We are constantly threatened by our social insecurity, which is due to the fact that we are not big enough to embrace humanity in our fellowship, which can only be done by forgetting social distinctions, and being human beings.

Our chief characteristic in education is over specialization. We all read a certain number of books of a certain kind. There are the six best sellers, and of course we want them. We are a little ashamed if we are unable to

talk about them. Then each class has its newspaper, which expresses its own ideas as nearly as possible.— There are people who can write a perfectly correct letter without saying anything. Our class standards enter into our religious life, and determine with whom we shall affiliate, and what we shall do. One hears many men argue seriously that whatever is the common practice in business is right because it is the common practice.

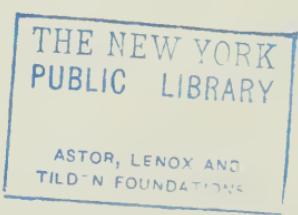
As you gain modesty by contact with the common life, by sharing those things which are common, so you also become tolerant and respectful of others. You find that your particular foibles are not theirs. Why should you disparage weaknesses because they are not yours? You carefully conceal yours, while you expose theirs. Only through this process of sharing the common life, may we relieve ourselves of the prejudices which hinder fellowship.

There is the curious friction of sex. When can we subjugate passion, and substitute companionship? We cannot build up companionship until we have shorn man of this peculiar power which he wields by tradition and purse. Then perhaps we will get to the point where, after dinner, the women will not go off by themselves, and the men also, where they can open up their hearts, since they have been playing at conversation, shamming during dinner. And then, when the men join the ladies, they will not stop talking business, and start talking art, but probably continue discussing the things common to all, because they will have common interests.

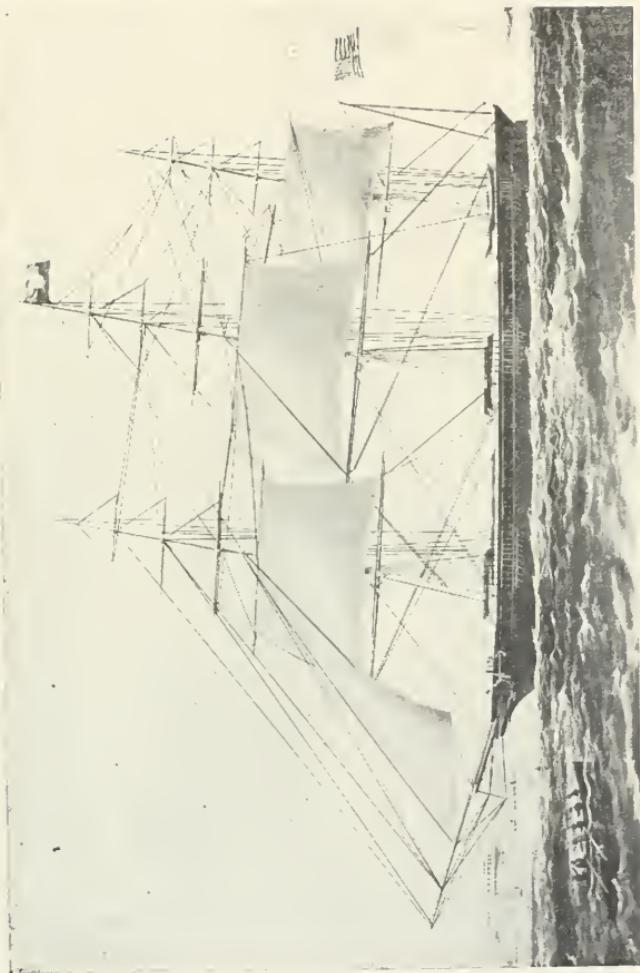
Perhaps in our day the most serious of our prejudices of which we need to relieve ourselves, is that in regard to race. To some people it seems as though race antagonisms were instinctive and natural. The best way to relieve ourselves of this prejudice intellectually, is to discover that the race to which we feel an antipathy is not the race to which some other people feel antipathy. If you go out to the Pacific Coast, you will find that the ordinary working man there, has the same attitude toward the Chinaman that the same kind of workingman in the South has toward the negro.

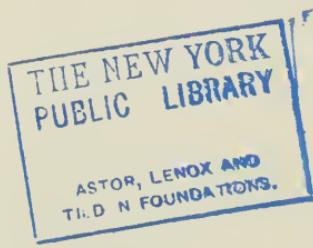


Miss Sarah J. Farmer



The Nightengale





We shall lose our religious prejudices when we come into contact with the common life. Genuine religion ought to remove all barriers; but sectarianism erects barriers. The more we believe in a common life, the more likely we are to believe in a genuine world-wide religion. The biggest man in the world of our day, was our greatest religious example, Count Tolstoi. Why did he have a world-wide influence, that knew no barriers of race or nation or language? Because he had a genuine religion. It is just as true of Jesus. Jesus did dine with saloon-keepers and prostitutes, because his character and position were so unassailable, it did not matter. Whatever your theology, when you come to study the common life, you will better see the effulgence of that character that knew no blemish, who entered into all walks of life, because he apprehended more than any other man, the common life, and comprehended fellowship.

It was indeed a fine and thoughtful address; and closely followed by the many who had assembled.

And not alone was the address an attraction to the gathered Centennial company: the location,—the pleasant Green Acre,—was an atmosphere of historic interest. It is a widely known retreat, founded by Miss Sarah J. Farmer. And the yearly assemblies have made the Green Acre of Eliot, by the broad riverside, truly a summer joy.—Even from across the ocean have many visitors been received and heard.

No, Green Acre is not simply a summer resort. It has historic interests. The very spot where the Centennial address was this day delivered, and where the company assembled, has the memory that besides many other ships, the beautiful *Nightingale* was built there. The locality is the attractive bank of the river; and the date was when the great Swedish singer, *Jenny Lind*, was in this country—more than a half century ago. The vessel was named in her honor, and the original intention was for her to return in it to her home in Sweden.

The session closed with another solo by Miss Melrose. Her accompanist,—Miss Mabel Stone.

The green, in front of the Eirenion, was the scene of the folk dances, under the direction of Miss Torrey of Boston. Music for this dancing was by Mrs. W. A. Randall, of Swampscott.

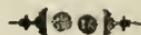
The first was an old folk dance; followed by the semi-modernized, or modernized folk dances, Maypole, Brownie Polka, Bean Porridge, Chimes of Dunkirk. They were given by sixteen young women:—

Misses Moore, Martin, Whitmarsh, Upham, Warren, Davis, Fellows from Moore camp; Misses Melrose and Stone from Green Acre; Edith and Harriet Magee of New York; Misses Hammond, Cress, Adlington, Brooks, Bridges of South Eliot.

"The Luby Lu" dance was given by the children of the neighborhood: Howard Staples, Isabel Staples, Albert Dixon, Ruth Spinney, Dorothy Juukins, Meda Spinney, Lydia Morse.

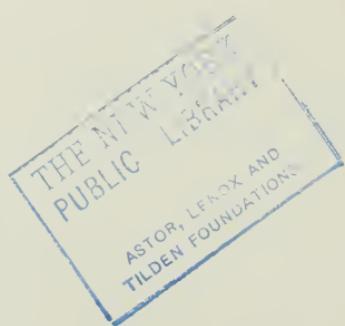
In the evening, at the Eirenion, there was a reception and dance; with music by Miss Asunta Michelina, pianist, of Boston.

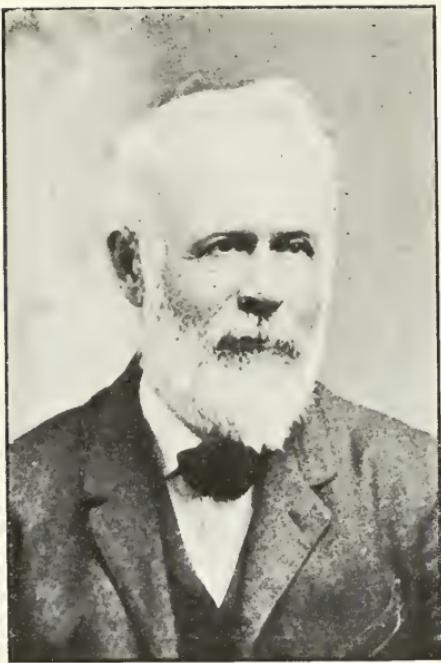
There were also readings by Mrs. Charlotte Sully Presby, of New York.



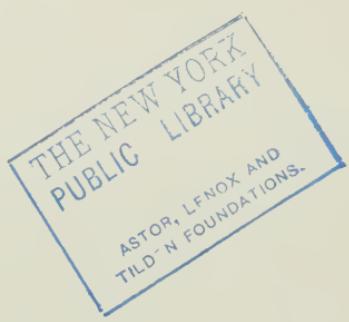
General Committee and Guests







Moses E. Goodwin



## FOURTH DAY.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1910.

—o—

## CENTENNIAL EXERCISES.

*Wm. Fogg Library Grounds.*

Today the town commemorated its First Century as a separate town; and hundreds of her sons and daughters came home to do honor to their mother town.

Among the guests were men and women who have won distinction in every walk of life: Governors, Congressmen, Legislators, Professors, Mayors, Judges, Authors and professional men,—all came to honor their native town.—Nearly every walk in life, and every state in the union, were represented.

The town was in gala dress:—A memorial arch at the south part of the town, all the public buildings, and nearly every dwelling house, decorated with flags and bunting.

On the grounds in front of the Library was erected a tent, accommodating a thousand or more people. A large platform was at one end, occupied by the speakers and the committee; while the sides looped up, enabled the overflowing audience to see and hear.

The following was the

**Program;**  
MUSIC.

Hoyt's Orchestra.

INTRODUCTION OF PRESIDENT OF THE DAY,

Dr. J. L. M. Willis, Chairman of Committee

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS,

Aaron B. Cole, Esq., President of the Day  
MUSIC.

ADDRESS, His Excellency, Bert M. Fernald,  
Governor of Maine

ORATION, Hon. James P. Baxter,  
President of the Maine Historical Society

Program continued:—

MUSIC.

POEM,	Dr. William Hale
REMARKS by Hon. John F. Hill; Hon. Amos L. Allen;	
Mayor Edward H. Adams, Portsmouth;	
Dr. William O. Junkins, Portsmouth;	
James R. Philbrick, Esq. Kittery;	
Asher C. Hinds, Esq., Portland;	
ODE. Rev. Augustine Caldwell,	Sung by Children.
BENEDICTION,	Rev. William B. Eldridge.

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The honorary Vice Presidents of the day :

- Hon. John F. Hill, Augusta.
- John W. L. Cram, Newton, Mass.
- D. J. K. P. Rogers, South Portland.
- Dr. William O. Junkins, Portsmouth.
- Mrs. Laura E. Merrow, Omaha, Nebraska.
- Mrs. Emma F. Sewall, York.
- Hon. Edward H. Adams, Portsmouth.
- Dr. John Neal, Washington, D. C.
- Dr. L. H. Guptill, Boston.
- Alfred Emery, Evansville, Indiana.
- Ralph S. Bartlett, Boston.
- Mrs. Mabel Baker, York.
- C. W. H. Moulton, Cambridge, Mass.
- Dr. E. H. Dixon, White Plains, N. Y.
- Alfred Bartlett, Boston.

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THE PRAYER. Rev. George W. Brown.

Our HEAVENLY FATHER: We look up to Thee as humble suppliants to thy mercy, and thank Thee that we are living in this 19th century. We thank Thee for the privilege of coming together and celebrating this Centennial Anniversary.

We pray Thee, dear Lord, that Thou look upon us with mercy, and help us to honor Thee in all we have, in all our efforts. We desire that all the good citizens of Eliot may open their hearts heavenward to receive Thy blessing.

O Lord, wilt Thou help us to honor the men gone before.



Rev. Geo. W. Brown



We come here to speak of the worthy deeds of our fathers, and those who labored for us many years ago. We thank Thee that they wrought worthily. We humbly look to Thee and bless Thee for the fathers that they were filled with patriotic spirit for their Country and for their State. We thank Thee, dear Lord, that those men had such a strong love for liberty, and such a desire for good government, and that the blessings of God rested upon them; that they built better than they knew, and the benefits have come down to us, and our lines have fallen in pleasant places.

Bless all this company gathered here today. Bless the inhabitants of the town of Eliot. We pray not only for the inhabitants of our town, but we pray for those who have gone out from us to build their homes and become good citizens of other towns. We ask that thy blessing may be upon them. Many of them have returned to us during this Home Week. We pray that Thou wilt extend to them the cordial hand of welcome and blessing, in the services that may be held in this Centennial time.

We ask thy blessing upon our Anniversary, and upon our friends around us. Remember those from our neighboring cities and towns who have come to rejoice with us. We pray, our dear Father, especially for those who have come to speak words of comfort, cheer and encouragement. Wilt Thou bless all the speakers of the day, from the Governor of this beloved State to the very last who may speak on this platform, that they may help us, and encourage us, to do our duties wisely, in time to come.

We pray, dear Father, that as these dear, youthful hearts before us join in the services, that they may remember their Creator in the days of their youth. May they listen to the voice of Him who spake as never man spake, and so live that they may have the favor of God along the line of Life. We humbly ask that Thou grant them Thy blessing; lead them to give heed to the words of encouragement; grant that they all may so live that we may be a happy, prosperous town in the time to come.

Dear Lord, we would especially hide Thy Word in our

hearts, that we may not sin against Thee. May the Word teach us how we should live in the present world to the praise of Him who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity.

Now, dear Lord, we pray Thee to help us live and finish our work; and when our day is done, we shall be gathered unto Him who loved us and washed us in His own blood; and unto Thee will we ascribe the praise,—both now and forever. Amen.

—o—

### INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

DR. J. L. M. WILLIS.

Ladies and Gentleman, Sons and Daughters of Eliot, Friends:—We are proud to welcome you here today; and assure you the mother town has a warm place in her heart for you all.

This is the One Hundredth Year of the town's incorporation; and it seems especially fitting that you should join in its commemoration.

But we are more than a hundred years old today. We have records of continuous settlement for two hundred and eighty-seven years; and the knowledge of white men—sailors and adventurers,—having been here more than three hundred years ago. And our church records go back more than two hundred and fifty years.

We have a right to say *Old Eliot*; and we are proud of our records and traditions. We have sent out boys and girls, men and women, who have filled places of honor and truth throughout the land. Men who have won distinction in the defence of their country, in the legislative halls, in the management of great industries, in ship building, and in inventions that have revolutionized the world's commerce and manufactures.

We wish all these old friends could be with us today. We know you will all miss some hand clasps, will all have some heart aches when you think of those gone before.

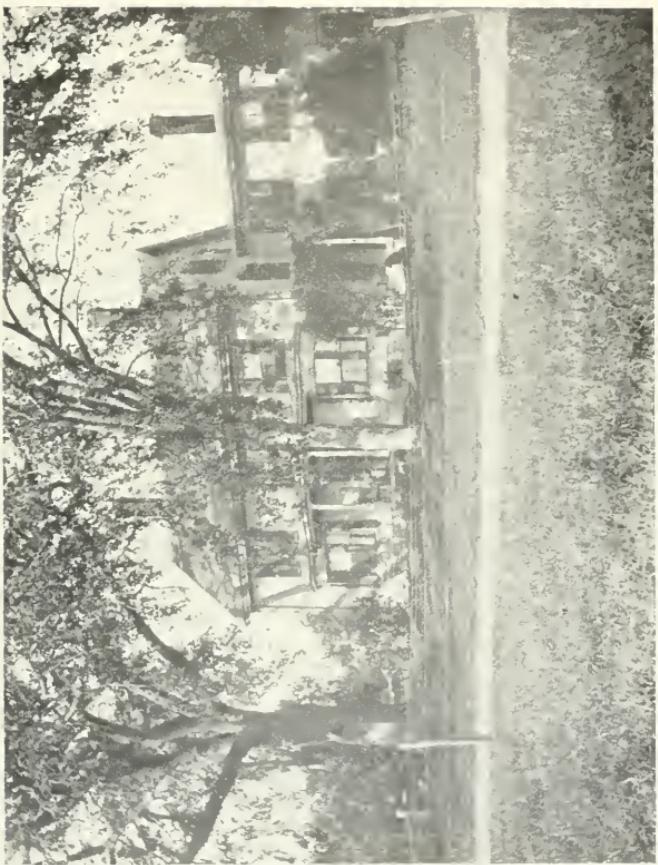
But we hope here with us you will feel that you are with the old friends at home.

It becomes my duty, and it is with great pleasure that



Dr. J. L. M. Willis





Home of Dr. Willis



I introduce our honored townsman, Aaron B. Cole, Esq.  
as the President of the day.



## INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

BY

AARON B. COLE, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE DAY

Ladies and Gentlemen, friends, fellow citizens :

I am not unmindful of the honor of being selected to preside over the Centennial Celebration of one's birthplace, for such an honor can come but once in a lifetime. When we realize that the most of us who are taking part in this celebration, are the third and fourth generations from those who were active in life in 1810, we are reminded of the mutability of human affairs, the evanescence of human life. Our grand-children and great-grand-children will take part in the Bi-centennial Exercises, one hundred years from now. Historically one hundred years is but a day ; and the life of man but a short span.

The town of Eliot for more than fifty years progressed not forward, not backward, but in a circle. It reminds us very much of the driftwood in the Piscataqua. The tide moves it down a little way, and the tide brings it back a little way. You see that same little piece of driftwood going and coming, from tide to eddy and eddy to tide, but making no progress.

When Eliot became a separate town, our country was but just reaching its majority as a constitutional government. The people in Eliot at that time were no different from those of other towns in New England ; the great tide of industrial and commercial activity had not set in, and the principal occupations were farming and fishing. For fifty years the character of the town remained unchanged until the great American Merchant Marine made a demand for shipwrights ; then those who had followed the fishing trade deserted that business and became mechanics.

The early settlers received grants from Massachusetts

and from the town of Kittery; and their descendants inherited these grants, and added to them by purchase; and even now it is not an unusual thing to find large tracts of land still in the families of those who received the original grants. On these farms were reared large families of children. There being no manufacturing industries in town, there was no opportunity for the foreign born to enter; consequently we find the blood in Eliot free from the Celtic and the Mediterranean strains.

Those early settlers in Eliot were men of good character and sterling worth; many of them held high positions in the government of Massachusetts, and at the time of the incorporation of Eliot, several of them were officials in the Province of Maine. They were interested in education and sent their children to the higher institutions of learning. The qualities of the fathers were transmitted to the children; and the town has been a law-abiding, peaceful community.

There are few New England towns that do not owe their growth to some one individual who settled there. Eliot owes its growth to no one man; but to the characteristics of the people at large, who have settled down here and have lived their lives as good citizens; and I am happy to say we have here in this town all good citizens.

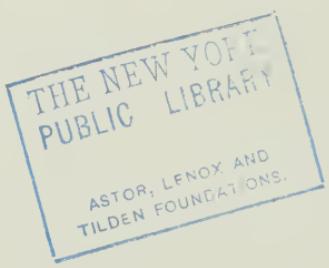
It is a strange fact that in the One Hundred Years of the town's existence, not a wheel has ever turned or a shaft been driven in any industrial enterprise, save brick-making and lumbering.

The families are nearly all connected, in some degree, by marriage; and through us all courses the blood of the Shapleighs, the Frosts, the Hammonds, the Hanscoms, the Tobeys, the Pauls, the Dixons, the Staples, and other common Eliot names.

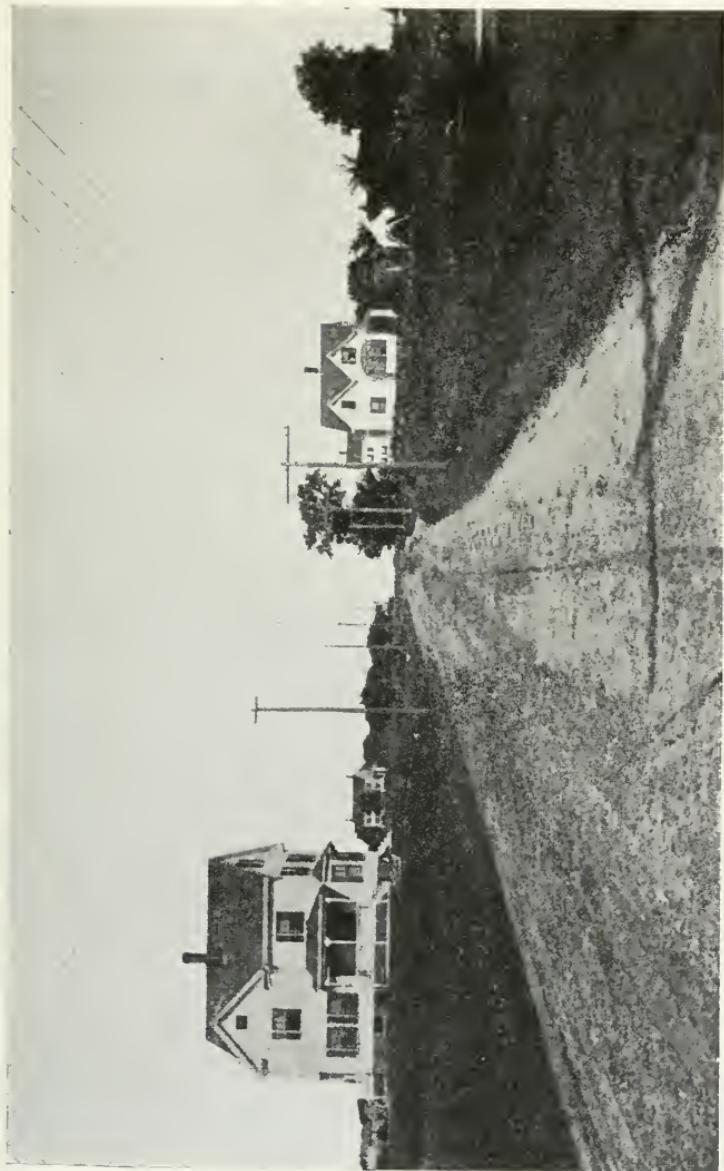
As a town, we have sent out into the world many trained business and professional men, who have been successful in their chosen lines. As Green Acre, I doubt not that the town is as well known in the artistic and literary centres of the world, as are Newport and Bar Harbor in the salons of the "four hundred."

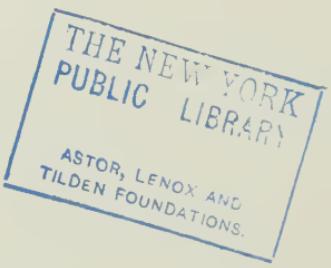


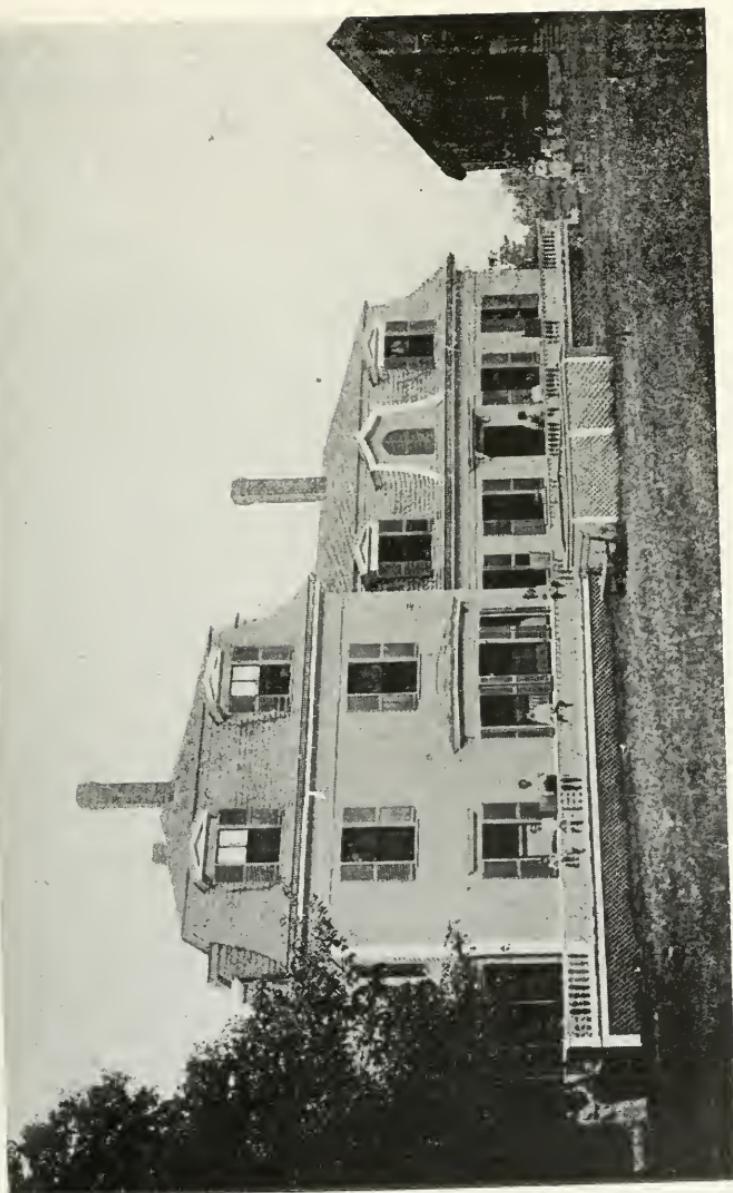
Aaron B. Cole, Esq.



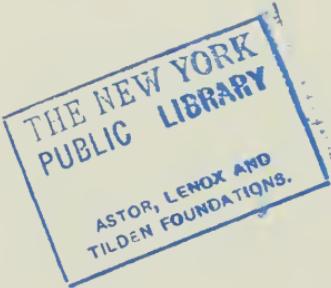
Near A. B. Cole's







Rosemary Cottage



We ought to be proud of the men who have gone out from Eliot ;—that Eliot, our own humble town, is regarded by those who go out of it as a centre of interest which calls them back year after year. I can only say that the character of our fore-fathers, developed by hard labor and thrift, has descended from grandfather to father, and father to son,—none rich and none poor, but all of that middle well-to-do class which forms the basis of our Democratic institutions.

There are no social strata, but all are working in unison for the common good. Nearly every man owns the home in which he lives, and his ambition is to imbue his children with the spirit of his forefathers. As I have said, our ancestors lived the simple, unsullied and unspotted life. They were patriots ; and when the call to arms came, they responded. In short, they fulfilled their mission as true American citizens. Interested in education, they sent their children to the old academies and colleges, and that spirit is still with us. It is a matter of local pride that out of a school population of only four hundred and one, between the ages of five and twenty-one, we have enrolled in our local High School, forty-five pupils, with probably twenty more in the surrounding preparatory schools and colleges ; showing a very large percentage of our boys and girls pursuing a higher education. The influence of the old Eliot Academy, though it was burned more than a quarter of a century ago, still lives.

A concrete illustration of the spirit of the fathers transmitted to the children, is to be found in Rosemary ; and at Green Acre you find that a daughter of Eliot established the Green Acre movement ; yonder Library is a record of that sort. Our electric road is the offering of an honored son of old Eliot to his native town. Yonder unfinished Hall, [Grange Hall,] is due to his kindly offices, and at this Centennial, through his generosity, we have dedicated tablets to some of those ancient and honorable worthies,—noble ancestors of a noble son.

To the young man full of ambition to do great things, Eliot offers few advantages, though it is said that a truly

great man will be great even in the solitude of the primeval forest.

But I am speaking now more especially of financial returns and political preferment. But "To him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her varied forms," to him, who, having earned his competence elsewhere, can lie back in ease; to him who, sick in body and mind with the Twentieth Century hustle and rush, desires a haven of rest, Eliot, with her fair fields,—her green hills and her clear skies, beside the restless waters of the Piscataqua, opens wide her arms, and her people with one accord, bid a cordial welcome.

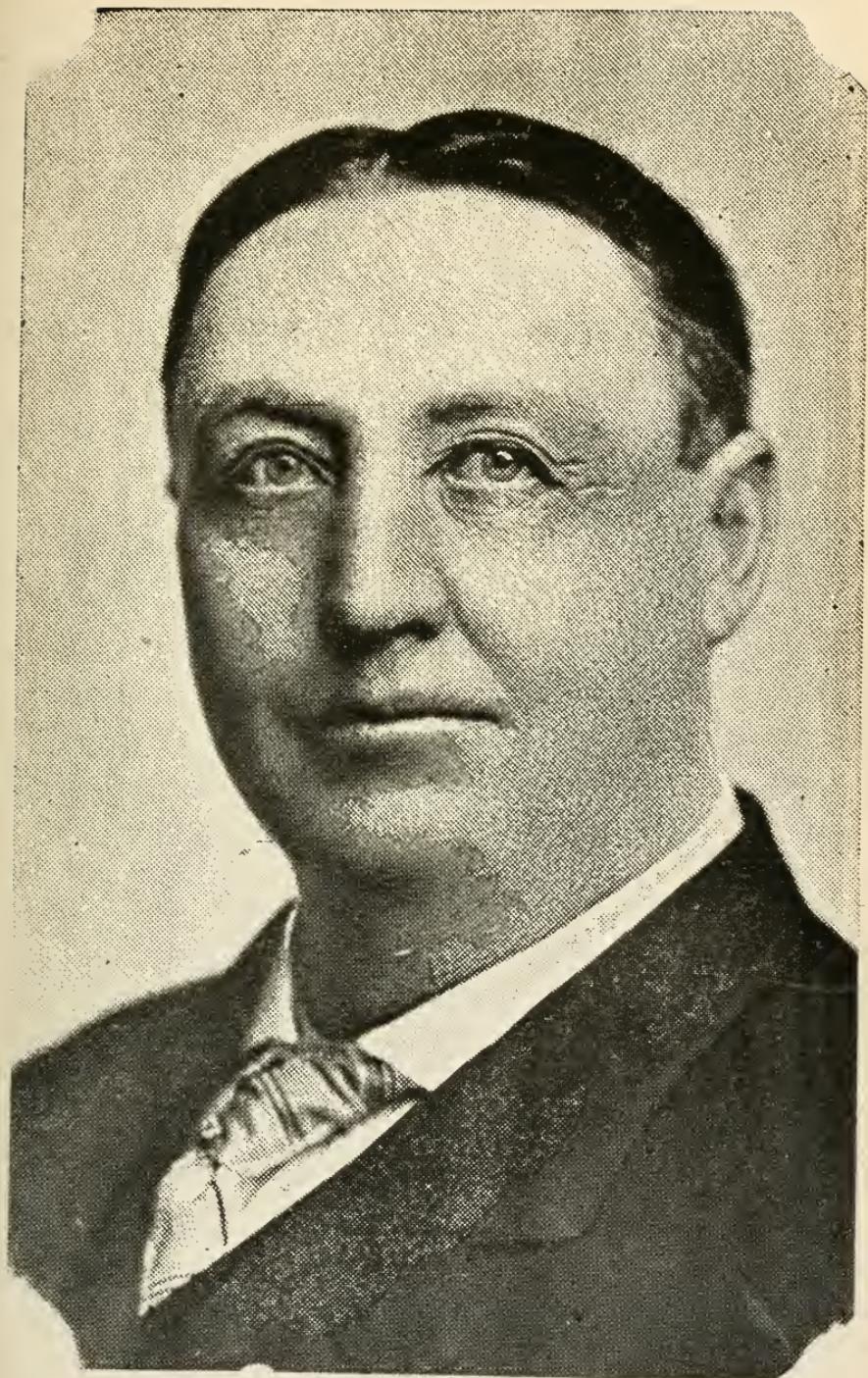
To those of you who remember the old town only as childhoods happy playground, we say:—

"Come back, tarry awhile, and learn to live again  
the simple life."

AARON COLE, Esq. President of the day, said:—

Some four weeks ago I stood—one of a thousand or more people,—and heard an old-time village schoolmaster, from an old town like ours, extol his own teachings; and there was present one who had been a pupil in that old fashioned district school. He is of the same type as the old-time schoolmaster, who embodies those principles which I heard so well expressed,—honest, clear cut and fearless.

It gives me great pleasure to present to you that former pupil, a man of the people, elected by the people, the Hon. Bert M. Fernald, Governor of Maine:—



Gov. Bert M. Fernald



ADDRESS OF  
HIS EXCELENCY BERT M. FERNALD,  
GOVERNOR OF MAINE.

Mr. Chairman, and  
Sons and Daughters of Eliot :

Some of you have returned today from distant cities.—I wish to say first, to all, that I feel a rather close attachment to these men and women, because my great, great grandfather was born in this town when it was a part of Kittery, and the first Fernald that ever landed in the New World came to these shores within six miles of the spot where I now stand. Those traditions and the history of my family, naturally draw me a little nearer to this region than to many of the other sections of our State. The sunshine and shadow of one hundred years have not obliterated the history, nor diminished our interest in the struggles then transpiring.

The first century of your corporate existence has now passed. The early struggles, toils and hardships of your fathers and mothers are a history of the First Settlers of all New England. The century to them opened in gloom, but they fought their way to splendid triumphs and deserve the approbation that you are today so generously bestowing.

From the first history of this Republic, the first people were the Frosts, the Bartletts, the Leightons, the Tobeys, the Foggs, the Libbeys, the Hills, the Fernalds,—and they were names of the men who sprung forward to protect the old Flag ; and from that day to this Eliot has not faltered in her duty.

Not only at Lexington and Bunker Hill, but in the civic duties of the State of Maine, Eliot has furnished her quota ; and in looking over the records of those who preceded me, none stand out more honorably than your old fellow-citizen,—*Governor John F. Hill*. It gives me a gratifying pride to speak in his old town, knowing him as I have,—knowing the little appointments and courtesies

that go to the town when hinted at by any Eliot citizen,—knowing Governor Hill is true to Eliot, and Eliot should be true to him.

Another loyal, honest and honorable man of Eliot, is doing public duty in the State of Maine; I refer to Colonel Francis Keefe, the State Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds.

In all history and traditions of the past, Eliot has done her full duty; and we look back to them with gratifying pride as citizens of Maine, and we enter the coming century under the most auspicious conditions.

I have thought as I sat here this afternoon, what if some seer, endowed with prophetic vision, could look down and tell us what this town, and what this Republic would be at the end of another century! I am aware that some of our pessimistic fellow citizens, in their gloomy papers, have pictured this Great Republic, in the year 2000, in far from glowing colors. I am aware that they have predicted that our institutions, which we have so firmly established, will moulder and perish and decay. I have lived long enough to believe that such prophesies will come to nought, when I recall that the Flag of this Republic a few years ago had but seventeen stars, and today has forty-seven; when I recall that in the year this town was incorporated, we had but few more than seven millions of people, and today we have ninety-one millions. We have sprung up and grown in the last century. When I recall that we have two and onehalf times the territory we had in 1810, I am convinced that no man can conceive the greatness of our country one hundred years hence.

In 1850, the wealth of the country was seven billions of dollars; and on the first day of January, 1909, we had more than one hundred billions of dollars worth of property in this Republic. As late as 1876, when we held our Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, the amount of our farmers' products was two hundred million dollars; last year they were more than eight billion, seven hundred sixty million dollars; and the output of last year was



Col. Francis Keefe



eleven billion, one hundred eighty-four million.

Such progress; such advancement; such achievements! They are the greatest of any period of recorded time.

But, Ladies and Gentlemen,—not wealth, increase in territory, or numbers of people are altogether indicative of progress. Knowledge is better than gold, and manhood and womanhood better than vast estates or splendid cities. We are living in a wonderful age. Towns have sprung up, and cities grown to a marvelous proportion.

My dear friends,—when I read of what you have achieved in the past, and think of what you may achieve, of what these boys and girls may accomplish in the next one hundred years, it makes me thankful we are citizens of a Great Republic; that a mere barefoot boy has a right to aspire to the highest office in the land, and say:

"That office has been filled by men who were boys such as I am."

It is but a step All here have an equal right, in this magnificent, glorious country, the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

I am proud of this grand old town of ELIOT. I am prond of it because she is so superb; I love the old Republic. We love it because we love Liberty.

As Executive of the State of Maine, I bring you the greetings and the congratulations of 700.000 of the best people on earth.

—o—

President Côle, said:

How can a man be otherwise than a good Governor, who descends from Eliot? And I want to say that the present Chief Justice, the Hon. Mr. Emery, is a descendant from Eliot. We have them everywhere.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to present to you the President of the Maine Historical Society,—the Hon. James P. Baxter,—who is to deliver the Address on this occasion:—

ADDRESS OF  
HON. JAMES P. BAXTER,  
PRESIDENT OF THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

In ancient times men were esteemed as possessing especial virtues, who venerated and kept in remembrance those who had worthily distinguished themselves in the service of their tribe or clan. Today, having inherited the same idea, we measure the place which a community occupies in the scale of civilization, by the regard which it has for those who have wrought its development, and the care which it exercises in preserving its annals; therefore, the Town of Eliot has adopted a custom, sanctioned by the best experience, in celebrating this anniversary of its nativity as a town, and recalling to mind the men and the events which have contributed to its making.

While Eliot has a separate Town Life of but a century, its real history goes back to a much earlier period. It is a part of the territory conveyed under the great charter of 1606, to the Northern Virginia Company, and later, in 1635, after several charter changes, to Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who played a large part in the history of New England.

To obtain a passably fair understanding of the history of New England, and therefore of a New England town while it was an appanage of Great Britain, it is important to give a glance at the political history of the dominant state, not overlooking the diplomatic movements, which formed such an essential factor of it; hence it seems proper to me on this occasion not to confine myself to a mere relation of events, more or less important, which adorn our annals, but to take a somewhat wider survey of the historic field, in an endeavor to find causes which have contributed in shaping them.

The history of Eliot previous to 1810, is really the history of Kittery, having been known as the North Parish of that ancient town, which was organized Oct'r 20, 1647, forming from 1623, a part of the Piscataqua Plantation, whose history may properly enough be said to begin



Hon. James P. Baxter



with the advent of David Thompson at that date. This was a critical period; *the fate of English Colonization in North America was hanging in the balance*, depending wholly upon the selfish aims of one of the least agreeable characters in the history of English rulers. Race hatred, leavened by religious bigotry had kept the nations in a ferment during the reign of Elizabeth. The Spaniard nursed a sullen hatred against the heretical Englishman, and cursed him at his devotions, while the Frenchman, although he would have delighted as much in doing his burly rival an ill turn, expended some of his animosity in ridicule and sarcasm. England had broken Spain's sea power, and France, while taking a mischievous pleasure in seeing the humiliation of so overbearing a neighbor, could but have a wholesome respect for the big stick England, ever aggressively confident, regarded both popish rivals with bitter dislike mingled with a large measure of contempt.

James, however, unlike Elizabeth, had a horror of war; indeed, it is said that he could not bear the sight of a naked sword. His faith was strong in his own wisdom, and he had schemed to bring about a marriage of his son Charles with the Spanish Princess, Maria which he felt would render it easy to compose future difficulties with Spain.

Although James had but a languid interest in his American possessions, having much more important matters nearer home to occupy his attention, he was fully aware of Spain's extensive claims upon the North American Continent, as well as the activity of France in the St. Lawrence. Quebec had been founded by Champlain in 1608, and a Spanish alliance might serve as a convenient check upon his ambitious rival in that quarter. The marriage, however, with the Spanish Princess was broken off, owing to the machinations of his favorite, Buckingham, who accompanied Charles to Spain to arrange details, but whose wild and dissolute habits caused enmity against him in the Spanish Court, and destroyed his future influ-

ence in that quarter. He, however, ingratiated himself with the French, whose jealousy was aroused by the prospect of the English alliance which they realized would be disastrous to them at home, as well as threaten their colonial ventures ; and they hurried to strengthen their naval armaments to meet the situation. Gorges, alarmed at this, warned Calvert, the Secretary of State, of the danger ; and James seems to have been aroused by representations made to him to show an interesting colonial affairs.

At a fortunate moment, Capt. John Mason returned from a voyage to Newfoundland, which was considered of great value to England on account of its fisheries ; and among those who were giving attention to colonial projects, was Sir William Alexander, who invited him to his house to gather from him information respecting the new country; and, Mason, who was particularly favorable to the territory in which Gorges was interested under the charter to the Council for New England, advised him to obtain a grant of the territory north of that comprised in the Council's Charter, and to negotiate with Gorges for a portion of the Council's property on the South. Alexander, however, disregarded this advice, and went directly to the King, who, being a fellow Scotchman, was pleased with the idea of offsetting a New France with a New Scotland, and not only granted him the desired territory, but compelled Gorges to convey to him, *gratis*, a generous slice of the Council's property. Gorges, however, does not seem to have been over-troubled by this, as it was evident that it would give him a buffer against the French ; but, to strengthen his position, he hastened to form a copartnership with Mason, who proved to be a valuable coadjutor in his future colonial undertakings. With the grant to Alexander, and the advent of Mason, the colonial situation was brightening.

In 1622, *forty vessels* are recorded as having been dispatched from England to fish or trade on this coast: and seekers for places favorable for settlement hereabout, soon began to appear; among the first of whom were David

Thompson, at Little Harbor, and the Hilton Brothers, and it is said that settlements were made within the limits of the Plantation of Piscataqua. James even went so far in supporting the Council's projects, that he issued proclamations forbidding any subjects from fishing or trading on the coast of New England, without the Council's licence; and even warned the Dutch West India Company from trading there. These steps proved unwise; and made conspicuous the weakness of the King.

But affairs in England had assumed a new phase.—The Spanish marriage having failed, a new one was planned, and James naturally thought of a marriage alliance with his other formidable rival. Buckingham and Charles had seen the French Princess, Henrietta, when on the way home from Spain; and both favored it; hence, negotiations to that end were opened with the French King. One of the chief conditions in the marriage treaty proposed by the French minister in London, was the recognition by James of the French claims in North America. In these negotiations, Buckingham was an important factor, having the ear of the King, and exercising over him and Charles almost unlimited influence. He was unfriendly to Gorges, as well as jealous of Alexander, who had not taken him into his councils when he obtained the Nova Scotia Charter; hence, he was not averse to giving them both a fall. The French minister informed the King that his country not only claimed Acadia but New England; and indeed the whole of North America between Virginia and the Gulf of Mexico.

To the three schemers who held the interests of England in their grasp, the loss of England's possessions in America were trifling, when weighed against their own personal interests, and they decided to recognise the French claims to Acadia, which meant all of Nova Scotia, and an indefinite portion of New England. This would have placed New England under French Rule, and shattered the hopes of those who had ventured so much in colonial undertakings. There seemed to be nothing to prevent

the consummation of this wretched scheme, which would have placed the English colonists, who had ventured so much in planting settlements along our coast, at the mercy of the French, whose hatred of Englishmen was proverbial. Had it succeeded, the story of the Pilgrims, and of those brave men whose memories you cherish as founders of this town of Eliot, and of so many other New England towns of which we are all proud, would be unknown.

But Gorges was a bold man and had able supporters, hence he succeeded in getting the recognition of the French claims postponed, by impressing the timorous monarch with a sense of the danger which might accrue to him by the abandonment of his American possessions. The death of James occurred some months later, and the unpopular marriage of Charles to the French Princess speedily followed; but the French claims in North America still remained in abeyance. Charles was too much occupied with domestic troubles, and war with Spain, to give them much consideration. There was another clause in his unwise marriage treaty, which, fortunately for the New England colonists, secured prior action, as it directly appealed to the religious prejudices of the English people, while the French claims in North America might not have attracted so much attention. This clause provided that Charles should furnish his French brother with a number of ships to enable him to punish his Protestant subjects.

The attempt to do this raised a storm of disapproval. Even the sailors on the ships assembled to join the French fleet mutinied, and the project failed. War between England and France soon resulted, on the eve of which, Buckingham, whose unscrupulous rule had made him many enemies, died by the hand of an assassin. These troubles in England were fortunate to New England as they left the colonists free from interference, and enabled them to increase in strength.

On April 30th, 1630, Capt. Walter Neale sailed from Plymouth for the Piscataqua and, as Governor, took possession of the house built and occupied by David Thompson, on the peninsula now known as Odiorne's Point.

Settlements increased along the coast and settlers multiplied in this vicinity. Of course they encountered all the hardships of pioneer life. Their habitations were of the rudest sort, and it required the severest labor to clear the land for cultivation. Happily, fish and game were plenty, which helped them over many hard places. It required no great labor to secure a bear, moose or deer; and of the feathered game, there was seemingly no end. The rivers and ponds were constantly frequented by water fowl; and clouds of wild pigeons settled upon the trees at night in the vicinity of their cabins. It was sometime before they had any domestic animals except pigs, which were of great value to them.

Their isolation prevented them from hearing much from the outside world, and they were not troubled by political movements in England. But when they heard in 1632, that Charles had at last yielded to the demands of France, and recognized the French claims, their anxiety was great. He had been outwitted by Richelieu, and had opened the way to French control of a large portion of New England, if La Tour's statement is to be accepted, that he possessed "Authority from the King of France," who claimed "The coast from Cape Sable to Cape Cod."

With the recognition of the French claims, it looked dark indeed for the English settlements in New England, especially in Maine, and when it became fully understood, caused great alarm. The French, elated with their success, made raids upon the coast; the Indians in league with them became threatening, and affairs assumed a discouraging aspect. Especially were the English colonists disturbed by the prospect of having colonies of Papists crowding upon them; for Richelieu had dispatched from France at the outset, several companies of planters headed by Jesuit missionaries, to take possession of places in the Arcadian Country, and they did not know how soon they might have others coming into their own vicinity.

During the prevalence of this unrest, a band of pirates attacked the English Port at Pemaquid; and proceeding

along the coast, plundered for some time the English settlements. It was here, among the Piscataqua settlers, that Walter Neal organized a force of forty men to punish these marauders, and with a little fleet of five vessels, set out in pursuit, compelling them to flee from the country. This vigorous action discouraged similar piratical attempts upon the defenceless settlements.

The grants by the French King of large tracts of territory covering the eastern part of Maine, and the assumption of authority therein by the French proprietors, awakened bitter feelings in the breasts of English settlers, which eventually bore fruit.

The savages encouraged by the French, were a constant dread to them. They even had to take their fire arms into the house of God. In spite of these discouragements emigration constantly increased, and many of the emigrants found homes here, and greatly strengthened the English position.

On October 20th, 1647, the Piscataqua Plantation, which had thus far held a conspicuous position in the settlement of Maine, was transformed into a town, and named—*Kittery*,—from an ancient town in England of that name; and thereby acquired the honor of being *the oldest town in Maine*. This is also the date of the death of Gorges, the man who for over forty years labored unceasingly in the cause of the English colonization of New England, devoting not only the better part of a long life but all his private resources to its promotion. Two years later Charles 1st met death on the scaffold; the result of an unwise rule; and the Commonwealth assumed power in England. By this change the hands of Massachusetts were strengthened to the advantage of the struggling settlements eastward, and, shortly after, the scattered inhabitants of this town came under her more orderly rule.

For many years the settlers had been unable to maintain a common meeting place for public worship; but with more settled government, this became possible; and in 1653, the town erected a building which, for a long time,

The Stepping Stones



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went by the name of the Old Field's Meeting House; and there the people gathered on the Lord's day, and sang their solemn hymns, and devoutly listened to the long sermons of that period. In winter, without any warmth in a building very ineffectually protected against the cold, it must have required a superabundance of religious fervor to keep them on the hard benches with which the churches of that day were furnished, yet from chronicles of the devout people of the period, we know that they greatly valued the opportunity afforded them to meet together, even under the most distressing conditions, to worship God, and listen to the words of wisdom uttered by men so greatly reverenced for learning as were the ministers of the gospel. There were many men and women of remarkable character in the old days in this little parish. I wish that time would permit me to enumerate them, and recall to memory their worthy lives; but a town which had a Shapleigh, a Champernoun, a Cutts, a Pepperell in its beginning, is honored indeed.

In 1675, the Indians, who had been growing more and more threatening to the English settlements, took up the war hatchet and spread terror far and wide. The inhabitants of this town were in constant alarm. There were at least eighteen Garrison Houses within its limits at that time, and these were often crowded with men, women and children. Many of the people were waylaid and carried into captivity, or ruthlessly murdered by the infuriated savages, often led by Frenchmen disguised as Indians. No family could retire at the close of an anxious day, without being haunted with the fear of sudden death. Many were awakened in the dead of night by the blood-curdling warhoop to face the hatchet and knife of a merciless foe.

The relation of one or two incidents may not be out of place: Mary Heard was returning with her husband from church, on horseback, when her horse taking fright by the sudden discharge of fire arms from a party of savages lying in ambush, threw her to the ground. Striving

to remount, but failing, she was dispatched while urging her husband to hurry home to save the children. Major Charles Frost of this town, also returning from church, was shot at the same time; the spot is now known as Ambush Rock.

There were often almost miraculous escapes. The husband of Mary Heard, being pursued by savages, managed to conceal himself in a hollow log in the woods. The savages, while hunting for him, came to his hiding place; he heard them boasting of what they would do when they found him; but he was not discovered, and escaped to tell the tale.

For thirty-eight years, with a cessation of only four years of that trying period, war with the savages continued, and many stories of bloody deeds, and hair breadth escapes, could be related; but the brave men of this town did not lose heart, and fought for their homes until the savage foe was subdued, and peace again enabled them to pursue their accustomed avocations.

In 1677, Massachusetts by the purchase of Gorges Charter, assumed the proprietorship of Maine; which caused considerable friction here and in other neighboring towns; but the prospect of securing a more stable government under her prevailed; and they soon submitted to her rule greatly to their benefit.

As time went on the feelings of the English colonists against the French increased in bitterness. They had persistently encouraged the savages in their warfare upon them, and as they grew in strength, their determination to retaliate became fixed. The French King had been all the while aiming to make his position impregnable. He had made Quebec a place of strength; and his dream, which was to build up a seaport and stronghold at Cape Breton, easily reached from France, where his ships could lie in safety, and from which he could threaten New England, had been accomplished. To do this he had resorted to enforced emigration. Along the coast of France men had been kidnapped and carried to Cape Breton, where many had been doomed to slavish toil, that the

dream of an ambitious monarch might be realized. In this way a large community had been formed, extensive fortifications built, churches and other buildings erected; in fact, a great city had been created on the sterile shores of Cape Breton, which, in honor of its projector, had been named Louisburg. So great had been the cost of building and peopling this city of vain illusion, that Louis had complained that he had expended enough treasure upon it to pave its streets with gold. The strength of this seat of French power in America, was great as its extensive ruins even now indicate. It was often pronounced impregnable, yet the English colonists had grown powerful enough to contemplate the reduction of this formidable stronghold.

The colonists were men inured to hardship and privation, having struggled through long years in reducing a wild country to a place of civilized abode; and in protecting their homes against a savage foe, who had been incited against them by a race alien in birth and religion a race which they had always considered an enemy to their own and as they discussed the subject, they came at last to regard the conquest of New France not only as necessary to their own peaceable existence, but equally as a religious duty. Perhaps this was not the most christian way of looking at the subject, but these men were intensely human.

The French inhabitants had not settled in New France with the same motives as their English neighbors. Many of them were there by compulsion, many were mere adventurers, and few had that attachment to the soil which characterized the English colonists. Their rulers had not realized the importance of this sentiment, and were over confident in the massive walls of their forbidden fortresses. But *strong hearts are better than strong walls*; and those the long suffering colonists possessed; and so it came about that in 1744 New England was ready for the great struggle.

It was purely a New England affair. Even the King

had not been consulted by these virile men who had resolved upon breaking the power of their ever hostile neighbors. He had given, however, general orders to the Commander of the English fleet, then on the West India coast, to cooperate with the colonists in any enterprise which they might undertake, and that brave officer showed commendable zeal in supporting them.

The most important need was an efficient leader ; and providentially, one was ready at hand in this town.— Colonel William Pepperell was given the command of the forces. Probably no other man at that time in the colonies was so well fitted for the command in this critical undertaking as he, and his selection aroused the enthusiasm of the entire people.

The pulpits were eloquent with the subject of this holy crusade, as it was denominated by over enthusiastic spirits. The men of this town responded to the call to arms, and under their popular leader, set out for the distant field of war amid the blessings and tears of the people. The spirit of these men may be seen in the letters which they sent home. This is an extract from one of them :

" We are hazarding our lives in the field of battle, but we believe and trust that the Lord, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth ; the ever loving and true God goeth before us and fighteth for us. We have been and beheld it with our eyes. O I heartily wish you and yours health, especially that our souls may prosper. The Indians have killed fifty men that were straggling from their duty. They are strangers to me. The French came furiously to the water side and fired on us to annoy our landing, but through the goodness of God our enemies fled before us. Some Frenchmen were killed and some taken. The second day of May we took possession of the grand battery, which is an exceeding strong fortress. I have not time to enlarge but desire to commit myself into the hands of him that judgeth righteously."

This is the utterance of an unselfish spirit, wholly ruled by a sense of duty ; indeed a pure patriot.

The writer mentions the capture of the grand battery, which was a great piece of success; but the enemy were strongly entrenched, and the New England men were far from home, exposed to inclement weather, and poorly enough equipped for such a task; but Pepperell, having captured this formidable outpost, pushed on towards the city with his little army overflowing with enthusiasm.

The country was full of bogs and quagmires which rendered it almost impossible to advance their siege guns, but they struggled day and night for nearly two months against almost insurmountable obstacles. During this time the pulpits of New England sent up prayers to God for their success, on some occasions, it is said two hours in length. The men so fervently prayed for had put their hands to the plow; there could be no looking back, and in spite of great guns and impregnable walls, Lorisburg fell, and Pepperell marched his worn out but exultant men into the great city. So astonished was he as he viewed this "Gibraltar of America," that he exclaimed:—"Such ruins were never seen before. It was the goodness of God alone that brought about the result; the Almighty of a truth has been with us." Such expressions were in the mouths of everybody, so great was the joy and surprise of the people at the wondrous success of their arms. Never before was pulpit eloquence more strained. The ministers everywhere vied with each other in extolling the providential character of an event which it was believed would cripple the power of France on the North American Continent. This anecdote of the time may not be out of place here:—

Parson Moody was noted for long sermons, and, especially, long prayers. After the capitulation of the city, Pepperell, in honor of the event, gave a dinner to General Waldo, and the officers engaged with him in the achievement. The tedious length of Parson Moody's prayers and blessings at the table were so proverbial, that his friends were troubled at the prospect of having him officiate on this occasion, as it might, under the peculiar conditions

which prevailed, be extremely embarrassing, but no one was brave enough even to hint at brevity. To the surprise and gratification of all, however, the good Parson, realizing the situation, pointedly said :

" Good God, we have so many things to thank Thee for, that time will be infinitely too short to do it. We must therefore leave it as the work of eternity. Bless our food and fellowship on this joyful occasion, for the sake of Christ Jesus our Lord, Amen."

Nothing could have been more appropriate, or more gratifying to the assembled heroes.

But the people were not permitted to enjoy long the fruit of this conquest. England made peace with France, and one of the conditions acceded to was the restoration of Louisburg to the French. The sacrifices made by the colonists had been great. Disease and death had made sad havoc in the ranks of the devoted men who had fought so strenuously for the common welfare, and the abandonment to their enemy of the great prize for which they had paid so dearly was bitterly resented, and ever cherished as a grievance against the mother country. The capture of Louisburg, though the news was assiduously spread among the savages, did not cause any cessation in their cruel activity; indeed, stirred up more vindictively by the French they increased their barbarities. To Louisburg, after its restoration to the French, the thoughts of the colonists were ever turned, and when England, finding her relations with France unbearable, declared war against her, the colonists were alert for another crusade. To Louisburg, was again the cry; and from this town men, forgetting their former sufferings, set out on the long march to aid in its conquest.

In 1758, the fall of Louisburg was again joyfully proclaimed through New England, and a few months later, the capture of Quebec by Wolfe, broke forever the power of France on the American continent.

After their long and exhausting struggles in the French and Indian wars, which left many families bereft of those

upon whom they had depended for support, and all in poverty, it would seem that the ruling government in England should have taken into account the sacrifices which her colonies had made, and sustained them in their efforts to recuperate from them. This would have tended to strengthen their loyalty, and to have made them forget her shameless abandonment of Louisburg after their severe struggle in 1745 to capture it; but unfortunately for England, a weak king and ministry controlled her destinies at a critical time. Imbued with the antiquated and vicious policy which in former reigns had its advocates, that colonies should be made subservient and tributary to the parent state, they began, soon after affairs were settled, to make a practical application of it to her American colonies. The resentment which this occasioned manifested itself at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and culminated at Yorktown in the surrender of Cornwallis.

In this war with the Fatherland, which had successfully crippled the power of her European rivals, France and Spain, there were many men who had fought the French at Louisburg, as well as the savages who had harrassed them day and night through long years. They had learned the art of fighting, and were inured to bear uncomplainingly the severest hardships, which made them a foe unlike any with which England had thus far coped. As marksmen they were unsurpassed; and numerous are the stories of their skill with the rifle. A single instance will illustrate this:

During a battle a noted British officer was seen at a distance apparently too great to be reached by the American fire. He was mounted on a white horse, and was engaged in forming his ranks for a charge, when an American officer called one of his riflemen, and pointing him out, said, "I want you to bring down that man on the white horse." The next moment the rider was seen to fall from his saddle. Some hours later a message was sent to the Americans under a flag of truce, asking for a cessation of hostilities in order to bury the brave officer. The re-

quest was, of course, granted. It was a cruel act, for all war is of necessity cruel; but it probably contributed to the success of the Americans, and perhaps prevented much loss of life.

During this long war the privations which were suffered by the colonists were great. Food was scarce and costly, and the families of those in the ranks of the army deprived of their labor, suffered the direct poverty, as the annals of the time show; but we all know the result, though we may not realize the debt we owe to the men who shed their blood in our behalf.

Eliot occupied an honorable place in this great War. Her sons were at Lexington, at Bunker Hill, at Ticonderoga, at Valley Forge, and she was represented on the Bon Homme Richard under that world famous hero,—John Paul Jones.

During the war the ingenuity of the people was severely taxed to supply many of the commonest necessities of life, and this proved to be a blessing in disguise; for the people gained thereby an object lesson which proved of permanent value. Heretofore they had depended upon England who had controlled every avenue of trade, and her agents had kept her Board of Trade informed of every attempt at manufacture, even going so far as to advise measures to be taken to prevent the farmers wives from making the homespun cloth which clothed their families; but war had taught them that they could live without supplies from home,—as they had but recently called England. The result was that manufacturing enterprise, which had before been dormant, was greatly stimulated.

But although they had won on the battle field, and were free from the arrogance of Royal Governors, they had not won on the commercial field; and were not free from the shrewd state craft of the Lords of Trade. The newspapers of the day were filled with this subject, and one reading them often meets with the exclamation, “ We are not yet free from England;” and when one of our first Presidents appeared in a whole suit of home made cloth, the act was

hailed as a splendid exhibition of patriotism, and "Go thou and do likewise," was the admonition to everyone who wished to win that proud title.

To meet this condition a law to tax foreign products, and to employ the proceeds in paying the expenses of the Government was enacted, and the direct tax on the people abolished, in other words, a Protective Tariff. The author of the bill argued that competition would eventually reduce the cost of manufactured goods greatly below the price which was being paid for those of foreign production. This was soon practically exemplified, for our cotton mills multiplied with great rapidity after the passage of the law; and within ten years the price of cotton cloth fell from nineteen cents per yard, the price paid for the imported article, to ten cents; and woolen and other goods showed similar results. English merchants, to retain supremacy by causing the failure of home industries, threw their goods into our markets at ruinous rates, which brought on a commercial war, and caused wide spread disaster to our industries. The feeling caused by this course of England made our people ready again to try conclusions with her when she offered occasion. Angry on her part at the obstacles thrown in her way to control our markets, she seized upon various pretexts to invade our rights, and this country, not sorry for the opportunity, declared war against her.

This town had been organized but two years when the war opened, but in common with all our New England towns, she responded generously to the call of arms.

In 1814, the enemy threatened the coast towns causing a general alarm; hence, a meeting of the Inhabitants of Eliot was called, and a Committee of Defence and Safety raised to send troops to defend the seacoast against the enemy, and to furnish them with rations until the State or General Government should assume the burden.

The close of this unprovoked and tedious war in favor of the United States, was a great relief to the town; the spirit of enterprise, which had languished so long, re-

vived. Manufacturing rapidly increased in New England, and under a protective tariff, the country grew more and more independent of England, who had been forced to discontinue her aggressive warfare upon our markets.

But, England had bequeathed to us a legacy which was destined to cause us great loss and suffering. This was the institution of *Slavery*, which had its origin in her slave trade established by Queen Elizabeth, in 1553; an enterprise in which England soon assumed the lead. In this traffic many of the Elizabethan seaman of note were engaged, among them Sir John Hawkins, in one of whose voyages at least, the Queen had a share. The trade being lucrative excited the avarice of merchants, and several monopolies were granted by her to those who enjoyed her favor.

In the capture of the miserable victims of this cruel traffic, unspeakable barbarities were practiced. Happy was the fate which befell those who were slaughtered in the attacks of the slave pirates upon their homes. Those who were taken, of both sexes, were crowded into the filthy holds of the clumsy ships, where they suffered such tortures, that a large portion of them perished before reaching their destination; yet no thought of pity or compassion seems to have been awakened in the hearts of the Queen and her partners in crime, by the terrible sufferings which the victims of their greed underwent. As an illustration of this, one of the favorite hymns, no doubt often sang in the Old Fields' Church, in this town, was written, as he himself tells us, by a pious clergyman, "In the pleasant woods of Guinea," where he was with Hawkins, being one of the shareholders in the voyage. At the time he was engaged with Cowper in preparing the "Olney Hymns" for publication. He further informs us that "It was accounted a genteel employment, and usually very profitable," and that he "never had the least scruples to its lawfulness;" and was, "upon the whole, satisfied with it;" but he acknowledges that in a single year, more brutal atrocities were perpetrated in the traffic, than

during the entire period of the French Revolution.

Hawkins himself has left us an account of one of his voyages, describing the slaughter in attacking the towns of the natives, the crowding of men, women and children, into the holds of his ships, where, he says, enough survived the voyage to make it profitable: and he piously assures us that " Almighty God, who never suffereth his elect to perish, gave him a northwest wind which wafted him to a profitable port."

The first cargo of slaves sent to our shores, was in 1619, a year before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and was discharged at Jamestown, Virginia. Slaves were held by New England colonists; several in this town: but human bondage was never popular in the northern colonies, and they were, in due time, emancipated. Not so in the South. The spell of England's fatal heritage held her too firmly to be lightly cast off, and to rid the nation of it required the sacrifice of much blood and treasure. In the struggle to free ourselves from the last bond which royal power had fixed upon us, the town of Eliot was generous in the offering which she laid upon the altar of Freedom, and her name is honorably inscribed on the rolls of fame. So too, when proud Spain, who once had boasted of her title to the entire continent from a power which then dominated Europe, was forced to yield her last possessions in the New World which Columbus had discovered. Eliot, as ever, responded to the call to arms, and sent her sons to conflict and victory.

But Eliot has accomplished more in peace than in war. The white spires of her Churches: the sheltering roofs of her Schools; her Public Library, the gift of an honored son, and center of her literary life: her elm shaded streets and sacred homes: her long roll of honored sons—all testify to this; and, though a small town, give her rank among our typical New England communities, the like of which are not to be found elsewhere.

Surely the conquests of Peace are far greater than those

of war. The annals of the past are stained with blood and tears; but the annals of the future shall glow with the achievements of humanity in the beneficent arts of Peace.

—o—

## The Poem.

The next feature of the day was the reading of the poem, written especially for this occasion, by Dr. WILLIAM HALE, of Gloucester, Mass., and read by Miss Celia Richmond, Secretary of the Greenacre Conferences.

Much regret was expressed that Dr. Hale was not present; but he was on his way to Norway and Sweden; and with the legends of that far away northern land in mind, he named his poem *The Saga of a Century*:

### ELIOT ROSEMARY.

#### THE SAGA OF A CENTURY.

1810—1910.

—o—

Town a-bloom beside the river,  
Green and fair thy acres be,  
Basking in the summer's sunshine,  
Rounding out thy Century.

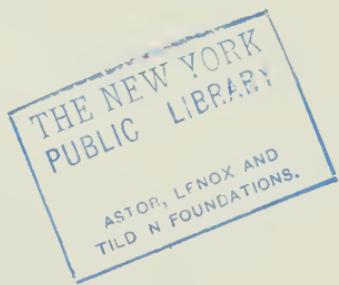
Richly have the swift years blessed thee,  
Though in ways thou hast not sought,  
For amid life's myriad changes,  
Bravely hath the spirit wrought.

Loved home of the blue rosemary,  
Birthplace of the bittersweet,  
Legacy of rich remembrance,  
Lay the full years at thy feet.

Though no more the wily redskin  
Bathes the anguish'd vale in blood,  
Nor in birch canoe swift paddling  
With his ochre paints the flood,  
  
Peace her banner waveth o'er thee,  
And the warrior's voice is stilled;



Dr. William Hale



Daisies now, God's beauteous peace-flags,  
Guard the graves with heroes filled.

Paleface, redskin, saint and savage,  
Side by side in slumber lie;  
O'er them wide, their common roof-tree,  
Arches the eternal sky.

Sun and moon and stars keep vigil  
O'er their shallow, vanish'd graves;  
While the river, sweetest singer,  
Lulls them with its lapping waves.

Pure pearl of the Piscataqua,  
Borne upon thy boiling tide,  
Shouting, singing, brown-armed boatmen,  
Homeward through the sunset glide;

Prouder than Venetian Doges,  
Yankee seadogs stalwart, brown,  
On their gondolas swift flying  
'Tween the brickyards and the town.

Bare-foot boy and blushing maiden,—  
Love's sweet passion brought to pass,—  
Loitering schoolward through the meadow,  
Crush the strawberries in the grass.

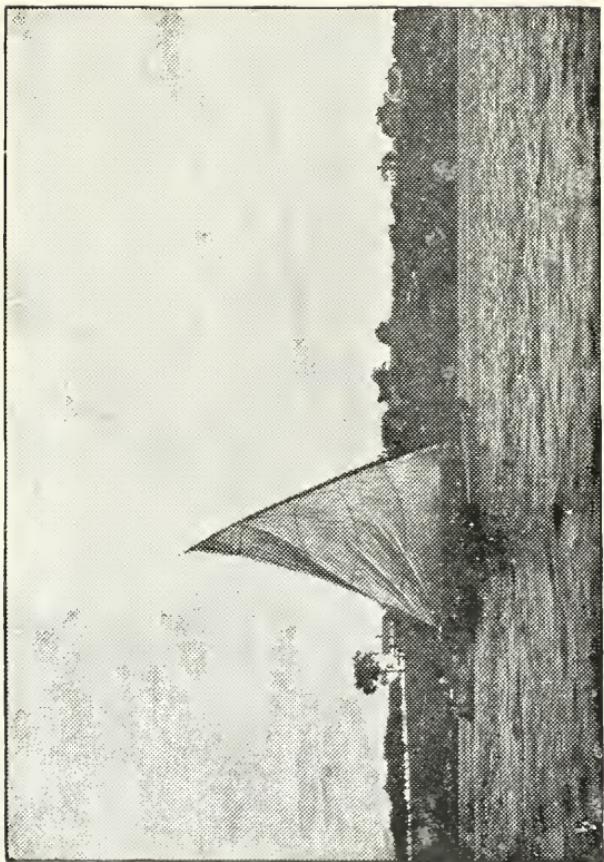
In the sweet-breath'd fields the farmer,  
Bending o'er his gleaming scythe,  
Smiling wipes his brow and listens  
To his children's prattle blithe.

In her rose-hung doorway knitting,  
Sits the goodwife, babe on knee;  
In the cool shade 'neath the maple  
Grandam spreads the board for tea.

Through the pasture lane at sundown,  
Rosy cheeks and sunburnt brows,  
Merry lads and lasses singing  
Homeward drive the patient cows.

From his eyrie, proud the eagle  
Soars to greet the god of day;

Or, beneath the crystal waters  
Plunging, seeks his briny prey.  
From the creek leaps high the sturgeon,  
On the upland calls the crow,  
Through the twilight booms the bittern  
While the deep'ning shadows grow;  
Sunning in the mullein'd pasture,  
Just beyond the lichen'd wall,  
Blinks the woodchuck by his burrow,  
List'ning to the blue-jays call.  
From the brookside 'neath the alders,  
Where the cattle stop to drink,  
Trill the silver-throated songsters,  
Cat-bird, thrush and bobolink.  
More than mart and camp and commerce  
Thy green acreage constant yields;  
Ev'ry blossom adds its treasure  
To the blessing of the fields.  
In the marsh the shy rosemary,  
In the field the bittersweet,  
In the forest-dell the May-flower,  
Make thy redolence complete.  
Sweet-fern, tansy, pennyroyal,  
With the scent of new-mown hay,  
Send Cologne's cheap mixtures begging,  
And the perfumes of Cathay.  
Golden-rod and purple aster  
Flaunt their glory in the sun,  
Shaming poor Aladdin's Palace,  
Down there by the cattle-run.  
Ev'ry lane a bower of beauty,  
By the wall where squirrels hide,  
Bayberry and rose and sumac,  
Scatter splendor far and wide.



Old "Gondolow," on the Piscataqua

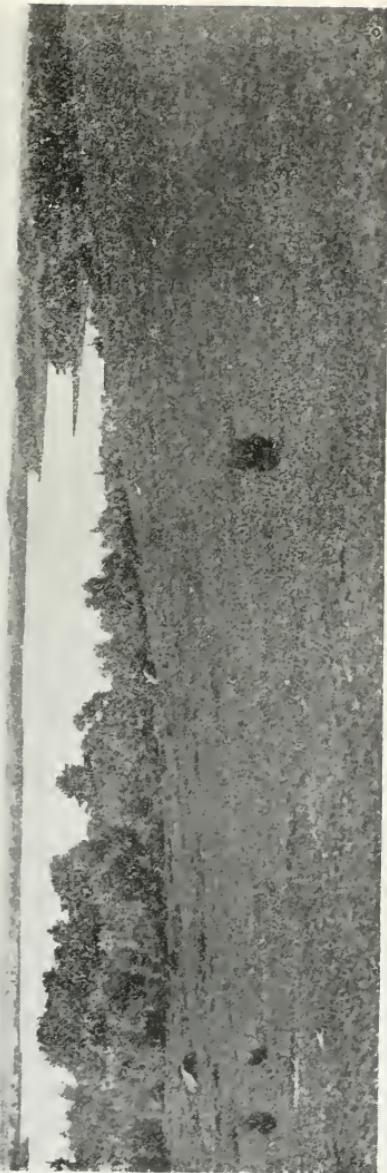


The Long Reach





The "iscataqua" Opposite the "Bay Lands"





Ev'ry ribbon-path a cloister  
Sweet with bay and juniper,  
Ev'ry forest-aisle a minster,  
Incensed by the whisp'ring fir.

Up the harbor softly stealing,  
Past the creeks of Kittery,  
Father Neptune's golden nectar,  
Sweeps the salt breath of the sea.

Heralds of the Peace of Nations,  
From their tap'ring sun-kissed towers  
Faint the storied bells of Portsmouth  
Toll the death-knell of the hours.

Past the Fort, New Castle fishers  
Leaving Whales-back Light a-lee,  
Bravely breast the seething tide-rips,  
Standing full-fared in from sea.

Morn and eve the boats of Berwick,  
On the river's blue highway,  
Tacking round the pine-fringed headlands,  
Slant their phantom sails of gray.

Westward where through sunset glories  
Swims the lambent evening star,  
Loom the purple hills of Dover,  
Heights celestial, fair and far.

Here, encamp'd 'mid verdant acres;  
Israelites in hallow'd tents,  
Higher than "New Thought," or "Science,"  
Is the School of Common Sense.

Sweet the rest beside thy waters,  
Where thoughts deep as rivers flow;  
Mother Nature's "Shock-absorber,"  
Panacea for mortal woe.

*Ave!* College of Green Acre,  
Nature's University,

All creation thy broad campus,  
*Sanitas* thy high degree.

Though no more from out thy shipyards,  
    Stately vessels seaward pass,  
Bearing blessing to all nations  
    O'er the sea's highway of glass,

Yet to-day our ghostly thought-ships,  
    In the Century's sunset fair,  
Homeward flock on snowy pinions  
    Freighted deep with love and prayer.

Time and distance may not sever,  
    Powerless to quench the sea,  
Spirits that in love together  
    Strive for right and liberty.

Therefore, let one, though far distant,  
    On a Viking ship and shore,  
Send with blessing this rosemary  
    For remembrance evermore.

As in ancient days the Vikings,  
    In the wondrous Sagas told,  
Put to sea upon their death-ships,  
    After battle, dying. old,

So to-day a restless voyager  
    With thoughts yearning to be free,  
Freighting deep his flaming thought-ship,  
    Sends his Saga o'er the sea.

Ship of Stout Hearts, swift it fareth  
    With the freight of brave good cheer,  
Conquering, kinglike, calm and tempest,  
    Striking never sail to fear.

Stronger than life's surging billows,  
    Deeper than death's mysteries,  
Love's sweet Saga, quick'ning all things,  
    Deathless searches seas and skies.



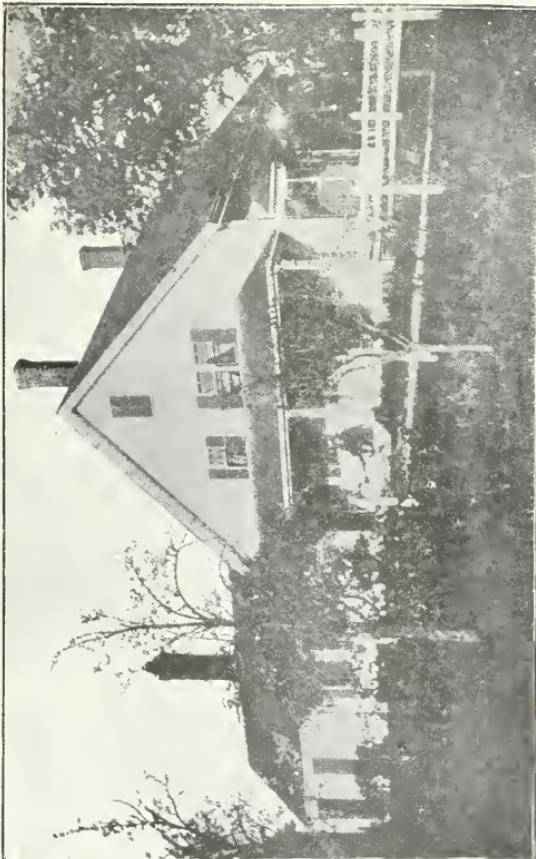
William Hill





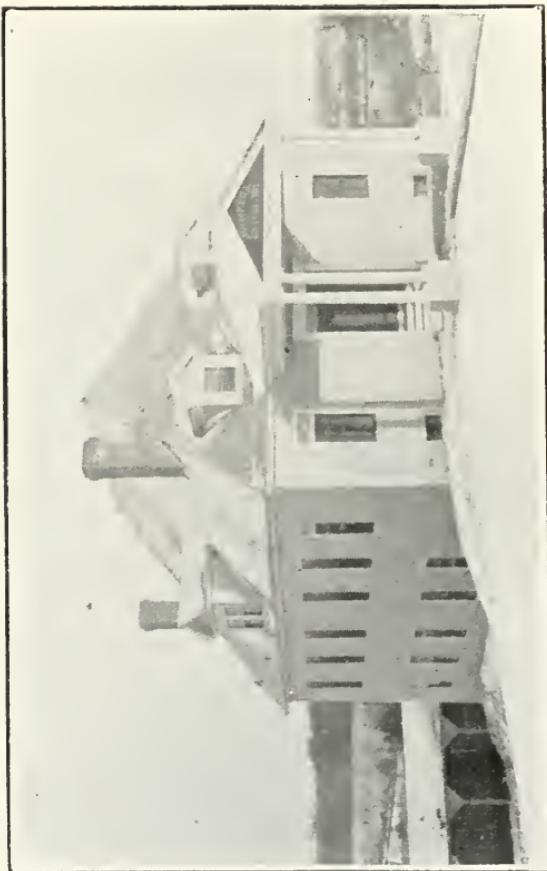
Gov. John F. Hill





Birthplace of Gov. John F. Hill





John F. Hill Grange Hall



Listen what the Saga singeth,  
Wafted the wild ocean o'er,  
While the Spirit's "wireless" mingles  
With the waves upon the shore:

"Greater gift than gold or title,  
More than child of brush or pen,  
Evermore the town's best asset,  
Is its rugged breed of men.

Thus, in love, the wise Creator,  
Knowing what things worthiest be,  
Of the treasures of his kingdom  
Makes the spirit legatee.

Hamlet of the Singing Waters,  
Where the sunset lingers late,  
*This is what the Century gives thee,*  
Fairest of the green Pine-State:

*Character in Sons and Daughters,*  
*Courage never known to quail,*  
*Peace and joy beyond the telling,*  
*Faith that knows not how to fail."*

—o—

#### GOV. JOHN F. HILL.

Governor John F. Hill was presented by the President of the day, as "Eliot's favorite son."

He responded very briefly, addressing old neighbors and friends. He referred to his birthplace in tender terms; and the deep love and tenderness which he has always held for the scenes of his youth. He expressed his great pleasure in being with them, and joining in their Centennial Birthday; and he assured them of his best wishes for them and the old town always.

He was loudly applauded at the beginning and the close of his remarks.

President Cole then said :

New Hampshire knows a good thing when she sees it, and picks it up quickly. We have with us a "Son of Eliot;" a product of our school; a boy who grew up with us, and then went over to Portsmouth, where step by step they have advanced him, until today he holds the highest position a man can hold in his adopted city.

It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you—  
Mayor Edward H. Adams.

MAYOR EDWARD H. ADAMS,

Spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, friends, neighbors and fellow citizens :

It has given me a great deal of pleasure to come back today, to look into the faces of so many whom I have known so long and so favorably, to bring the greeting of all Portsmouth's citizens to this large and enthusiastic gathering, and to take some brief part in these interesting and instructing exercises. All this, I assure you, has given me new courage and new friends. All this has brought back to me a large share of the richness that belongs to those things which make up the joy of life. In many eyes before me I see the light of love and friendship, which I know is reflected back to every one from the inmost chambers of my heart.

Old-home days are almost of necessity days of personal reminiscences; but I can't tell you very little that is personal. I stand among my friends. I can tell you very little that is new, for I have been in your sight ever since I was a resident here. But in all these years I have never forgotten this grand old town, nor its noble citizenship, nor its helpful and inspiring influences that have had much to do in leading me to manhood. In the discharge of all my labors, whenever I was right, I was confident I had the approval of this people,—and whenever I fell short, their charitable judgment.

Let me suggest that we are living in days of great enter-



Judge Edward H. Adams



prise and great achievements. Wooden shoes and ox-carts have become things of the past. Electricity has drawn the old stage-coach up under the shed, and left it there to rot and turned the horses out to pasture. We bore tunnels through mountains at the cost of billions of dollars. We tax the brain to the utmost capacity to take the fraction of a second from the schedule time. We ride on the morning light, and whisper in every human ear with a single breath like the kinsmen and heirs of the Infinite. We go to war in palace-cars. We fight great battles thousands of miles from the smoke of the conflict, and with maps and charts, telephone and telegraph order each charge and change. We do everything upon the most magnificent scale, whether it be the subduing of a wilderness or the controlling of a government. No Age was ever greater than this, nor more intense; no Age was ever filled with greater possibilities than this, or held greater responsibilities.

The great cry of the Age is for *men*. The world is full of babes and children. We want *men*. We are much concerned about *opportunity*; we should be more concerned about *ability*. There is plenty of room under this Eastern sky for the greatest man of the Age. But where are the workers? The great cause languishes. I wish I could drop this thought into every home in the land, that our slumbering youth and indifferent maidens would spring forth from their repose, saying, "As for me, come what will, I will improve my opportunities and my powers, and push out with the scouts and pioneers along the lines of all thought and progress and invention, up into the mountain tops of all knowledge." But all this takes time, and there is no short cut to greatness. But what of that? Are we not immortal? Is not all the future before us? We run quickly to the end of this life of toil and struggle, to march along the eternal Ages in companionship and association with princes and powers and principalities and dominions and thrones of Heaven.

When I think of man with his great purposes, with his free agency, vitalized and inspired by the Eternal Spirit, standing before His Maker with the great multitude of beings who rally around his throne, and uphold the powers of his government, when I reflect upon all this, then the struggles of this life, and the changes of time, put on new grandeur ; and I stand forth in my kinship, believing that all things are possible to him that willeth and believeth.

Today I wish to go on record as desiring for every one of you, some noble purpose ; some noble ambition that will shake the finger into the face of Fate, saying,— “I feel noble inspirations stirring within me ; you cannot hold me back ; I will leave a foothold in your uncrumpling walls.”

Speech and conscience distinguish man from the animal. Only the sheep and the oxen, and the mere animals, are satisfied with food and shelter.

The fabled warrior who brushed all resistance from before his arrow, and whispered to his bow : “Fail not,” and to his arrow, “Stop not,” as he sent it on its mission around the world, did but twang the bow of the brain, and speed its tireless thought. Such a one stands forth the noblest type of man ; below him are the animals,—but above him—GOD.

You are undoubtedly familiar with that beautiful New Testament story of the redeemed woman, who—in the great wealth of her affection, broke the costly vase, and poured forth the precious ointment. The Great Teacher of humanity commands the waste, and commands the fragments to float into all atmospheres and to all generations, saying, “This shall be a memorial of her wherever this gospel is preached.”

Upon this Supreme Authority, I rest my case and say to every one of you, “Add wings and spurs to your thoughts and let your noble deeds fill all the lands with resounding praise.”



Dr. Wm. O. Junkins



The President of the Day, then introduced the next speaker:

One of the greatest institutions which this town has held was the old *Eliot Academy*, which has sent forth its young men and young women into the world far-better fitted to battle life's duties than they would have been without it. Among its many students, who honored it at one time, there started an epidemic, and out of that epidemic came such men as Willis and Frost and Cole and Neil and Emery and Guptill. We have a great many of those students with us again today. We have one of them who is a good fellow to have with you in the time of sickness, as well as in health; and it gives me great pleasure to introduce him to you,—Dr. William O. Junkins of Portsmouth.

DR. WILLIAM O. JUNKINS,  
of Portsmouth.

Ladies and gentlemen, and companions of my youth:

Often I think my boyhood traits are still within me. It may be, however, that I am so constituted that I still retain a minimum amount of that timidity which permeated, and, in no small degree, controlled my nervous system in those good old days of long ago, when that thorough and thoroughly charming woman, Miss Bacon, first taught me under compulsory and thoroughly approved methods to declaim from the rostrum of Eliot Academy. There are, no doubt, some here today who recall those colossal selections from such celebrated orators as Demosthenes and Cicero, and the memory of my youthful embarrassment will still provoke a fleeting and amused smile.

We read of days that tried men's souls, but they were as mere nothings when compared to my sufferings. The excessive action of my heart, the lack of muscular stamina in my pedal extremities, which nature intended for the support of my body, the icy coldness of the perspiration issuing from every pore, my tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth, while my eyes were riveted to the ceiling,

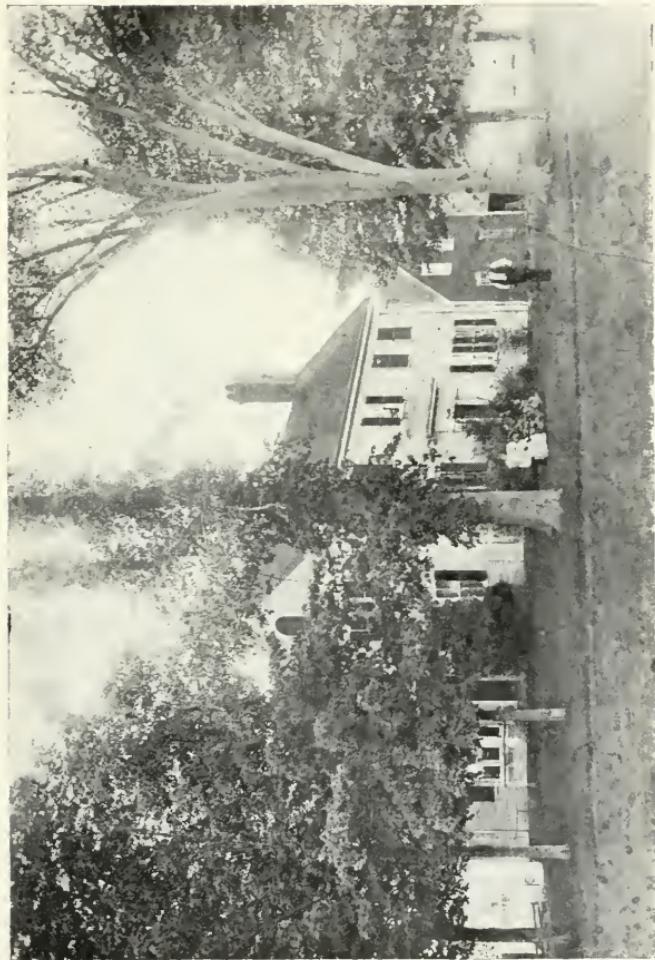
scarcely daring even an occasional glance towards some rosy-cheeked damsel, or roguish, mischievous boy, whose ruddy, cheery face gave no hint of the sympathy and encouragement for which I was so eagerly yearning.

I presume the youth of this present Age has no such feelings when declaiming day comes around. How it all comes back to me today, lacking none of its stern realities, not as a fleeting vision of childhood, but rather as one of a thousand recollections, awakened and recreated into a new existence by the sight of familiar faces and welcoming tones. Ah, but those were happy days; and as reminiscences rise up before me and the growing love of youth haunts me; I am reminded of that Lapland song immortalized by our own loved Longfellow, "That a boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

It seems that every foot of that land is hallowed by the most delightful memories, and again I tread the same sunny pathways, flecked by the same flickering shadows, cross the old melon patch and orchard rich with nature's choicest specimens, then over the bars and into the meadow where, winding along with ripple and laughter, the silvery brook ran its merry way.

Do I get the echo of some one calling the old familiar name "Bill," not "Doctor?" Do I hear the question, "Would you live those happy days again?" Certainly. Ah, happy years, once more to be a boy; for this the halcyon days of youth, that are life's golden holiday and manhood's prime, is but the silvery afterglow. In wholesome revelry the seed is scattered to blossom and mature in the ripening years. The boys of yesterday are the world's actors, while tomorrow, history will recount heroic deeds or blasted hopes.

"How beautiful is youth, how bright it gleams,  
With its illustrious aspirations.—dreams;  
Books of Beginnings, story without end,  
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend."



Residence of Moses E. Goodwin





Elms on Goodwin Road



It is with joy truly that I meet and greet you all; and my heart overflows with thankful gladness that God in his infinite mercy has spared so many of my old associates to give me the glad hand.

We are this day, and every day, proud of our dear old mother with her gray locks and matronly mien, for it was here at her knee we first learned the lessons which neither time nor change can ever effect; and though now scattered from ocean to ocean, whether bounded by lake or gulf, wherever her sons shall gather, her name will ever be spoken with reverence and loyal affection; and whatever of honor and prosperity to the wanderers the decades have brought, it was her teachings and early training that impelled our footsteps along through life's byways and dangerous quicksands, to the goal which today has sent us back for renewed blessings from her generous, loving heart.

We bow to dear old Eliot, home of our boyhood and love. I cherished the greatest, keenest affection for the "Pine Tree State." I honor and revere my New England ancestry; and I would rather be a son of this rough and ragged soil, than claim origin from the proudest Norman that ever met a foe.

Let us be children for one day... Let the cares and troubles of daily life be forgotten. Let us sing songs of gladness. Let us be children together. Let us go around arm in arm, and hand in hand, and visit; yes, and revisit, again and again, these spots dear to memory still.

Aaron Cole, Esq., President of the day, said:

Our relations with the mother-town have always been of the very pleasantest character. No discord has ever been present between us. We are always glad to honor Kittery, and she is always glad to honor us; and it gives me great pleasure to present to you James R. Philbrick, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen of Kittery, who will speak for the old town.

## MR. JAMES R. PHILBRICK.

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen :

It seems to have fallen to my lot to represent the old town today. I should have been pleased had some one better fitted to do this business been selected; but being called before you for that purpose, reminds me of the old sailor, who came to these shores when your own town was a part of the mother-town.

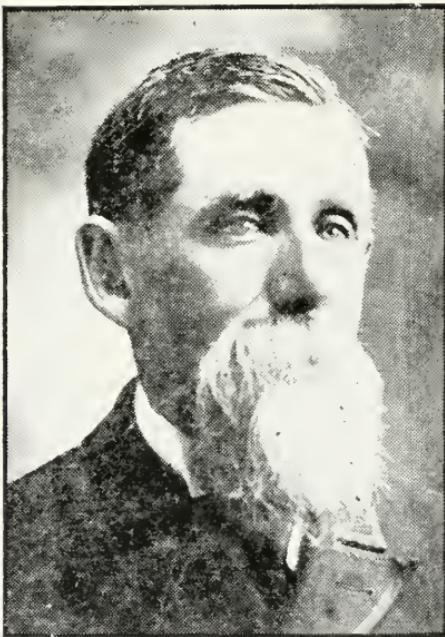
It is said that after a long and tedious voyage, a ship arrived in the harbor below; and you know it is natural for men who have been on shipboard months and months to be anxious to put their feet on mother earth. This ship had hardly come to anchor at Kittery Point, when several of the crew landed to see the sights. In strolling about the town, one of them found his way to the church, where the good old pastor was giving a sermon, in a manner characteristic of Kittery; and in the course of the unfoldings of his thoughts,—his text being taken from St. Matthew,—he cried out, "Where are the goats?" There was silence for a moment or two. This old salt not being accustomed to this proceeding, called out: "Ship's men! rather than have this go on, I will be the goat." So I am here today to represent the old mother-town.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, and especially the great-great-grandchildren of the old town of Kittery :—

It gives me pleasure to be privileged to meet with you today, assembled as you are, to celebrate the Centennial of the youngest offspring of the oldest mother in the State.

The old mother has watched over you this one hundred years with a mother's love and a mother's care. Could she walk up your streets today and behold your beautiful decorations, look upon your neat houses, behold your beautiful flowers, she certainly would say, " My daughter, you have been faithful; I am proud of your record."

But what is your record? What is the record of the town of Eliot? Naturally the history which has been handed down to us, is a history of the deeds and doings of



JAMES R. PHILBRICK



the early settlers, of our industries, and had it been possible for us to have had the history in all its fullness, of the deeds and doings of the early settlers, we should have had something exceedingly magnificent, surpassing the history of any other town in Maine. Go out into the world, into all the cities of the land, into all the walks of life and industries of the world, and you will find those who have been successful, who can trace their ancestry back to the town of Eliot. I doubt if another town can produce the number of men who have been as great benefit to the world as our own little town today.

When our illustrious ancestors commenced to perform deeds, they commenced to make history. The history of Eliot does not consist wholly of the deeds and doings of our early settlers. From the time they commenced to make history, it has been going on to the present time. Show us the town which has sent out so many ship-builders, and men who have been filling so many places of honor, men whose inspiration has been on the ocean!

Show me such a town, which can point to three men out of a town of the population as yours, successful constructors of great ships. To you, the town of Eliot, belongs that honor.

And again, you can point with pride to the men who lived here fifty years ago; men who earned their bread by the sweat of their brows in the shipyards building ships, and made successful voyages.

Not many years ago you had men who were experts in building boats, and after they built those boats they were able to propel them, not with steam or gasoline, but with hard muscles like steel, made so by the use of the broad-axe in the shipyards and rowing back and forth in the boats they constructed.

I remember, as a boy, hearing of your men. They were considered great oarsmen. They had boat races: the papers were filled with those races, with this crew and that crew. I recall a race which took place when I was a boy between picked men from the crew of the old

Constitution, and men from your old town. These men of your town were against Old Ironsides, the ship we all had great pride in; the ship that had done so much to make it possible for us to enjoy the praises and blessings which we enjoy today. Of course we never wanted to see the great "Constitution" come second-best. They had had many races in foreign lands,—this crew was picked.

Interest ran high. The race was started, and at first it was hard to tell which would be victorious. The Jacks were doing all they could. On and on they went down the river; but on the home-stretch the leading boat was the *Flying Cloud*. We had heard nothing of boats flying in those days. We had not heard of flying through the air, but it was a flying crew when they returned, and with every stroke of the oar you could see their muscles come out in bunches under their arms.

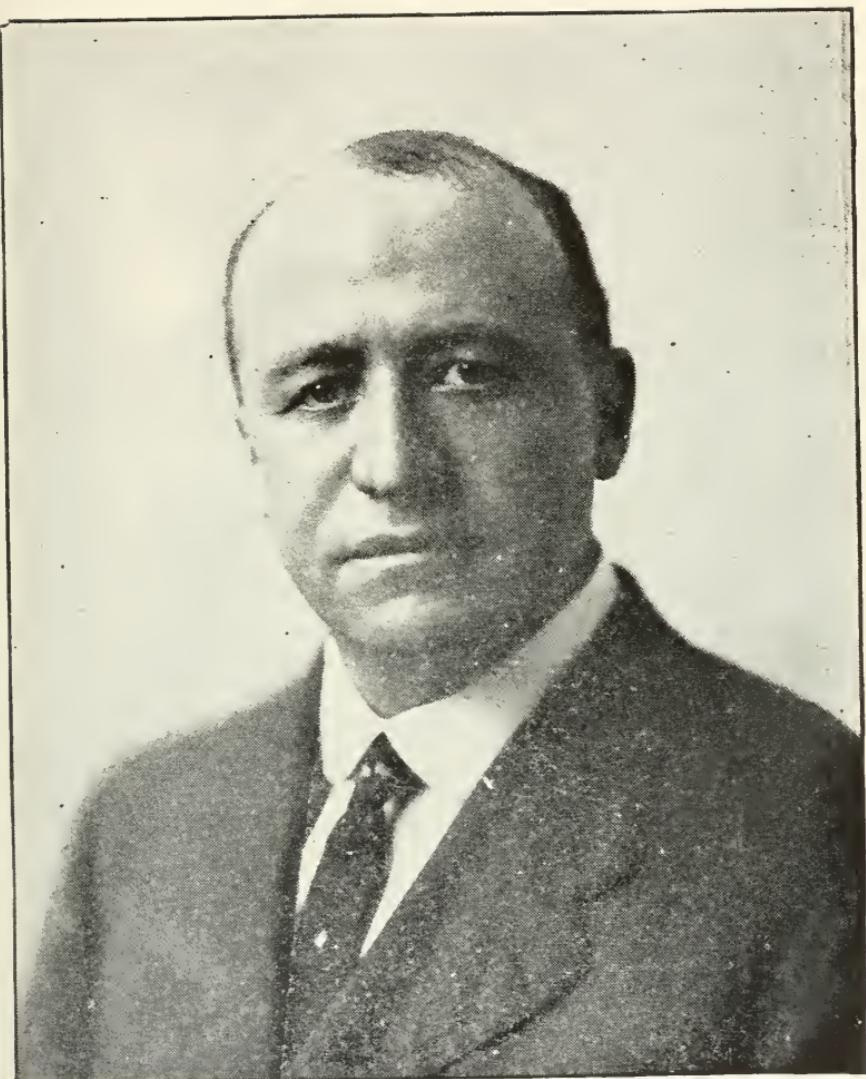
The Jacks were doing all they could, but it was no use. They had miscalculated when they thought they were going to win out with these Eliot boys. They discovered Eliot's determination; Eliot's blood was something different from the make-up of their English cousins.

Mr. Chairman, I not only came here today to represent the old mother-town, but, in part, I came as a descendant. While my father came of the good old Granite stock, my mother came from the stock of Christian Remick of Eliot.

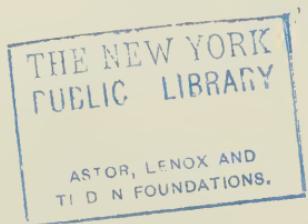
Situated as we are, the interests of the towns being so closely allied, it is right that we should enjoy this Centennial Celebration. I feel that your Reunion should be our Reunion.

Aaron Cole, Esq., President of the Day, said : —

In running every piece of machinery, it needs one to look after it, to see that the wheels go around regularly. We forget that behind it all there is a master-mind. Some of you have seen the machinery move on. You have realized that there is some one behind it, and there is a master-mind.



Hon. Asher C. Hinds



We have with us today one of those master-minds working to protect us, working for the good of the State of Maine. Have you realized what it costs to be an engineer in Congress? If you can understand what it costs to do this, I feel you would pity any soul consigned to the post.

It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you Asher C. Hinds, republican candidate for engineer of Congress.

ASHER C. HINDS, Esq.

Ladies and gentlemen:

If I were today to live up to the distinction which your Chairman has described, I should say that it was about time to obliterate the previous question, and stop the debate here.

I come to you today under what would be considered a disadvantage, if it were not for the kindness of your greeting and your hospitality. Governor Hill has told you,—or you have been told,—that he was a son of this town; and Governor Fernald has been able to tell you that his great grandfather once lived here. I also would like your favor,—and, I want to say to you, that I am persuaded that very ancient grandfather of mine, must have passed through this town, when he was on his way from Massachusetts to the central part of Maine; that he may have passed through here on what Dr. Junkins has called his “pedal extremities;” and if he did, I have no doubt, from the great extent of the town, he probably was several days passing through; and made many acquaintances, meeting old friends and neighbors,—those ancient people of Eliot.

In what Mr. Cole has said to you today, he commented on the known fact that there was not, and had not been, in the town of Eliot, a single piece of machinery driven in the modern industrial pursuits. I do not know whether he said that with regret or pleasure; but remembering the many beautiful scenes on the ride I took this morning,—the sea and the shore, the comfortable and tasteful houses, the views of distant mountains,—I think he must have said it with satisfaction. So far as any of us have

heard, there were no steam engines in the Garden of Eden ; and the only difference between the Garden of Eden, that I can see, and this town, is—that you seem to have done nothing that has forced you out of it.

I have thought today, as I sat here, of the love that we all have for the grandeur of this world. I do not suppose there is one among us who would not have been delighted to have been at the coronation of Charlemange, or at the surrender of Cornwallis. I would like, if I could, to have the people on this side of the hill moved ; and put in their places those old people of Eliot, who, two hundred years ago faced the savages, and want, and penury, and labor, in order that we might have the civilization that we enjoy today. I would like to contrast their faithful faces, I would like to see their humble criticisms, their social customs, their greeting, the way they would take the greetings and the jokes we are perpetrating upon you today, living among the plenty and happiness of civilization that no races have ever enjoyed before ; enjoying all the luxuries of the rich and prodigal,—those people, their only luxury, not being scalped on their way from church.

I hope the future of this old town will be as noble as it has been in the past ; and I believe it will be. I believe the people of Eliot know a good thing when they see it. No one who has gone forth from here feels anything but a wish that he may come back. I want to say to you that one, even I, so distantly related to you, having been here once, would be delighted to come back again.

Aaron B. Cole, Esq., President of the Day, said :

We had hoped to have with us the Hon. Amos L. Allen ; but sickness has kept him away.

We had also expected Col. Daniel Hall ; but his son tells me he has suddenly taken a cold ; and is unable to be with us, which we very much regret.

This morning I received a long letter from one of our old school-masters, Freeman Putney, Superintendent of

Schools, Gloucester, Mass.; who probably has flogged many of you. He has had an injury to his foot, and is unable to walk.

I am glad to know so much good about us all, and I hope years from now our children, and our children's children may be just as good as we are.

### THE CENTENNIAL ODE.

The Centennial Ode, was written for the occasion, and sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." The drilling of the children for the singing of the Ode, was in charge of a sub-committee of the program and music committees, consisting of Mrs. Charles E. Foye, Miss Myrtie M. Ham, Mrs. D. Cromett Clark :—

#### ELIOT'S "OLD LANG SYNE."

Rev. Augustine Caldwell.

Shall we forget the Long Ago,  
And cease to bring to mind  
The treasured names that gave a glow  
To Eliot's *Lang Syne*?

Our old Lang Syne, we sing,  
Our old Lang Syne,—  
We'll ne'er forget the early days,—  
Our old Lang Syne.

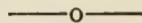
We welcome old friends,—gladly greet  
And clasp their hands today;  
And of past times we will repeat  
The good cheer of the way.

How full of treasure is the Past,—  
How rich the words and deeds  
Of those whose efforts long will last,  
Whose influence ne'er recedes.

Therefore 'tis joy for us to sing  
On these memorial days;

The many, many treasures bring  
That fill our minds with praise.

And as our joy is thus complete,  
Each others hands we'll grasp,—  
Greetings and Farewells, each bring joys  
And memories that will last.



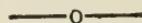
#### BENEDICTION,—

by the Rev. WILLIAM B. ELDRIDGE:

May the blessings of God the Father, the Son and the  
Almighty Spirit, abide with us forever. Amen.

---

The Orchestra played *America*, which was sung by the audience.



#### WEDNESDAY EVENING.

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On Wednesday evening, the Fireworks committee arranged, on the Green Acre grounds, a magnificent display of set pieces, rockets, bombs, Roman candles, etc.

The display, lasting nearly two hours, was witnessed by a large number of people.



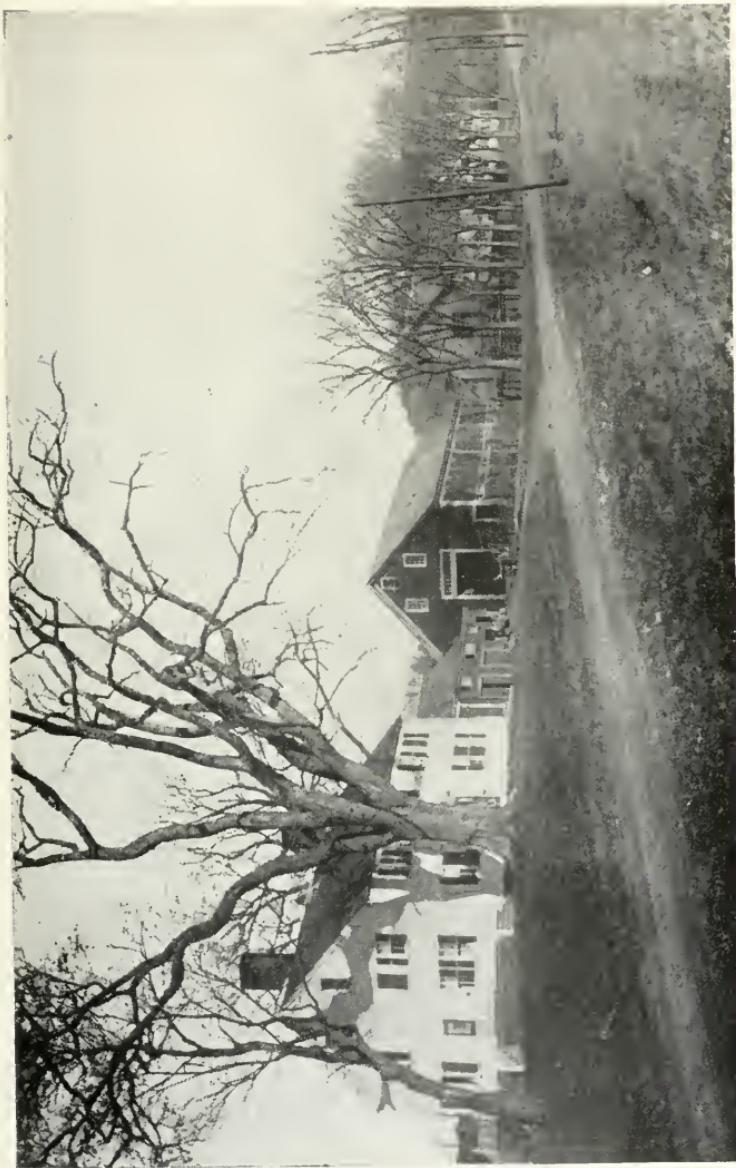
Sylvester Bartlett



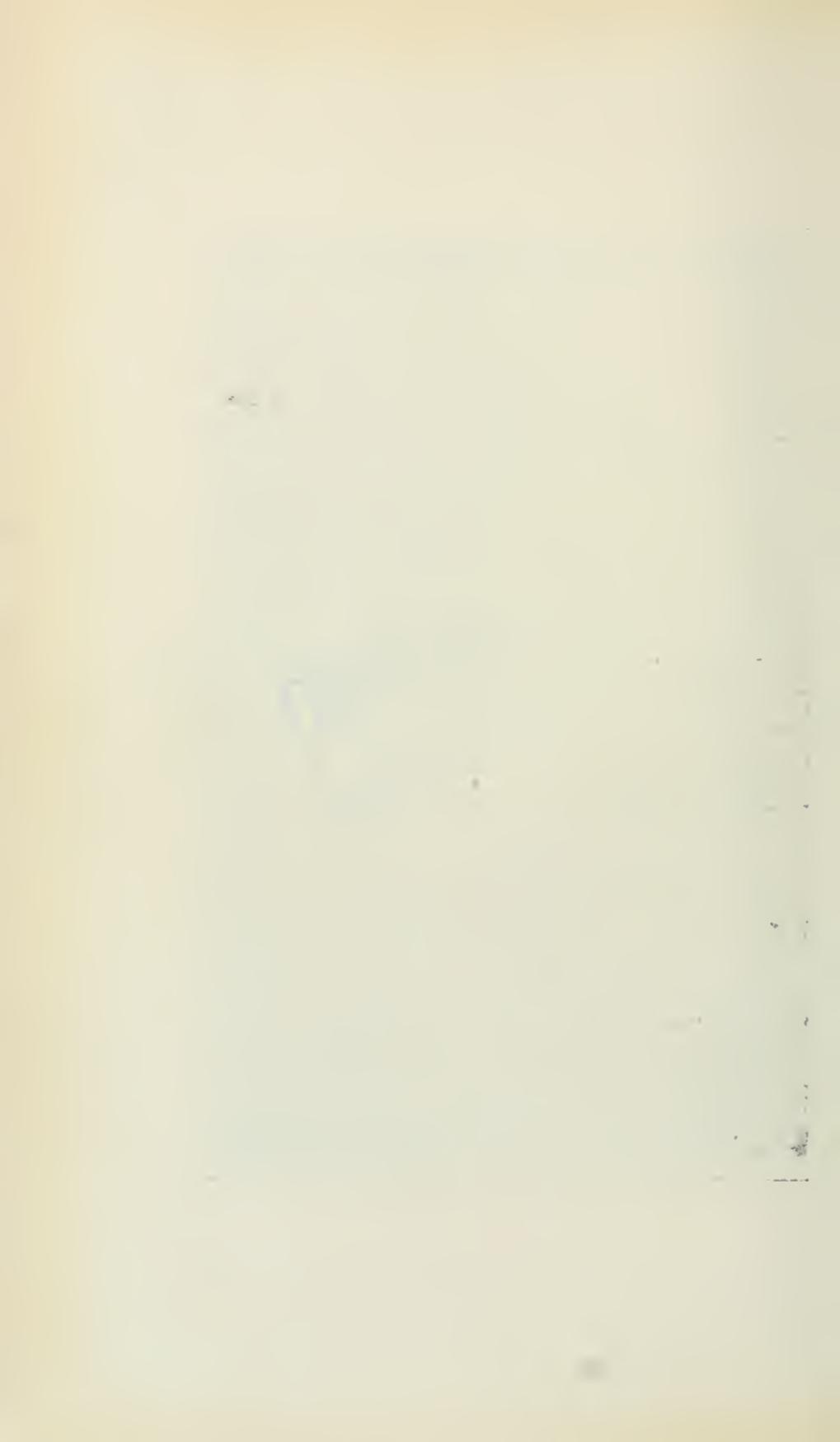


James W. Bartlett





Bartlett Farms



## FIFTH DAY.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1910.

Rain caused an hour's postponement of the parade which formed at George E. Ireland's store, at ten o'clock. It was made up as follows:

Marshal, George E. Howe.

Aids, Roy G. Hill, Stanley E. Nelson, Walter M. Staples, Ernest O. Searles.

Portsmouth City Band, M. J. Devine, Leader.

Two Companies U. S. Marines, Major Henry Leonard, Commanding.

Pony Cart, Albert D. Staples.

Grange Float.

Industrial Club of East Eliot, Float.

W. C. T. U. Float.

Bolt Hill, Golden Rod Float.

Old Fashioned Kitchen Float, Mrs. R. G. Hill.

Indian Maids Float.

School Days Float, Ye Olden Times.

Boat Float—Lincoln School,  
Miss Elizabeth M. Hanscom, teacher.

John F. Hill Grange Float.

Golden Rod Float.

South Eliot Children's Float.

Epworth League of South Eliot Float.

South Eliot Float No. 2.

School District No. 1 Float.

Cherryneuk Float. Misses Thomas and Murdock,

Harrigan Club, three Horse Hitch.

Fife and Drum Corps, Thomas Sparrow, leader.

Old Log Cabin, 1790, drawn by oxen belonging to  
Moses Morrell, Walter W. Rowe, J. Albert Stacy.

Drive up to Dover, One Hoss Shay, 1815.

Ye Old Wooden Axle Wagon, built in 1827, Chas. Frost.

Indian Scouts.

Fred Robinson, team.

The Pilgrim Maiden on horseback.

Miss Anna I. Vinton.

Norman J. Raitt, Two Year Old Steers.

John W. Hillhouse, Guess Again.

Fred E. Nelson. "One Horse Shay."

Arthur Tondreault, team.

Lawrence A. Rowe, Brick Making Float.

Carriages, Our Oldest Residents.

T. F. Staples & Co. decorated carriage.

Justin W. Brooks, team.

George E. Ireland, Grocery Float.

Fred E. Nelson, Fire Extinguisher Float.

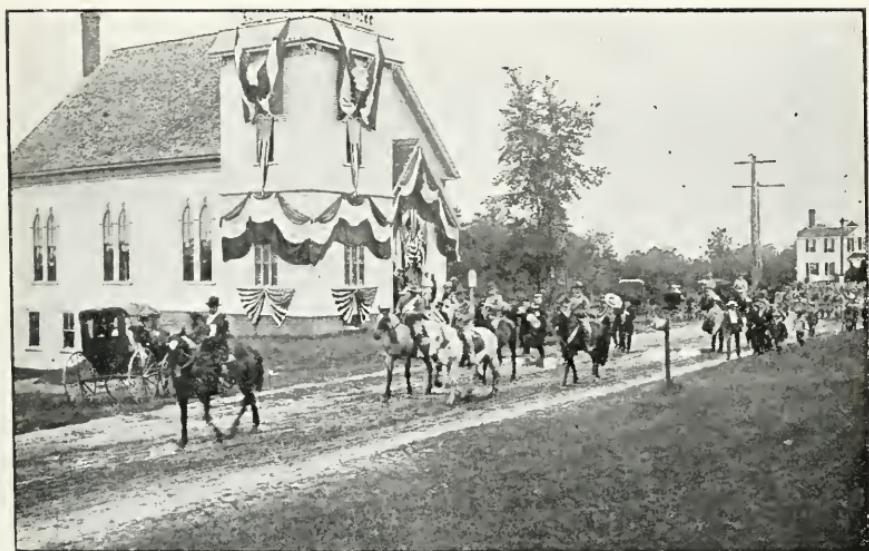
D. H. McIntosh, Furniture Float.

Gipsy Maid, on horseback, Miss Margaret J. Adlington.

Indian boys on horseback,

Master Edward Hanscom,

Master Stephen Worcester.



MARSHAL HOWE AND HIS AIDS





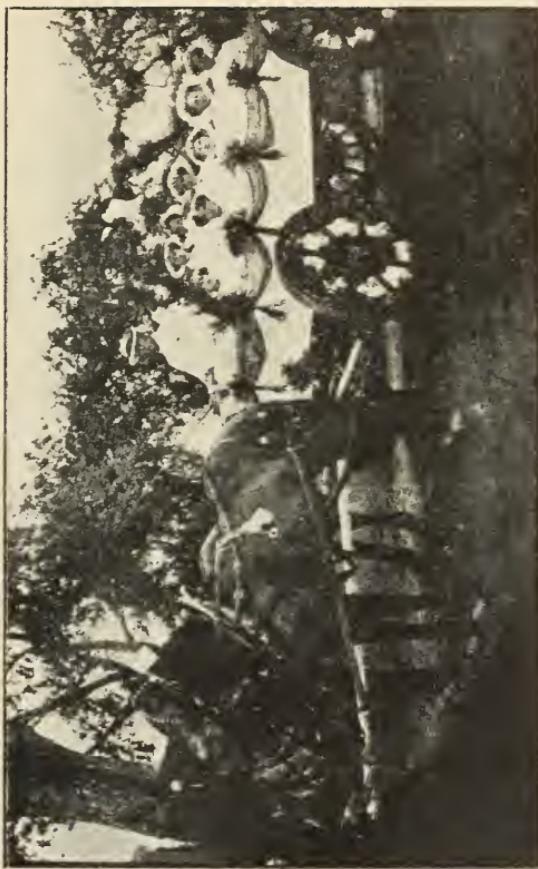
U. S. MARINES





DECORATED PONY CART—ALBERT STAPLES





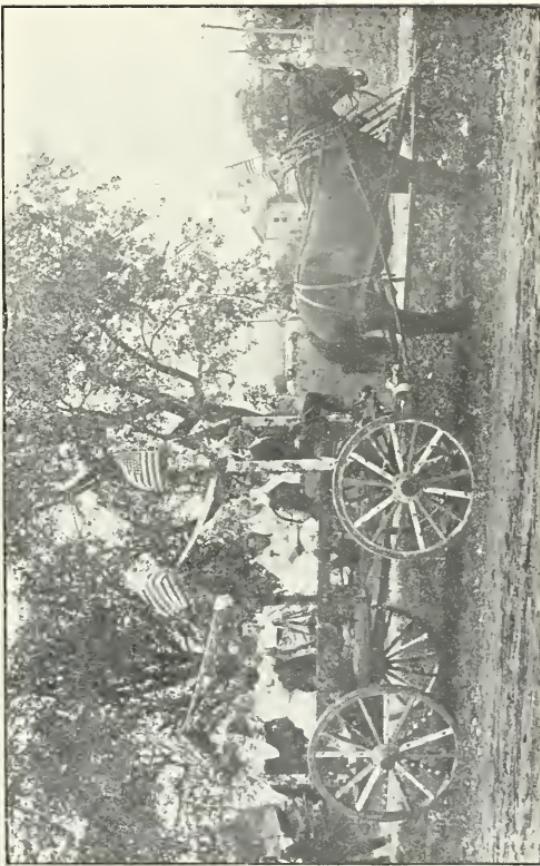
Golden Rod Float





INDIAN GIRLS' FLOAT

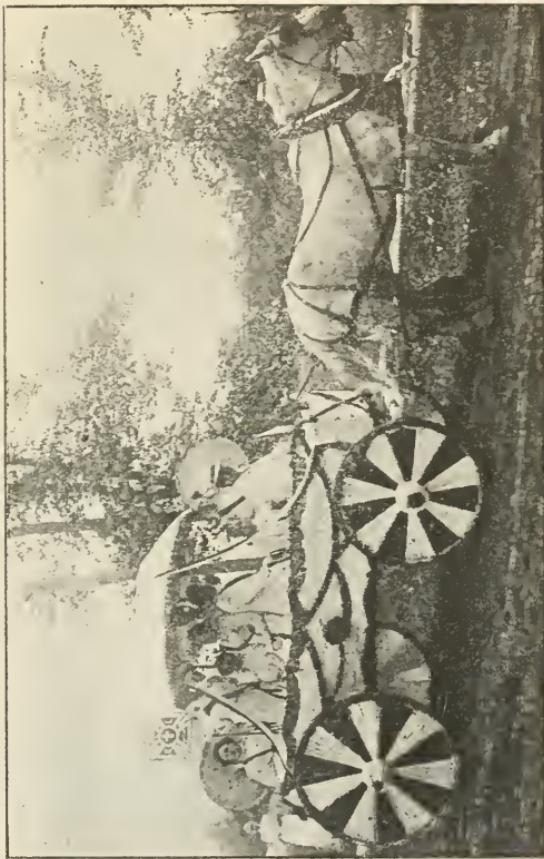


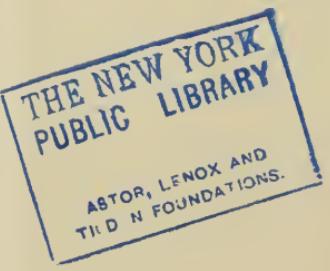


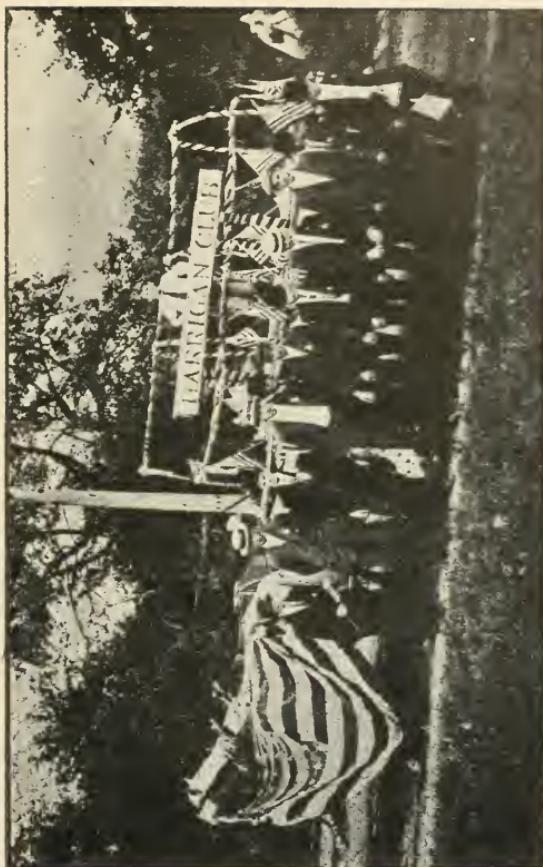
South Eliot Float



Epworth League South Elliott



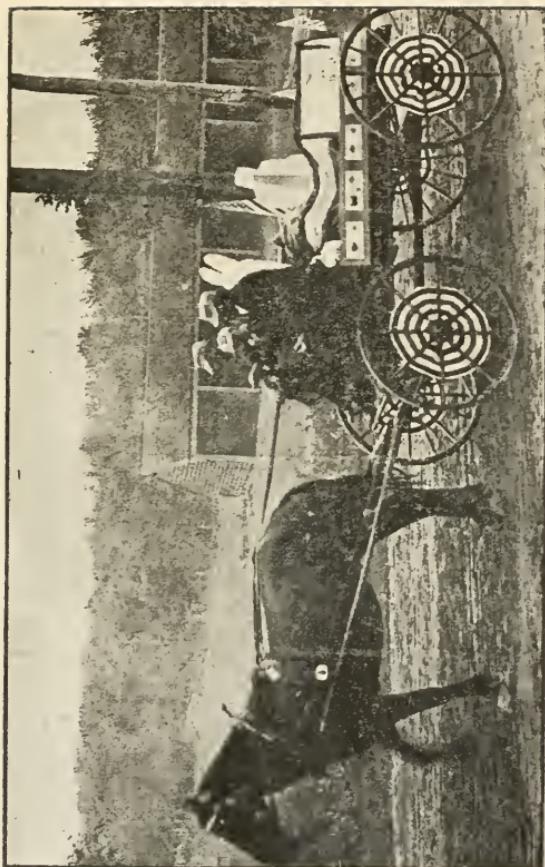




Harrigan Club Float



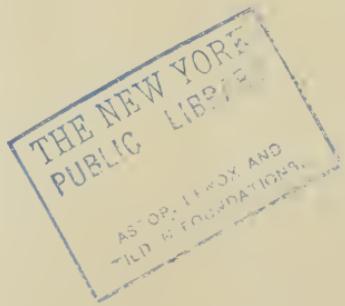
George E. Ireland's Float



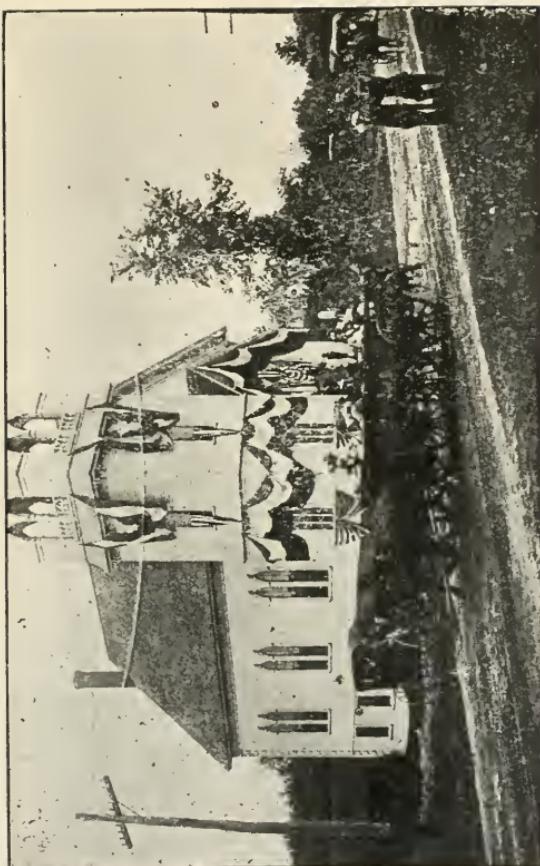


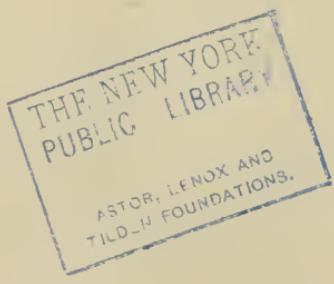


Fred Robinson's Float



Cheeryneuk Flot



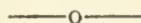


## Decorated Automobiles :

C. Edward Bartlett.  
Mrs. George Trefethern.  
Mrs. Charles E. Woods.  
Harlon P. Willis.

The march of the parade was a long one, passing over the following route:

State Road, Shapleigh Road, Old Road, State Road, Bolt Hill, Main street to Welch's corner, returning by Pleasant street, Main street, Farmer road, State road, to Kennard's corner.



## THE MANY DECORATIONS.

All along the line of march of the procession, the houses were gaily decorated with flags and brightly colored bunting. At the few places where there were no set decorations, the American ensign floated bravely from some staff.

George E. Ireland's store, the starting place, was decorated, as a matter of course. From there along Old Road to Kennard's corner, decorations were displayed at the residences of Sylvester Junkins, William A. Shapleigh, William A. Johnson, George W. Dixon, John L. Emery, Martha A. Coleman, Fred E. Nelson, Chandler E. Spinney, Dr. John L. M. Willis, Charles E. Foye, the No. 5 Schoolhouse, the William Fogg home, Joseph F. Kennard and George F. Kennard.

From Kennard's corner along State road, the decorated places were the residences of George E. Bartlett, George W. Nason, the Congregational Church, the residences of Howard P. Libbey and G. E. Hammond, the Eliot High School building, the Eliot Town Hall, the residences of Melvin E. Dixon, Saunders S. Liebman, Leander Brooks, Frank L. Fernald, Charles F. Drake, Fred Robinson, Dr. H. I. Durgin, Frank J. York, Fred G. Foster, John W. Hillhouse.

Along Farmer Road, Chas. E. Hanscom, Mrs. Seabury, Dr. Moore's Camp, Frank E. Liebman, M. Parry Tobey.

On Bolt Hill road, the home of Mrs. Mary A. Spinney, Justin W. Brooks.

From the corner of Bolt Hill road, down Main street, the decorated residences were those of W. F. Paul, F. L. Spinney, Edwin E. Cole, Aaron B. Cole, Esq. Arthur R Spinney and Frank H. Leavitt.

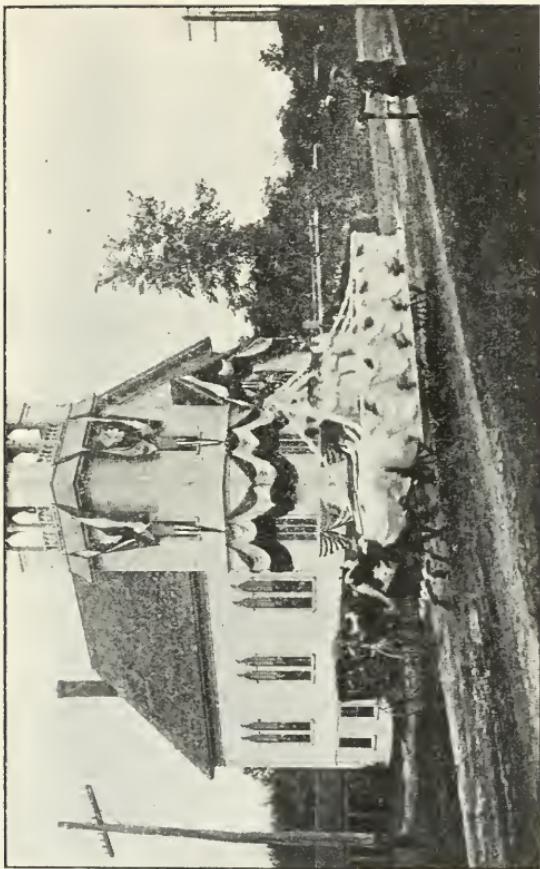
On Pleasant St. Charles H. Cole, Alfred Spinney, E. H. Fernald, Milo E. Spinney, Theodore Fernald, Clinton A. Manson, Wilbra H. Spinney, David Fernald, Arthur Lewis, and the store of H. E. Spinney. At the lower end of Pleasant street, next the bridge from Kittery, stood the triumphal arch, covered with evergreen, draped and entwined with flags and lettered "1810 Welcome 1910."

From the corner of Main street up Pleasant street Benjamin F. Bowden, Rev. George W. Brown, Joseph W. Davis, Irving Davis, Richard F. Dixon, the Misses Dame, Hanibal H. Cole, Wentworth Dame, the No. 7, schoolhouse, the residences of Captain A. L. Hirst, Charles E. Huntress, Alonzo Titus, F. A. Staples, Charles E. Paul, Arthur C. Paul, T. F. Staples, Walter C. Cole, Arthur Butler, the store of T. F. Staples & Co., Harry L. Staples George A. Fernald.

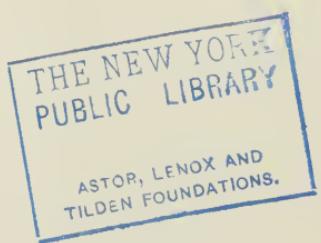
Up Main street from Pleasant street, displays were made at the residences of Edwin F. Staples, Samuel O. and Ernest O. Searles, the No. 6 Schoolhouse, the residences of Fred B. Pert, Augustus Paul, F. W. Wilmot, Hon. George O. Athorne, George E. Howe, Samuel H. Reeves, Rogers Hall, Green Acre Inn, Eirenion cottages, and many of the Green Acre tents, the residences of Wallace E. Dixon, Edwin F. Tobey, Asa T. Perry, R. G. Edwards, E. Chester Spinney, Mrs. Mary A. Spinney, George E. Spinney, F. E. Russell, Mrs. Mary A. Dixon.

All the School Houses and many residences in the north part of the town were also decorated.

The parade disbanded on the green in front of the beautifully decorated William Fogg Library.

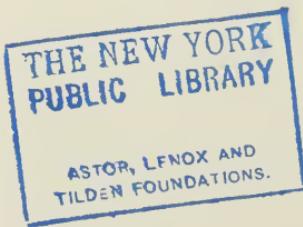


W. C. T. U. Float





Log Cabin Float Centennial 1910.





Old Time Kitchen Float



## THE AFTERNOON.

After the disbandment of the parade, a colation was served at the booths on the Grange grounds, followed at two o'clock, p. m. by a concert, by the Portsmouth City Band,—which rendered the following

## PROGRAM:

*William Fogg Library Grounds:*

1. March,	Home Coming,	Chambers.
2. Overture,	William Tell,	Rossini.
3. Selection,	Wonderland,	Herbert.
4. Waltz.	Invitation,	Weber.
5. Fantasia,	American,	Beyer.
6. Overture,	Mignon,	Thomas.
7. Selection,	The Tattooed Man,	Herbert.
8. Medley.	Old Time Songs,	Bennett.
9. Finale,	The Gate City March.	Weldon.

The floats and individual features of the parade were judged by Maj. Henry Leonard, U. S. M. C. and the prizes were awarded as follows :

First prize for float,—Woman's Christian Temperance Union,—a pure white float carrying several members of the union, all wearing white.

Second prize for float,—log cabin drawn by four yokes of oxen. This was the genuine thing, eight feet square, made from logs. A fire was in the stone fireplace, smoke coming out of the chimney ; coon pelts and strings of dried apples hanging on the outer wall, the well with an old oaken bucket, hand-made furniture, etc. Thomas Hughes, the keeper of the cabin, was frequently sawing, or splitting, or carrying wood for his fire ; and the other activities about the cabin were enough to keep three men busy—Walter Rowe, Charles Rhodes and Albert Emery.

Third prize for float—the old fashioned kitchen of Mrs. Roy G. Hill, Mrs. Charles Morrill and Miss Florence Kennison. The old fireplace, with the crane and the pots

and kettle, the pewter ware, the wooden broom, and other ancient furnishings were very unique, and Mrs. Hill was driving a spinning wheel which made genuine woolen yarn from the carded rolls. All wore the costumes of the late eighteenth or early nineteenth centuries. The driver was Arnold Hill.

Fourth prize for float—the Lincoln school float, designed by Miss Elizabeth Hanscom and Mrs. Albert E. Libbey. The children of Lincoln school were with Miss Hanscom and Mrs. Libbey, in a gaily decorated boat.

Fifth prize for float—The John F. Hill Grange, a float featuring the emblems of the Grange as seen and used in real life, decorated in the Grange colors of sky blue and corn yellow, and carrying the principal officers of the local Grange.

Sixth prize for float—the Women's Industrial Club, of East Eliot; a beautiful float in white and silver, and drawn by gray horses.

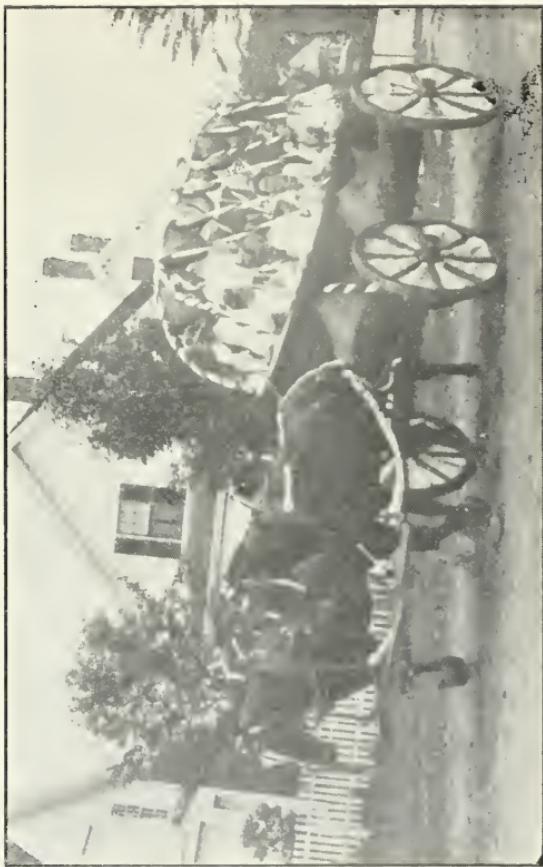
Seventh prize for float—Lawrence Rowe and his crew of brickmakers, engaged in the genuine work of molding bricks from wet clay, with a brickmaking machine.

Eighth prize for float—No. 1 School. A beautiful float decorated with spruces and evergreens, and containing scholars from No. 1 School.

Ninth prize for steer team,—Norman J. Raitt.

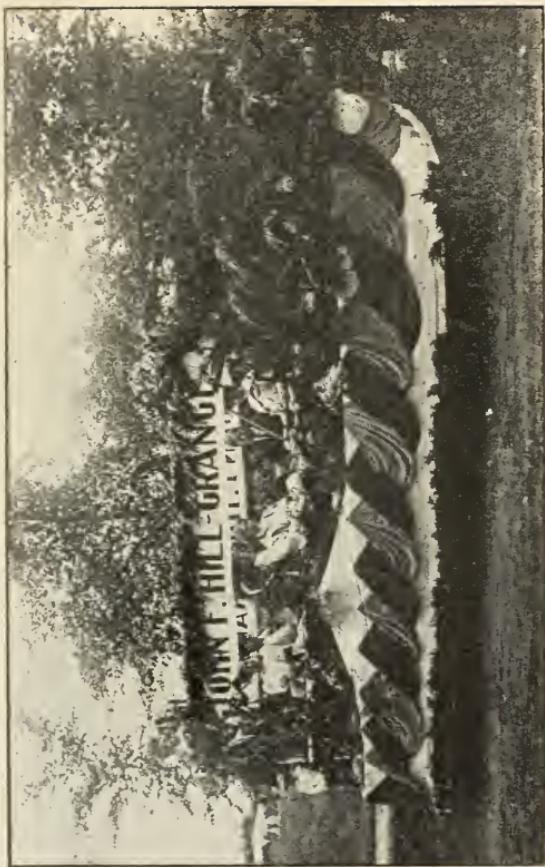
First individual prize—Maurice S. Leach and Arthur Butler, who had hitched old "Dobbin to the shay," to "drive up to Dover." Mr. Butler, as *Miranda*, had on the "old gray bonnet, with the blue ribbon on it;" and the "shay," and the costumes generally, matched the bonnet.

Second individual prize—Master Albert Dixon Staples and his pony cart. With him in the cart were three of his playmates,—Dorothy Junkins, Meda Bridges and Albert H. Dixon.

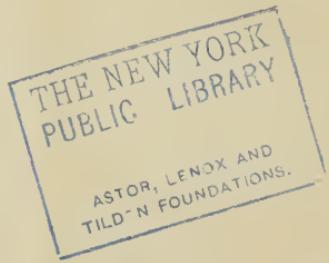


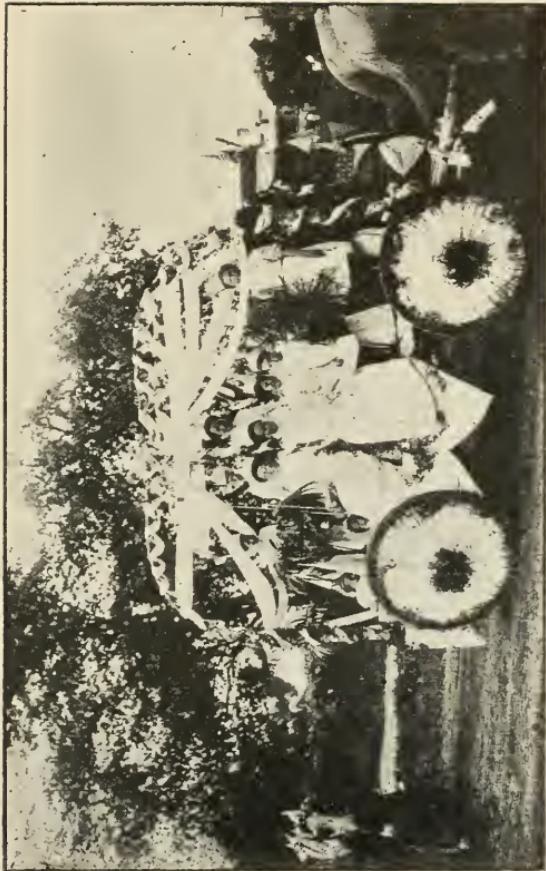
No. 2 School Float



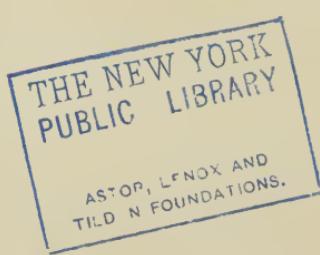


John F. Hill Grange Float

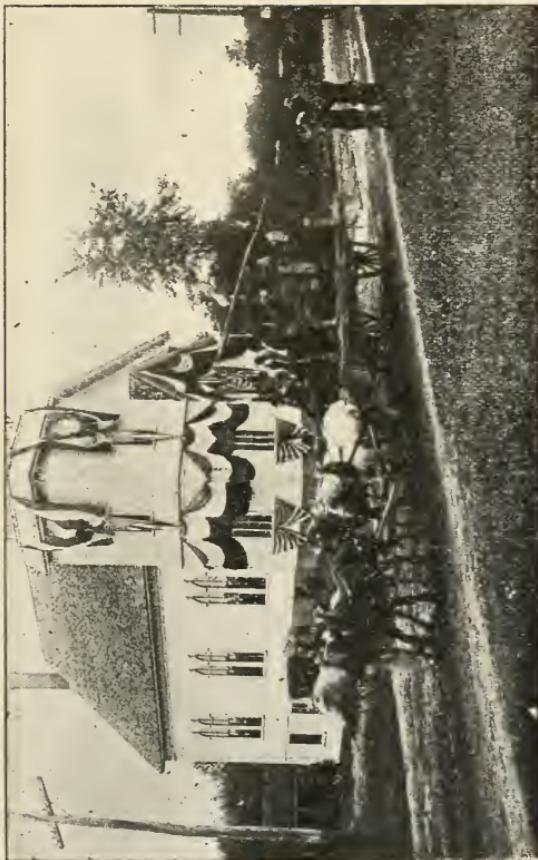


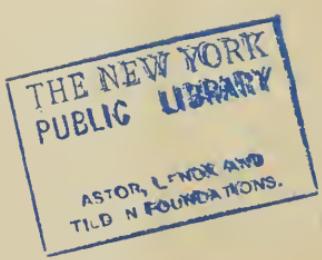


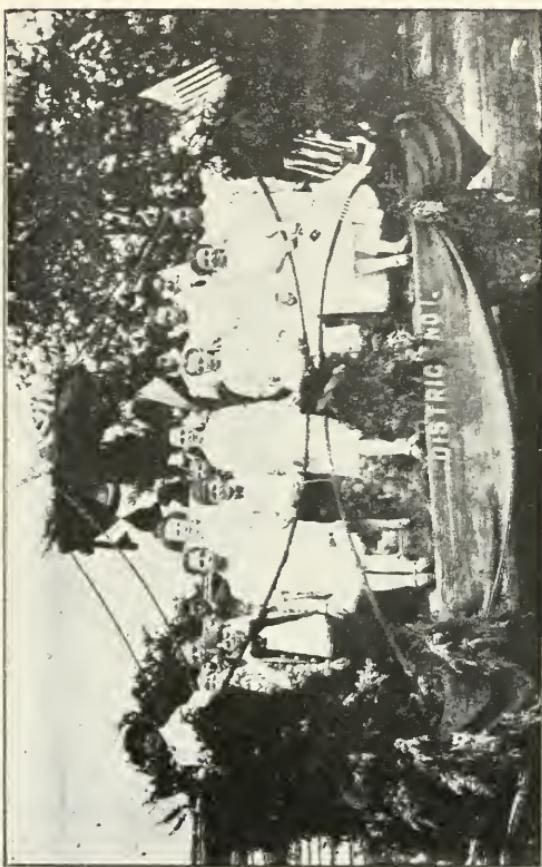
East Eliot Methodist Club Float



Rowe's Brick-yard Float







District No 1 Float





Bungalow Camp.



Third individual prize,—One Horse Shay, Mr. Fred E. Nelson.

Honorable mentions were made of Miss Annie Vinton, the Pilgrim maiden on horseback; Miss Margaret Adlington, the Indian maiden on pony, and to Frank Worster, for the "School of 1810."

At the Moore Camp, near Tobey's corner, on Farmer road, the folk dances, given on Tuesday at Green Acre, were repeated during the afternoon of Thursday.

There were four of these dances: Maypole, Brownie Polka, Bean Porridge, Chimes of Dunkirk,—given by sixteen young women, Misses Moore, Martin, Whitmarsh, Upham, Warren, Davis, Fellows from Moore's camp; Misses Melrose and Stone from Green Acre: Misses Edith and Harriet Magee of New York; Misses Hammond, Cress, Adlington, Brooks, Bridges of South Eliot.

Also, the "Luby Lu" dance was given by children of the neighborhood, Howard Staples, Isabel Staples, Albert Dixon. Ruth Spinney, Dorothy Junkins, Meda Spinney, Lydia Morse. Music for this dancing was by Mrs. W. A. Randall, of Swampscoot. A goodly number of spectators witnessed these beautiful exemplifications of the poetry of motion.



## SIXTH DAY.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1910.

The exercises of the day were the historical drama and picnic, on the Lanier Camp grounds, followed by a recital at the Congregational Church, in the evening. About five hundred people witnessed, and most thoroughly enjoyed the drama, which was written for this occasion, and enacted on the exact spot where William Everett's Tavern stood, and where the original submission was signed. (See page 33.)

The costuming was done at the camp, and the actors were camp people. The cast was:

Town Crier,	Eastman Brown.
William Chadbourne of Eliot,	Peter W. Dykema.
Gov'r Simon Bradstreet,	Cheney Jones.
The Mass'ts Commissioners,	Grace Robers, Alice McClosky, Mary Davis
Capt. William Everett,	Bernard P. Sexton.
Nicholas Shapleigh,	Hawley Rogers.
Major Charles Frost,	Sidney Lanier.
John Bursley,	Miss Olive Zeidlar.
Humphrev Chadbourne,	Miss Harriett Hoggson.
Thomas Withers,	Trumbell Thomas.
Michael Brance,	Oliver Severans.
Mistress Everett	Mrs. E. M. Lanier.
Mrs. William Chadbourne,	Mrs. P. W. Dykema.
Watchman,	Miss Olive Loudon.

Villagers and travellers were portrayed by Mr. and Mrs. James Openheim, Miss Susie Blanchard, Miss Anna Slater, Mrs. Juliette Zimmerman, Miss Marion Roush, Mrs. Collins Bell, Stewart Cook, McLean Hoggson, Miss Barbara Bell, Miss Grace Files, Miss Mary Elizabeth Sidney, John Lanier, Miss Dorothea Dresser, Miss Charlotte Nye, Miss Gertrude Harwood, Miss Barbara Leighton, Miss Mary Marris, Ellison Morris, Edward Bowen, Karin White, Kirby Green, Miss Ethel Bailey, Mrs. Harwood,



View in Lanier Camp



Miss Gleason, Miss Reed, Miss Gertrude Nye, Miss Birmingham, Miss Marian Coffin, Miss Helen Gillies, Mrs. Cheney C. Jones, Miss Elsie London, Miss Anna Salveson Miss Ann Tjornsland.

SKETCH OF THE DRAMA:

The captain and his good dame sped the parting guest, and gossiped with their neighbors before the tavern door. Groups of children played their quiet games or told stories of earliest times in the shade of the old elms.

Captain Everett is discussing with his old neighbor, William Chadbourn, the latest news from England. In the midst of their talk a bell is heard ; then the voice of the town crier, who approaches the tavern, followed by some of the villagers.

At the Inn he stops to read a summons from the high court of Massachusetts, demanding that Maine submit to her rule ; after which he asks the people to disperse and carry word to all the citizens of the town to gather at the 'tavern' immediately, in order to meet the commissioners who would soon be there to talk it over.

There is a great surprise, and most of the people are indignant ; but they hurry in every direction to carry the bad news and the message of the crier.

It is not long before they return with all the people thereabouts, among them Humphrey Chadbourn, just back from a hunting trip, who begins asking questions as to the meaning of the gathering ; and when John Bursley hears of the summons he is so enraged he will listen to no one, but swears he will never submit.

Nicholas Shapleigh comes forward, and begs them to conduct the affair soberly and fittingly, and asks that they trust the matter to Thomas Withers and himself. They agree to this.

The crier's bell is again heard ; this time from the ferry road, and with muffled, angry voices, and black looks, the citizens watch the approach of the commissioners. Save a polite salutation from the Inn Keeper, they receive a sorry welcome, but this they seem not to

notice. Simon Bradstreet, spokesman of the four, makes their proposition in a brief speech. But it is not to be such an easy task.

Nichols Shapleigh speaks for the people of Kittery; and at some points the haughty commissioners wince. Presently he offers Bradstreet a list of conditions which, if accepted, Maine will consent to submit. Bradstreet, impatient and vexed, throws aside the paper offered, and says, unless they consent peaceably and at once, Massachusetts will send their militia, and Maine will be compelled to do so, and they walk angrily away toward the ferry. There is a hasty conference among the people, and then William Everett follows them and asks them to return, as they have decided to submit for the sake of peace,—but saying that it will not be for long.

They sign now in the following order:

William Chadbourne, Hugh Gunnison, Nicholas Frost, Humphrey Chadbourne, Abraham Cauly, Thos. Spencer, Anthony Emery, Reginald Jenkins, John White, Thomas Jones, Dennys Downing, Thomas Durston, Thomas Withers John Wincoll, John Simons, Charles Frost, Richard Nason, Robert Weymouth, John Greene, Herbert Mattone, William Palmer, Mary Bacheller, Jeremiah Shires, John Andrews, Robert Mendum, Daniel Paul, Nicholas Shapleigh, John Hurd, Daniel Davis, Ryse Thomas, John Diamond, Thomas Spinney, John Bursley, James Emery, Nathan Lord, Antipas Maverick, Christian Remick, Jos. Milles, William Everett, George Leader, Philip Babb.

When John Bursley is asked to sign, he refuses; and will listen to none of his friends and neighbors, but is at last persuaded, after being threatened with arrest by Bradstreet, and signs reluctantly; and the commissioners take their leave, looking very pleased with the day's work; and the town's people disperse in groups, talking earnestly among themselves.

The full text of the drama follows by kindness of the author, Prof. Peter W. Dykema :—

## SUBMISSION OF MAINE TO MASSACHUSETTS.

An Historical Event cast into Dramatic Form by

PETER W. DYKEMA,

For presentation by the members of the

Lanier Camp,

as their contribution to the Eliot Celebration, 1910.

—o—

The Submission of Maine to Massachusetts ;

Scene. Before the William Everett Tavern, (on the main road, then the Lanier Camp,) Eliot.

Time: The morning of November 16, 1652.

Characters :—

Nicholas Shapleigh,	Citizens of Eliot, and Signers of the Submission.
Charles Frost,	
William Everett,	
William Chadburne,	
Humphrey Chadburne	
John Bursley,	
Thomas Withers,	
Dennys Downing, Mary Bacheller, (and others )	
Mistress William Chadburne,	of Eliot.
Mistress William Everett, and other women,	
Watchman,	of Eliot.
Town Crier,	
Workmen, Children,	
Gov'r Simon Bradstreet,	Massachusetts.
Samuel Symonds,	
Thomas Wiggin,	
Bryan Pendleton.	Commissioners.
Travellers.	

As the play opens there are to be seen in front of the Tavern, William Everett, his wife, and a French traveller seated at a table, talking and drinking. On a bench, at one side, the old couple, William Chadbourne and wife discuss early events in the history of the region. Groups of

children on either edge of the stage space, are engaged in old time games, story telling, working on samplers, singing, etc. As two travellers enter to pay their account and depart for the Ferry, the sound of bell ringing approaching is heard.

### Scene 1.

Enter Crier, ringing a bell, and followed by a group of Maine men and children.

*Crier:* Hear ye! Hear ye! Attend to the reading of the summons from the High Court of Massachusetts! Hear ye! Hear ye!

To the inhabitants of Kittery:

Whereas, by the extent of the line of o'r pattent, it doth appeare that the towne of Kettery, & many miles to the northward thereof, is comp'hended w'thin o'r graunt; & forasmuch as this Courte hath beene informed that there hath beene a late endeaver of severall psons therabouts, to draw the inhabitants of Kettery, who govern now by combination, to petition Parliam't of England, for a grant of the sd place, which the major pt of the inhabitants refused to doe; many of them expressinge theire willingness rather to submit themselves to the government of Mass'tts.

\* \* This Court takeing into consideracon the p'mises, together with the commodiousnes of the River. of Pascat & how p'judiciall it would be to this government if ye afforesd place and river should be possessed by such as are no ffriends to vs, hath ordred, that a lovinge and ffriendly l'tre be sent from this Court to the sd inhabitants of Kettery, aquay'tinge them with o'r affore sd right.

Other wise haveinge made o'r right and layd claim to the place, to p'test ag't any further p'ceedings, by vertue of their combin't or other interest whatsoever.

Whereas the General Court holden at Boston, in the last month, did Appoint Us whose Names are here underwritten, as by their Commission under the Seal of the Colony of the Massachusetts, doth or may Appear By

Beech Road





Summons to Assemble the Inhabitants of this Town together, in Some Place where we Should Judge most Convenient, and to declare unto them our Just Right and Interest to & Jurisdiction over the Tract of Land where you inhabit, requiring their Subjection there unto. Assuring them they Enjoye equal protection & priviledge with themselves.

This is therefore to *Desire* you, & in the Name of the Government of the Massachusetts to *require* you, and every one of you, to Assemble together before us, at the house of Wm. Everett, between Seven & Eight of the Clock in the Morning, the 16 of this present Novemb'r, to the end afores'd, & to Setle the Goverment amongst you which we hope will tend to the Glory of God and to the peace and Welfare of the whole.

Dated the 15th of November, 1652, & Signed

Simon Bradstreet	Tho's Wiggins
Samuel Simonds	Bsian Pendleton.

In accordance with this Summons I therefore beg of you severally immediately to disperse, and to assemble all the inhabitants of this town at this spot within the shortest convenient time, for the worthy Commissioners will soon appear among you.

Crier goes out, ringing bell; all disperse except a few of the old men.

### Scene 11.

*Wm. Chadburn:* Ah, good wife, I fear this will be a sorry day for our town!

*Mrs. Chadburne:* Aye, sorry indeed, if our struggles twenty years and more are thus to be rewarded. Is this to be the end of our perilous voyaging, our troublesome times with the Indians our restling with this wilderness?

*Chadburn.* And but three years ago, in July, 1649, I thought that with our compact between Wells, George-ara, Kittery, and the Isles of Shoals, we had assured our independent existence. But Massachusetts has ever cast

a longing eye upon our broad Piscataqua, and upon the many safe harbors of our sea coast. I knew full well that the failure of her last years commission to coerce us into submission, would not end her designs upon us.—Here comes again that brazen crier !

### Scene III.

Re-enter Crier, with many town's people, including Capt. William Everett, Philip Babb, Charles Frost, Michael Brance, Mary Bacheller, John Bursley and Humphrey Chadbourne. The latter two, (enter right,) are attired as trappers, and have evidently just returned from a long hunting trip in the woods.

Crier continues toward the river to meet Commissioners.

*John Bursley.* Good day, friends. What means this bell ringing, and this unusual gathering ?

*Capt. Wm. Everett.* Ah, John Bursley, so you and Humphrey Chadbourne are finally returned from your long hunting trip. You do not know that this morning high Commissioners from Massachusetts are to be here, to arrange for a closer relation between our States.

*Bursley.* What, again? I thought we spoiled that scheme of confiscation last year!

*Frost.* Softly, friend Bursley. You do not consider the advantages that would come to us through an alliance with that powerful State.

*Bursley.* Alliance, say you? Either you are stupid, or you have good reason for not seeing. Submission is what they require, abject submission. And I for one will not give it.

*Michael Brance.* Speak a little more cautiously, or you may rue your words.

*Bursley.* Am I a coward? No. I speak it openly. Puritan narrow-minded Massachusetts shall never take away my liberties of thought and action; and moreover I say that any of you who submits, is a craven slave !

*Frost and Brance.* Peace, John, peace. You will pay for this, if the Commissioners hear of it.

*Bursley.* Peace! talk not of peace! I feel like trouncing any man who hasn't spirit enough to fight for his rights.

#### Scene IV.

Enter, talking together,—Nicholas Shapleigh and Thomas Withers.

*Shapteigh.* Friends and neighbors, the Commissioners are crossing the Piscataqua at Watts Ferry, and will soon be here. Let me beg of you that we conduct this affair soberly and fittingly; and I suggest that the discussion be left to Thomas Withers and myself.

*Several.* Agreed. Agreed.

Chairs and table are arranged, and people fall back into groups.

#### Scene V.

Enter Crier and the Commissioners,—Simon Bradstreet, Samuel Symonds and Brian Pendleton. They greet the town's people very formally: and proceed to the reserved places.

*Bradstreet.* Citizens of Kittery: the Crier informs me that he has, in eight sections of this district, read the Summons of the High Court of Massachusetts. It is therefore not necessary to read at this time.

As Representative of the great State of Mass. I have, therefore, but to declare unto you our just right to, and jurisdiction over, these tracts of land where you inhabit; and to require your subjection; assuring you that you shall enjoy equal protection and privileges with ourselves.

*Nic. Shapleigh.* Honored Sir: this is no slight matter which you ask of us; and is not one quickly to be passed upon. This is a fair land; fair it was before our people set foot upon it, as we know from the tales of the Cabots, who many years ago sailed far up yon noble river; and from the reports of Capt. John Smith, who sojourned for a time upon our Isles of Shoals. But fair as it was then, it

is much more fair now, since we have tilled the ground, planted and tended our fields, reared our homes, barns, and mills, and nursed and cared for our families. We are Englishmen, as you are, with the love of freedom in our blood ; and we are not ready to surrender our liberties for the simple asking.

*Bradstreet.* Fine words, indeed ; but you forget some important facts. This land belongs to the State of Massachusetts, by royal grant, as our charter shows. We are a people who blazed the way in this wilderness.

We came here because persecuted at home. Where many of us had pleasant, comfortable homes, we preferred freedom to worship according to our consciences, even though it meant substituting poverty and hardship for wealth and ease. A fervent religious people we :

Who were the early settlers here ? a pack of penniless adventurers, rushing hither and yon where a bit of gold, or a few skins could be found ? and neither fearing nor considering the one true God and his holy service ?

Shall we who have staked our all, allow you who have risked nothing to rule this land of ours ?

*Shapleigh.* Some truth there is in what you say ; but personal interests prevent you from seeing all the truth. It is a fact that many of the early voyagers to Maine, were of the class you picture ; but most of them did not long endure the hard life here ; they quickly returned to England, or went to Virginia and the South. Such as did stay were transformed by the labor by which alone life could be sustained. They, their descendants, and the new settlers who have joined us, have fought as valiantly, suffered as deeply, and become as true men, as any in your own colony.

And as for your claim of owning the land, is it not queer that you never dreamed of your charter's giving you such a domain, until we by our labors had made this land the rich and prosperous county it now is ?

Is it not more than a coincidence that you should not have put forward this claim until the assumption of government by your Cromwell put all the weight of the home authorities with your Puritans, and against us poor Episcopalians?

(Murmurs of assent from the Town's people.)

*Bradstreet.* Enough of this wild talk. We are here for business: not for speech making. Come, your answer to our summons.

*Shapleigh.* Ah, yes, we feared you would not long listen to such unwelcome words; we expected the voice of the strong tyrant soon to silence the truth of the weak righteous, and we were prepared. Here we have ready certain articles and conditions which we tender as grounds whereupon we are ready to yield to you.

*Bradstreet.* Articles and conditions, indeed! Those will be decided by us, after you have yielded yourselves; and that must be immediately, or off we go, and send to enforce your obedience all the arms of our mighty stake. (Stalks off haughtily to one side with other commissioners.)

*Charles Frost.* We must not let this go too far; we cannot resist long; let us then submit.

General talk and excitement. After a time Bradstreet returns; the crier rings his bell, calls "Silence"

*Bradstreet.* Well?

*Shapleigh.* For the sakes of our wives and children, we shall this day acknowledge ourselves subject to the Government of the Massachusetts Bay in New England. We submit for a time, but we know it will not be for long. Nothing can be settled until it is settled right, and here injustice rules for a time. Time will prove that we are in the right. It will not be many years before Maine will again be free.

*Scene of Signing.* Several sign; when comes time for John Bursley, he refuses. "No, I'll not!"

*Bradstreet.* Bursley, delay not. I have already heard that you, this morning, uttered threatening words against

the loyal friends of our Government. I warn you that this is a severely punishable crime ; and unless you do at once confess, repent, and sign this submission, I shall have you placed under arrest and removed for trial.

Several speak with Bursley ; he reluctantly complies and signs after all have signed.

*Bradstreet.* Men of Kittery, you have acted wisely, even though some of you have spoken otherwise. I am commissioned to announce that the state government has decided that this district shall hereafter be called Yorkshire : that you shall have a Deputy to represent you in Boston Court, that you shall have your own Militia and General Training Day. Moreover, it is decided that your firebrand, Nicholas Shapleigh, shall serve as County Treasurer, and Thomas Dunstan and Robert Mendam shall be sworn as Constables.

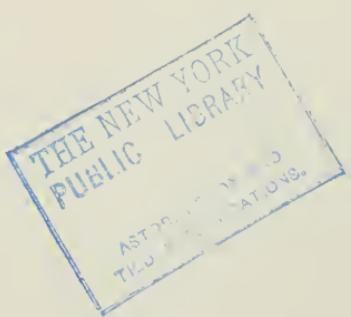
And now we bid you all farewell, and return to Boston well content with this morning's proceedings.

All go out discussing in various moods the day's events.

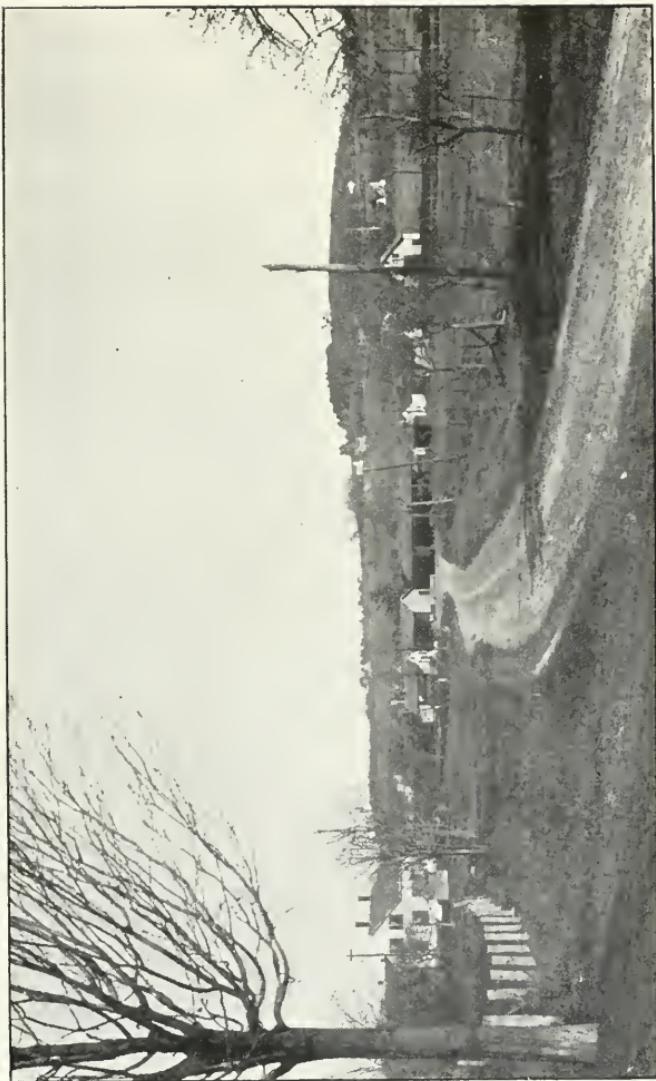




A. C. Hayden.



*At Eliot Depot*







On Goodwin Road past Daniel Goodwins





Dr. Emery House. Home of Mrs. M. A. Coleman



# Green Acre Recital.

IN HONOR OF THE  
Eliot Centennial Anniversary,  
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, ELIOT

*Friday, August 12, 7.30 p. m.*  
**1810 — o — 1910**

GIVEN BY

Mrs. Gertrude Walker-Crawley, *Soprano*,  
ASSISTED BY

Mr. John S. Crowley, *Tenor*,  
Mr. Arthur Hanson, *Violinist*,  
Miss Mabel Stone, at the Piano.

Duet, L'Addio	Nicolai
Mrs. Walker-Crowley and Mr. Crowley	
Es blinckt der Thau	Rubinstein
Die Lorelei	Lizst
Vergeblishes Staendchen	Brahms
Mrs. Gertrude Walker-Crowley.	
Violin Solos { Meditation	MacDowell
To a Wild Rose	
Mr. Hanson.	
“Could I”	Tosti
“Bonne Nuit”	Massenet
Where Blooms the Rose (Violin Obligato)	Johns
Mrs. Walker-Crowley.	
Waltz Song	Stern
Mrs. Walker-Crowley	
Violin Solo: Thais	Mr. Hanson.
Duets: Night Hymn at Sea	Goring Thomas
It was a lover and his lass	Waltheur
Mr. and Mrs. Crowley.	
Children's Songs: The Cuckoo	Lehmann
If no one ever marries me	Lehmann
The Yellow Chrysanthemum	Salter
Mrs. Walker-Crowley	
Ave Maria (Violin Obligato.)	Bach Gounod
Mrs. Walker-Crowley.	

## SEVENTH DAY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13.

The closing day of the Centennial Celebration, was devoted to Field Sports. The runs were from the Congregational Church, up State Road; and the other sports were held on the Library Ass'n Grounds next the church. There was a large gathering of citizens of Eliot and neighboring towns, and the weather was all that could be desired.

## THE FIELD EVENTS.

The judges of the field events were Howard P. Libbey, Fred E. Nelson and Wallace E. Dixon. The events took place as follows :

Hundred yard dash—Won by Dees in 11 seconds, Sparrow second, S. Nelson third. Prize, a silver cup.

Seventy-five yard dash for boys less than fourteen years old—Won by Major Dixon in ten seconds, Plaisted second, Morse third, Ralph Dixon fourth. Prize, a stick pin.

Mile run—Won by Dees in 7 minutes, 45 seconds; Nason second. Prize, a silver cup.

Putting eight pound shot—Won by Willis—37 feet, 7 inches. Moore second, at 36 feet, 3 inches. Sparrow third at 35 feet, 5 inches. Prize a compass.

Standing broad jump—Won by Moore in 9 feet, Green second at 8 feet 9 1-4 inches, Bridges third at 8 feet 7 3-4 inches. Prize, cuff links and stick pin.

Running broad jump—Won by Dees in 16 feet 6 inches. H. Nelson second at 14 feet 8 inches. Prize, silver mounted thermometer.

Running high jump—Won by Moore in 4 feet 10 1-4 inches, Green second at 4 feet 1 inch. Prize, silver mounted ink stand.

The base ball game between the single and married men was easily taken by the youngsters. The members of the winging team were awarded stick pins.

The closing sport of the day was a basketball game between fives, captained by Rev. J. Walter Dees and Howard Nelson. It was a fast game, lasting till dusk.

The superior training of Capt. Dees, fresh from college work at this sport, finally settled the result. The line-up and score:

Dees Team	Nelson's Team
Paul lf . . . . .	rf Moore
Prime lb . . . . .	rb A. Lieberman
Dees c . . . . .	c H. Nelson
Goldman rb . . . . .	lb S. Nelson
Primmerman rf . . . . .	lf H. Lieberman

Score—Dees' team 17, Nelson's team 12. Baskets by Prime 1, Dees 4, Goldman 2, Moore 2, A. Lieberman, 2, S. Nelson 1. Baskets from fouls, Dees 1, Moore 2.—Fouls called on Dees team 4, on Nelson's team 2.

Time, three 10 minute periods.

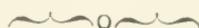
Referee, York.

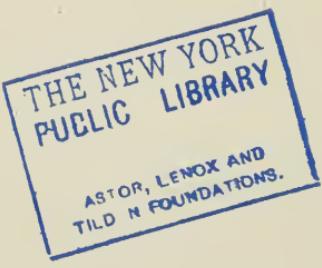
Timer, Francis Dixon.

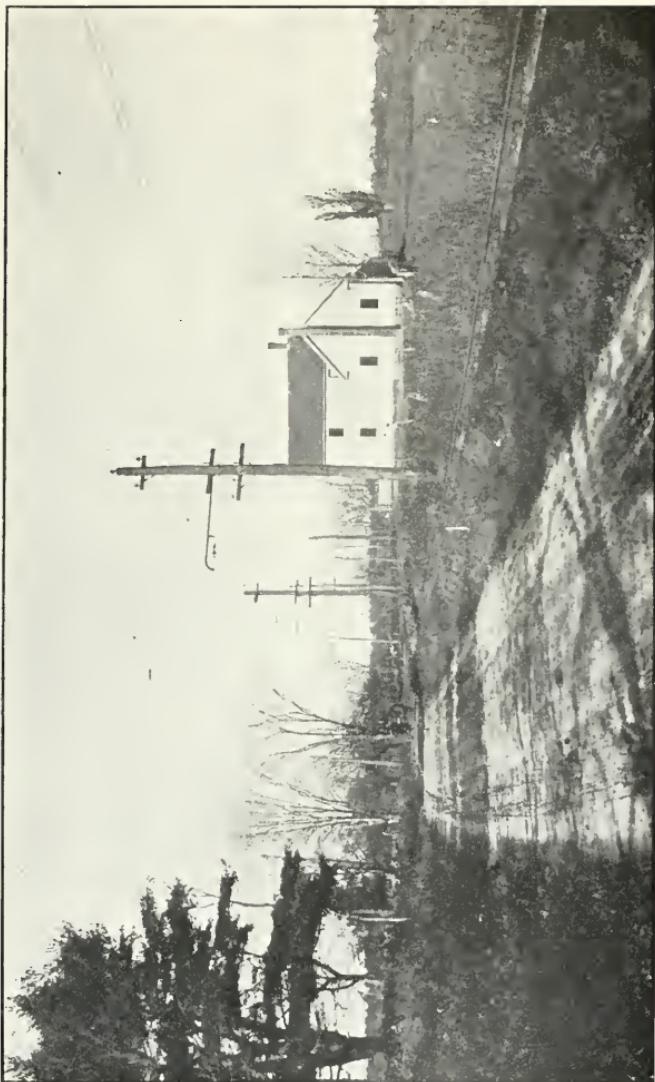
Prizes, a stick pin for each member of the winning team.

The prizes for all the sports were presented at the close of the ball game; and the Town's Centennial Exercises were officially over.

Hundreds of Old Eliot's returning sons and daughters had joined in the observance of her century of peace and prosperity, and had shown their loyalty to the old town, and their delight at being back once more.







No. 1 School House

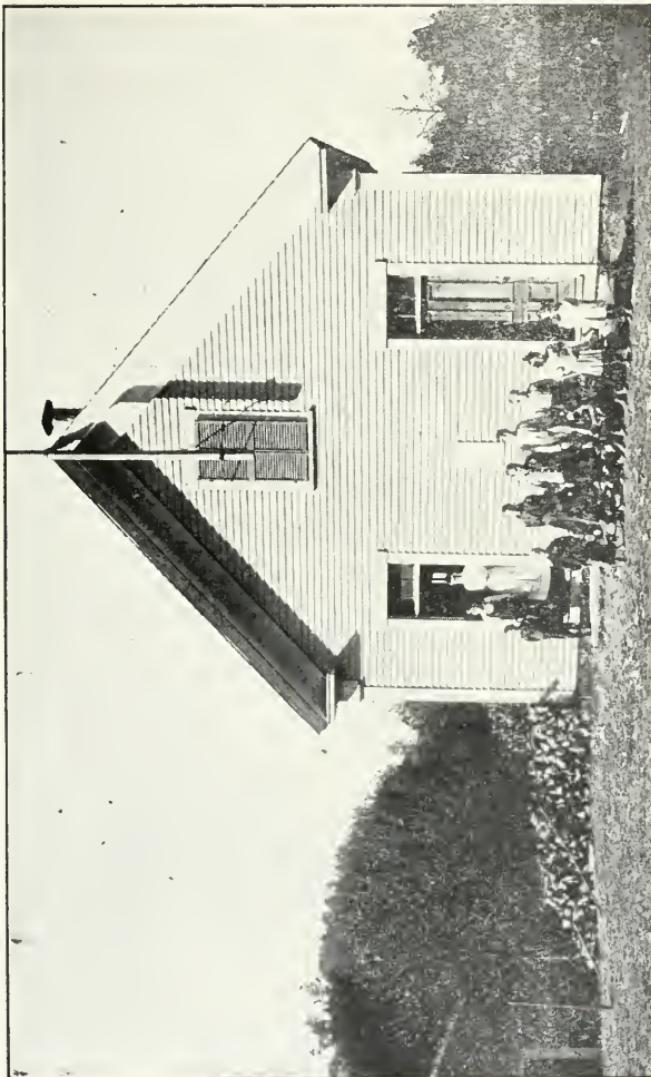




School House No. 2.

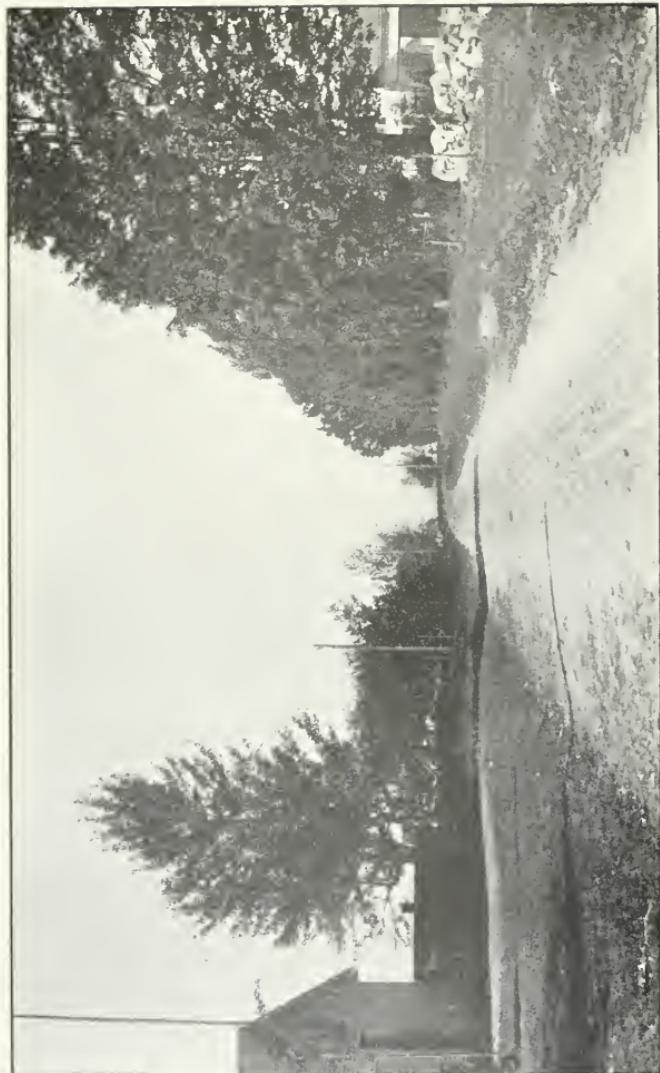


School House No. 3.

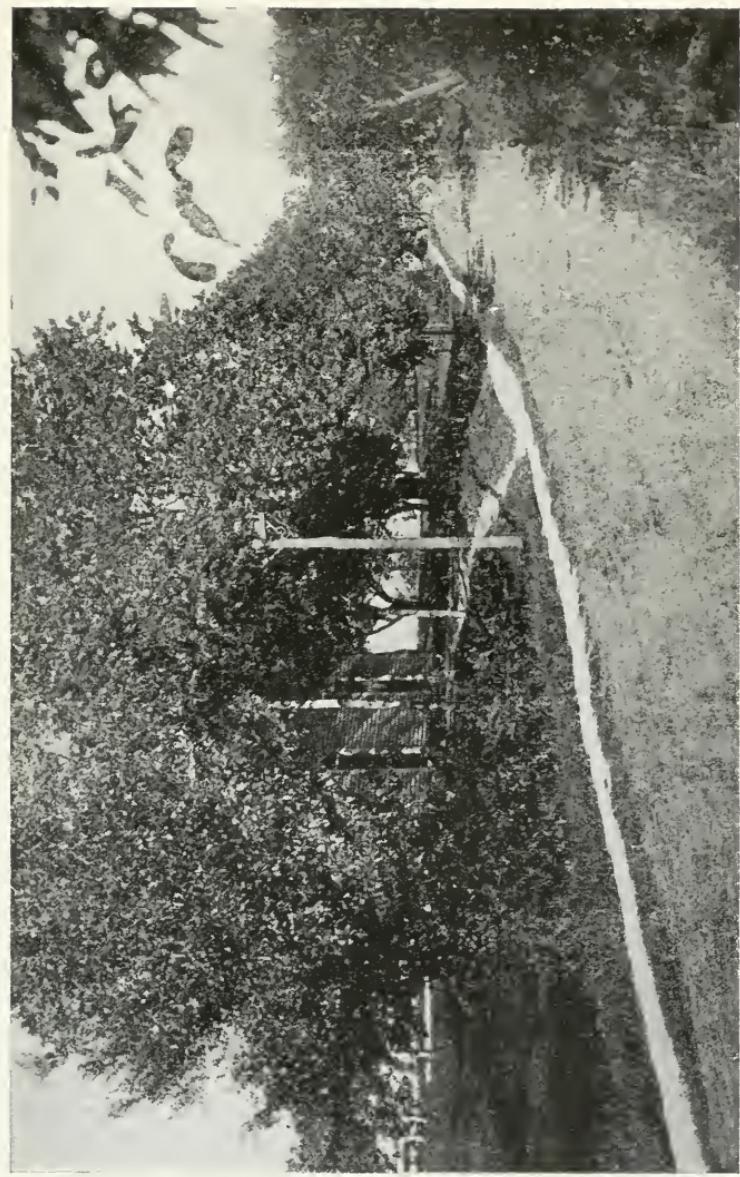




School House No. 4.



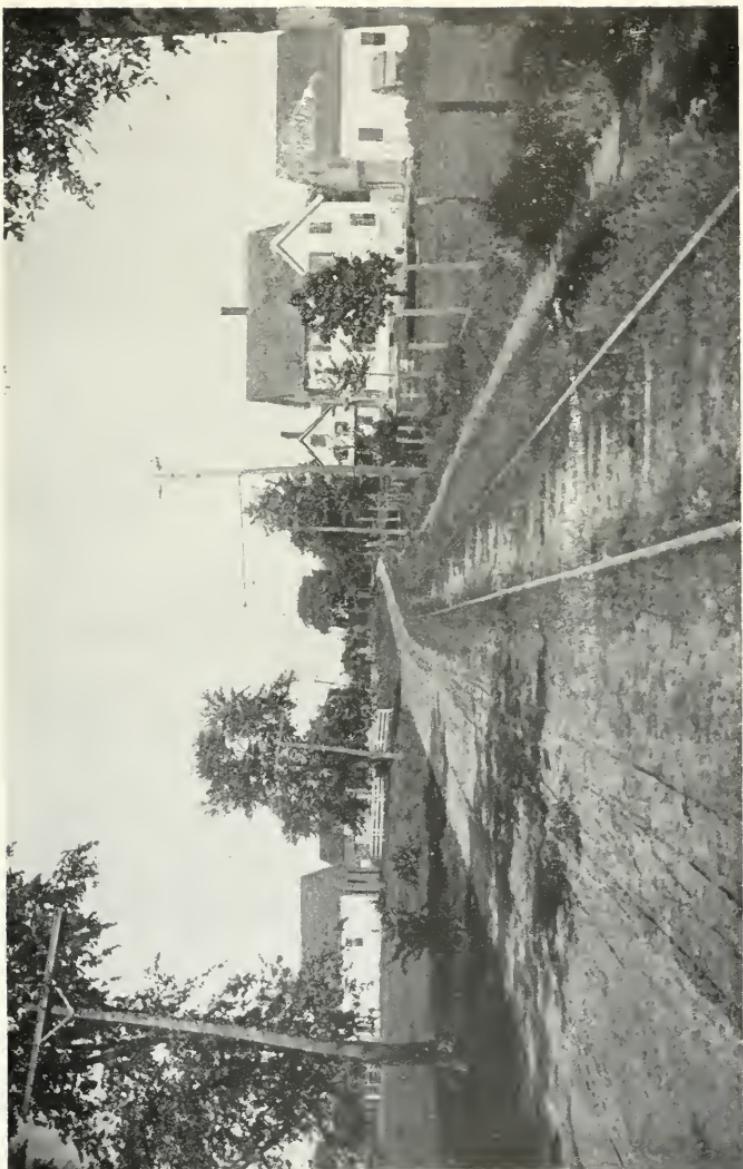




By School House No. 5



School House No. 6.

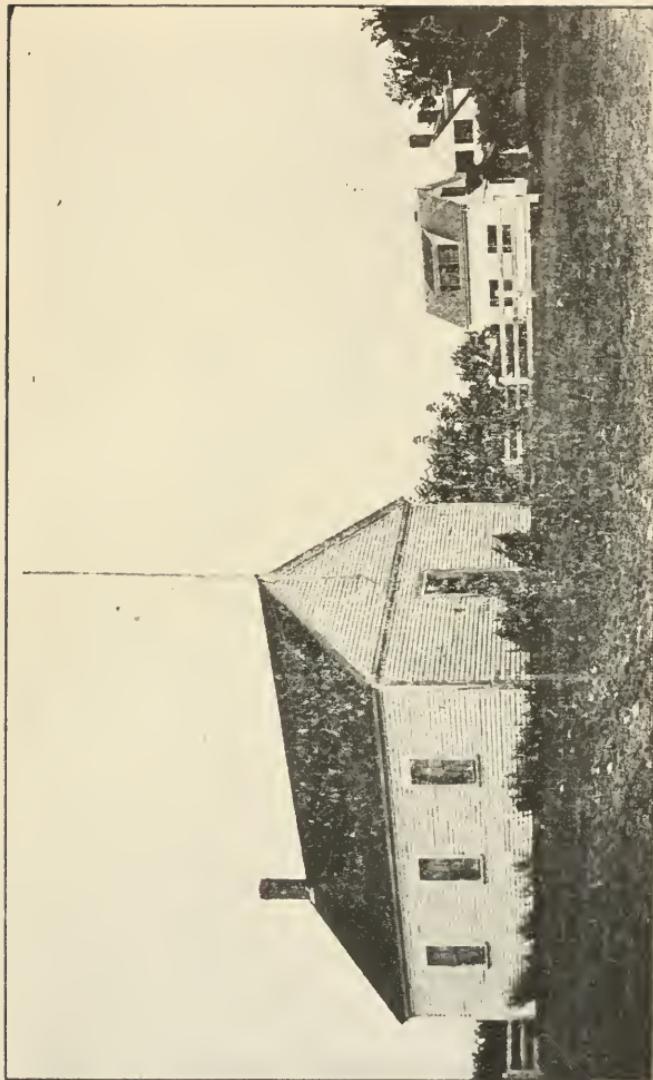




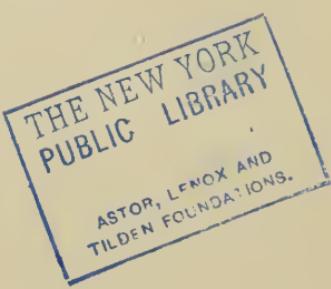


School House No. 7.

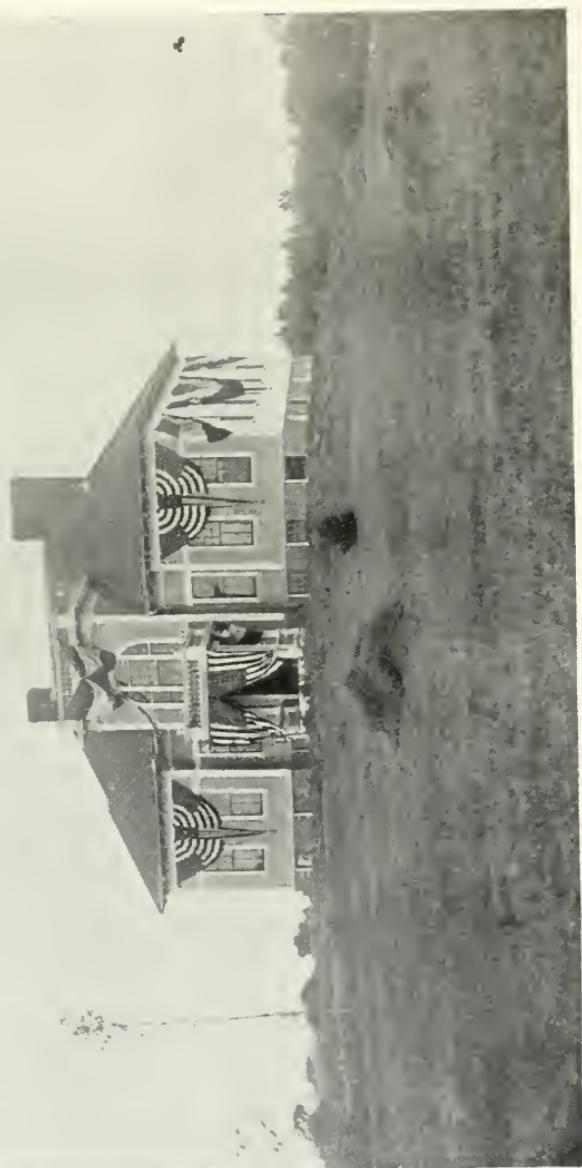




School House No. 8



High School





# U. S. Census,

ELIOT, 1810.

Heads of Families.	Males,	Females.	Heads of Families.	Males.	Females.
Allen, Asa	1,	6.	Davis, Samuel	3,	2.
Allen, Ephraim	2,	1.	Dickson, Joseph	3,	3.
Allen, Sarah	1,	1.	Dickson, John	5,	3.
Bartlett, Daniel	7,	5.	Dickson, Nancy	1,	3.
Bartlett, Bertha		3.	Dickson, Nicholas	1,	
Bartlett, Lydia	3,	1.	Dickson, Peter	1,	1.
Bartlett, Nathan	1,	2.	Dickson, Peter, jr.	3,	5.
Bartlett, James	4,	3.	Dickson, Samuel	2,	2.
Bartlett, Hannah		2.	Dickson, Susan	1,	3.
Burden, Timothy	7,	2.	Dickson, Stephen	1.	1.
Black, Henry	3,	2,	Emery, Dr. Caleb	1,	
Black, Susan		2.	Emery, Daniel	3,	2.
Brewer, Joel	1,	2.	Emery, Daniel, jr.	1,	1.
Brooks, Abraham	2,	2.	Emery, Hannah		1.
Brooks, Daniel	7,	2.	Emery, Israel	2,	4.
Brooks, Samuel	3,	1.	Emery, James	2,	2.
Brooks, Sam'l, jr.	3,	3.	Emery, Naham	2,	4.
Brooks, William	3,	3.	Emery, Nathan	4,	4.
Brooks, Wm. jr.	3,	1.	Emery, Noah	1.	2.
Brooks, Gideon	3,	3.	Emery, Noah, jr.	2,	2.
Butler, Jeremiah	2,	2.	Emery, Samuel	2,	2.
Carter, Sarah	2,	3.	Emery, Samuel 3d.	2,	2.
Chandler,			Emery, Simon	3,	2.
Sam'l Rev.	4,	5.	Farnham, Jeremiah	1,	1.
Chick, Amos	1,	1.	Fernald,		
Colored, 2.			Andrew P. Esq.	3,	3.
Chick, James	2,	2.	Fernald, Charles,	2,	1.
Chick, Samuel	3,	1.	Fernald, Dennis	5,	4.
Chick, Thomas	4,	3.	Fernald, Peggy		1.
Clark, Samuel	6,	5.	Fernald, Samuel	2,	1.
Cole, Daniel	1,	2.	Fernald, William	4,	4.
Cole, Eli	3,	2.	Fields, Jane	3,	3.
Cole, Eliza		1.	Fields Joseph Capt.	3,	3.
Cole, Ichabod	2,	1.	Fitzgerald, Edward	1,	2.
Cole Ichabod, jr.	4,	1.	Furbush, John	1,	1.
Cutts, John	2,	2.	Furbush, Meads,	3,	6.
Cottle, Joshua	3,	4.	Furbush, Stephen	4,	4.
Cottle, William	1,	2.			

Heads of Families.	Males.	Females.	Heads of Families.	Males.	Females.
Foster, Parker	4.	4,	Hammond, John	2,	6.
Foster, Parker, jr.	1.	2.	Hammond, Joseph	4,	4.
Foster, Sally	4.	4.	Hammond, Nath'l	3,	4.
Fogg, John	3,	6.	Hammond, George	2,	3.
Fogg, John, jr.	2,	3.	Hanscom, Daniel	3,	5.
Ferguson, Alex'r	1,	0.	Hanscom, Dorcas		2.
Ferguson, Dennis	3,	3.	Hanscom, Eliza	1,	2.
Ferguson, Mary	2,	2.	Hanscom, Joseph	2,	4.
Ferguson, Nathan	3,	2.	Hanscom, Jonathan	3,	3.
Ferguson Timothy	1,	5.	Hanscom, Nath'l	7,	4.
Frost, Caleb	2,	2.	Hanscom, Nath'l	3,	4.
Frost, Capt Charles	2,		Hanscom, Mary	1,	1.
Frost, Eliot	4,	6.	Hanscom, Samuel	1,	2.
Frost, John	1,		Hanscom, Sally	3,	2.
Frost, Joseph Maj.	3,	3.	Hanscom, Simeon	2,	7.
Frost, Mary	2,	2.	Hanscom, Tobias	1,	4.
Frost, Nath'l Capt.	7,	3.	Colored, 1.		
Frost, Samuel	1,	3.	Hanscom, Thomas	5,	4.
Frye, Daniel	3,	4.	Hanscom, Uriah	3,	4.
Frye, Daniel, jr.	3,	4.	Hanscom, William	2,	4.
Frye, Ebenezer	3,	4.	Hanscom, William	2,	2.
Frye, Edward	3,	3.	Hanscom, Jack, (colored.)		
Frye, Tobias	6,	7.	4 colored.		
Frye, William	1,	1.	Hill, John	7,	2.
Garland, Jacob	1,	2.	Hill, Samuel	1,	3.
Garland, Sally	1,	3.	Sims Mary		
Goodwin, Daniel	4,	5.	Seabury, James	3,	4.
Goodwin, Daniel	3,	3.	Seabury, Obadiah	3,	2.
Goodwin,			Seabury, Roald	4,	4.
Elisha, Capt.	5.	3.	Johnson, Joseph	2,	3.
Goodwin, Benj.	1,	2.	Johnson, Robert	2,	1.
Goodwin, Moses	1,	3.	Kennard, Benjamin	2,	3.
Gould, Alexander	3,	2.	Kennard, Daniel	3,	4.
Gould, Hannah	7,	3.	Kennard, James,	2,	1.
Gould, John	3,	2.	" Capt. James		
Gould, Samuel	6,	4.	Kennard, Timothy	3,	2.
Gowen, William	2,	4.	Knight, Daniel	1,	
Green, Nathaniel	6,	4.	Knight, Elizabeth	3,	2.
Greenough Peletiah	1		Knight, John	1,	
Gerrish, Timothy	2,	1.	Knight, Nath'l	2,	2.
Hanson, Henry	1,	1.	Knight, Thomas	1,	2.
Hodsdon, Benj.	1,	2.	Knowlton, Dorcas		3.
Hodsdon, John	2,	3.	Leach, George	6,	3.
Hodsdon, Sarah			Leighton, John	4,	6.
Hodsdon, William	1,	1.	Leighton, Sam'l E.	7,	9.
Hubbard, Dorcas	1,	2.	Leighton, William	3,	4.
Colored, 1.					

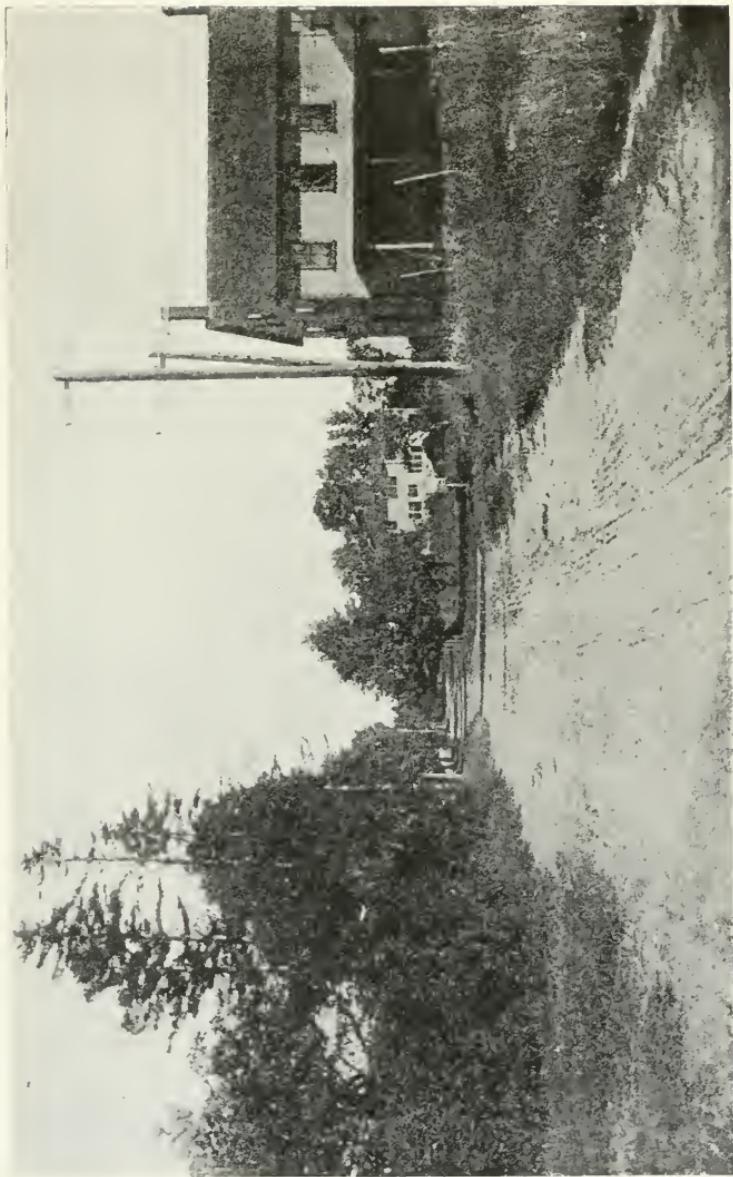
Heads of Females.	Males.	Females.	Heads of Families.	Males.	Females
Libbey, Asa		3.	Pettigrew, Francis	2,	3.
Libbey, Andrew		1.	Pettigrew, Sam'l	2,	3.
Libbey, David	7,	4.	Pettigrew, Timothy	1,	1.
Libbey, Ezra	4,	3.	Pettigrew, Nancy	2,	3.
Libbey, Dennis	1.		Raitt, John	5,	5.
Libbey, Gideon	1.		Kaitt, E. Capt.	1,	5.
Libbey, George	2,	6.	Randal, Edward	1,	2.
Libbey, Mary		3.	Randal, Abigail		1.
Libbey, Nathan	1,	2.	Remick, Jane	3,	3.
Libbey, Sarah	2,	5.	Remick, Capt. Josiah	1,	3.
Libbey, Samuel	1,	3.	Remick, Jeremiah	1,	1.
Libbey, Samuel	1.		Remick, Hannah	2,	2.
Libbey, Simon	1.		Remick, Nath'l	1,	1.
Libbey, Solomon	1,	2.	Remick, Mary		3.
Libbey, Seth	1.		Remick, Samuel	1,	3.
Libbey, Thomas	1.		Remick, Samuel, Major		
Ledston, Dan	4,	2.	Remick, Sam'l 3d.	4,	2.
Ledston, Gideon	1.		Remick, William	1,	1.
" Weymouth	1,	5.	Remick, William, jr.	3:	2.
Lord, Dan	4,	4.	Rogers, Eunice		1.
Lord, Jonathan	1,	5.	Rogers, John	2,	2.
Morrel, Joel	4,	3.	Rogers, John, jr.	1,	3.
Morton, Eliza	1,	3.	Rogers, Thomas	6,	2.
Mason, James	1,	1.	Robert, Jack, colored,		
Mason, James, jr.	1,	2.	5 Colored.		
Mason, John	2,	5.	Shapleigh, Capt. Dep.	4,	2.
Mason, Jonathan	2,	1.	Shapleigh, Elisha	4,	2.
Neal, James	3.	3.	Colored, 1.		
Neal, John	3,	2.	Shapleigh,		
Neal, Stephen	3,	3.	Elijah, Capt.	4,	3.
Nutter Jack	2,	6.	Colored, 1.		
Odeorne, David	1,	1.	Shapleigh, John	2,	3.
Odeorne, David jr.	4	3.	Shapleigh, Capt John	7.	7.
Odeorne, Wm.	5,	11.	Colored, 1.		
Patch, Susan		2.	Shapleigh, Hannah	4,	5.
Paul, Samuel	1,	2.	Shapleigh, Nicholas	2,	2.
Paul, Hugh	1,	3.	Scammon Nicholas S.	2.	2.
Paul, Joseph	1,	2.	Shorey, Jacob	4,	4.
Paul, Joseph, jr.	2,	5.	Shorey, Stephen	5,	1.
Paul, James	7,	5.	Shorey, Joseph	5,	1.
Paul, Mary		2.	Sargent, Thomas	3,	7.
Paul, Moses	3,	4.	Scriggins, Cazial		3.
Paul, Samuel	2,	1.	Simpson, Zediciah	5,	5.
Paul, Samuel, jr.	1.		Smith, Joseph	2,	6.
Paul, Sarah	2,	1.	Smith, William	2,	1.
Paul, Stephen	3,	2.	Siam, Josiah	3,	4.

Heads of Families.	Males.	Females,	Heads of Families,	Males,	Females
Spinney, David	3,	2	Staples, Nathaniel	4,	3
Spinney, Diamond	3,	2	Staples, Joseph	2,	3
Spinney, Betsey	1,	3	Staples, Solomon	2,	3
Spinney, Andrew	2,		Staples, Solomon	1,	1
Spinney, Edward	1,	1	Staples, Simon	2,	3
Spinney, Hannah	2,	3	Staples, Simon, jr.	2,	3
Spinney, Isaac	4,	1	Staples, Sarah		3
Spinney, John	1,	1	Staples, William	4,	1
Spinney, John jr.	1,	1	Thorpe, Samuel	1,	1
Spinney, Jeremiah	1,	3	Tobey, James	4,	7
Spinney, George	7,	4	Tobey, Mary	2,	3
Spinney, Mark	3,	3	Tobey, Samuel	3,	2
Spinney, Mary		3	Tucker Stephen	3,	3
Spinney, Samuel	3,	6	Tetherly, David	2,	4
Spinney, Samuel, jr.	2,	1	Tetherly, John		
Spinney, Stella R.	3,	3	Tetherly Samuel	3,	
Spinney, Reuben	1,		Tetherly William	2,	2
Spinney, Timothy	1,	3	Tyler, Phineas	2,	2
Stacy, Eliza	3,	3	Trypare, Robert	4,	2
Stacy, George	3,	3	Varney, Jedediah	2,	8
Stacy, Mehitable		2	Warren Benjamin	1,	1
Stacy, John	2,	4	Welch, Samuel	3,	3
Staples, Ephraim	1,	6	Welch, William	2,	1
Staples, Edward	3,	6	Wherren, William	1,	3
Staples, David	4,	4	Wherren, Wm. jr.	1,	2
Staples, Elias	1,	1	Witham, Abraham	2,	2
Staples, David	4,	3	Witham, Jedediah	2,	4
Staples, John	1,	1	Woodman Benjamin	6,	3
Staples, Isaac	1,	2	Worster Thomas	1,	1
Staples, Mary		2			

# **VIEWS OF ELIOT**



State Road Near Farmer's Corner



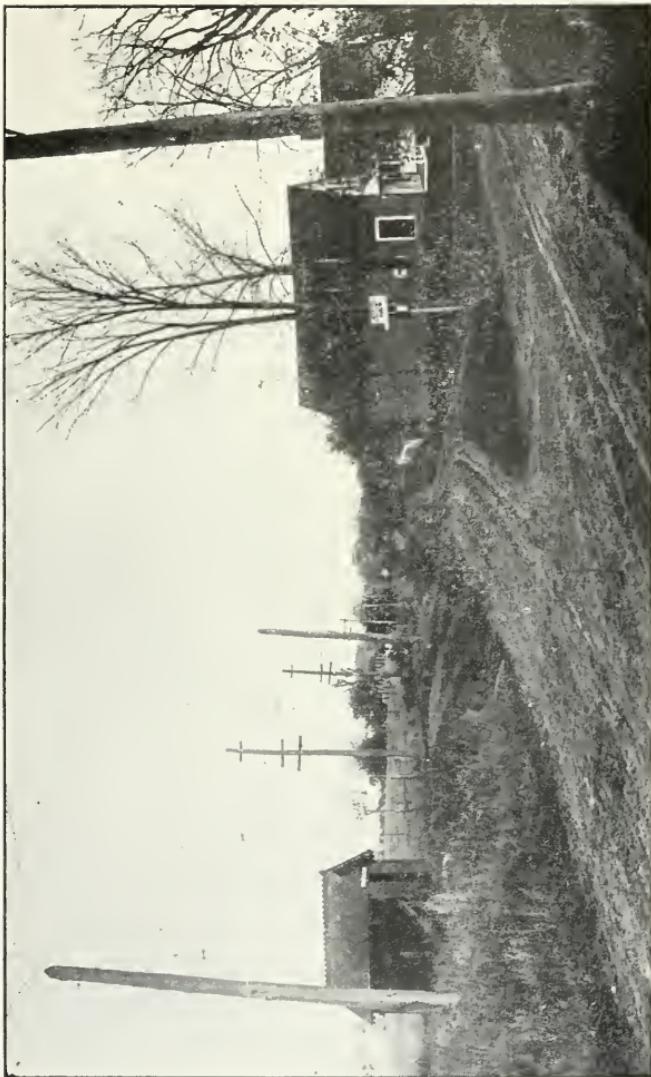


Ireland's Corner





Goulds Corner

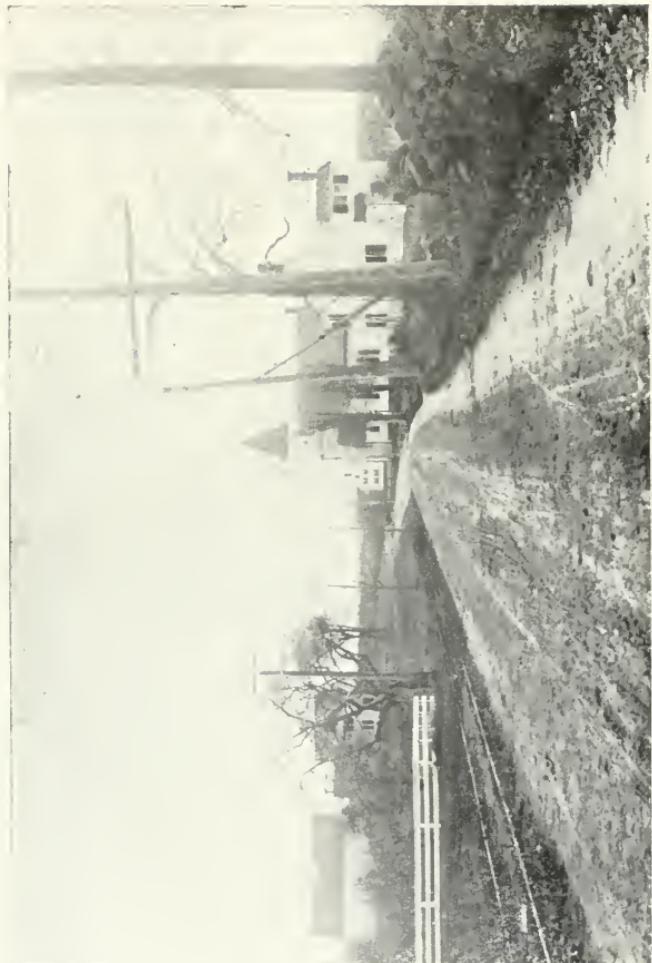




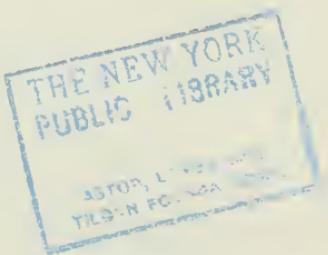


Rosemary Corner



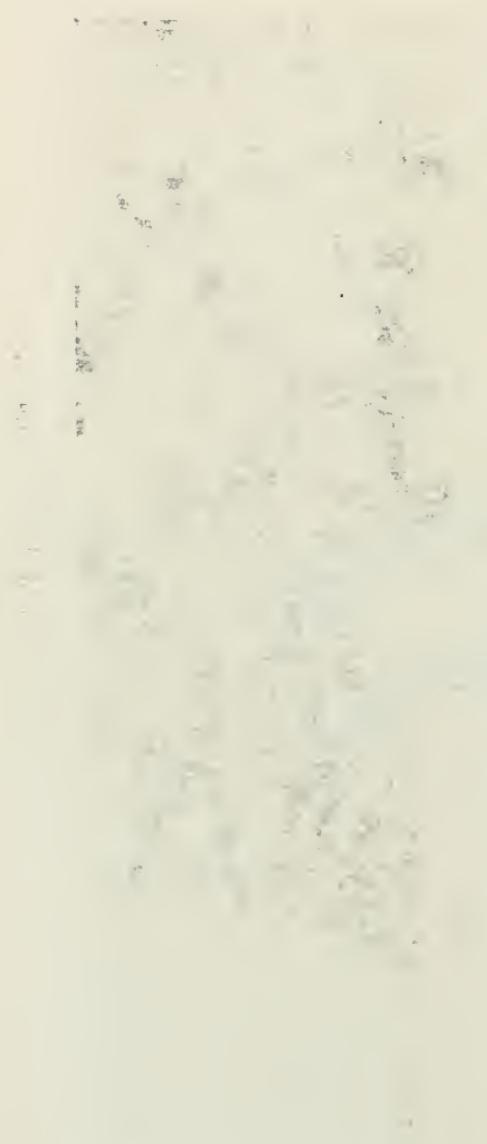


State Road. Near Congregational Church

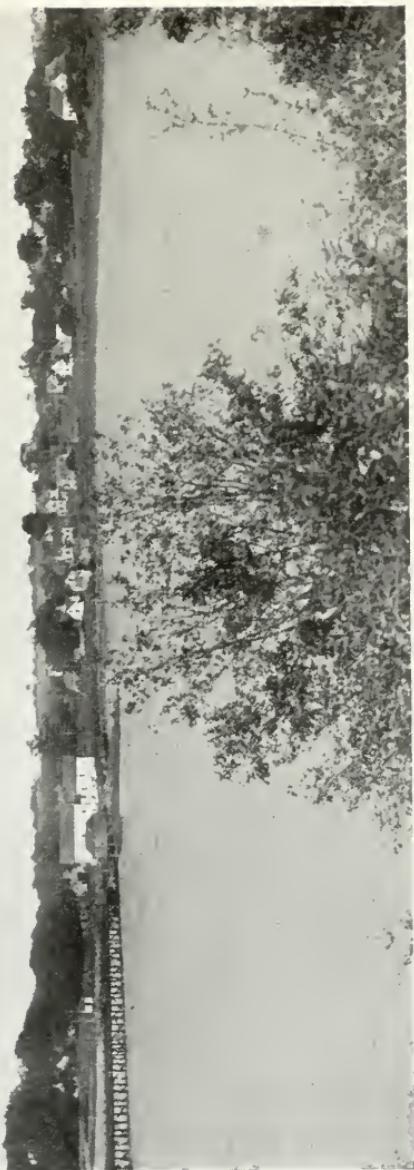


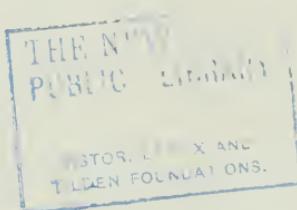
The Long Reach of the Piscataqua

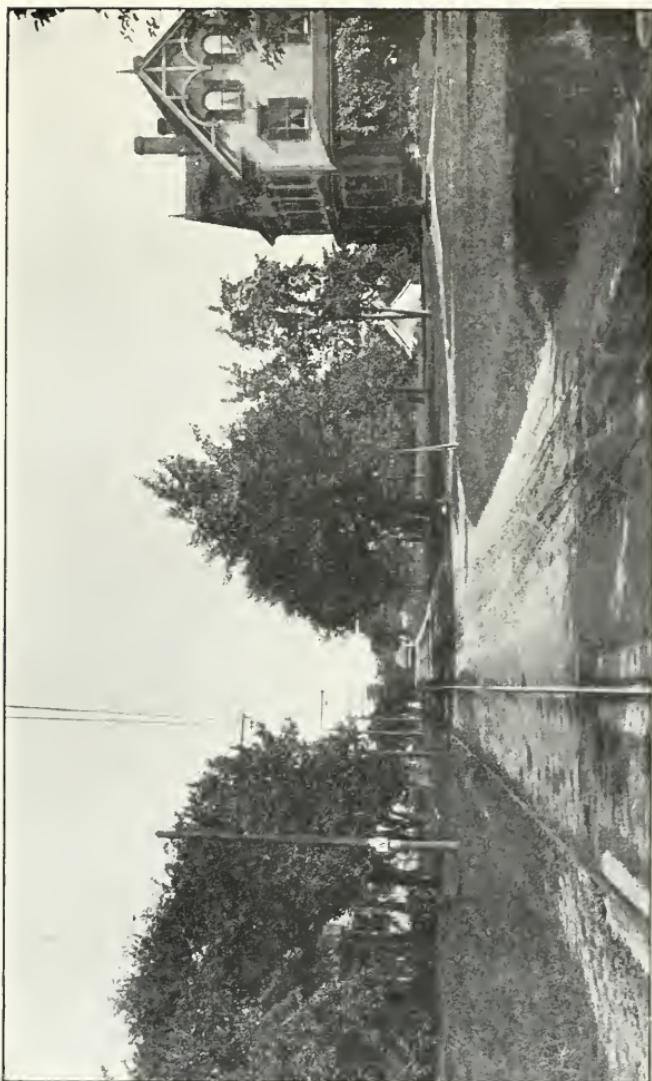




Across Spinney's Creek



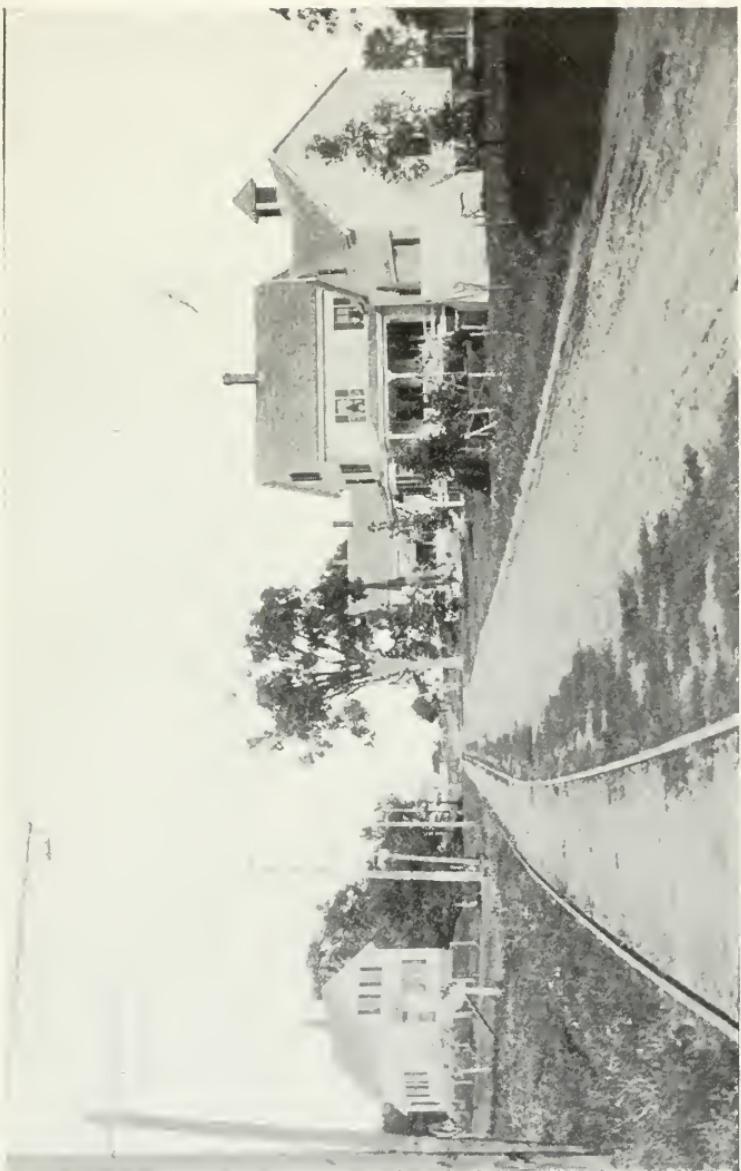




In Front of T. F. Staples



Main Street, South Ellicott

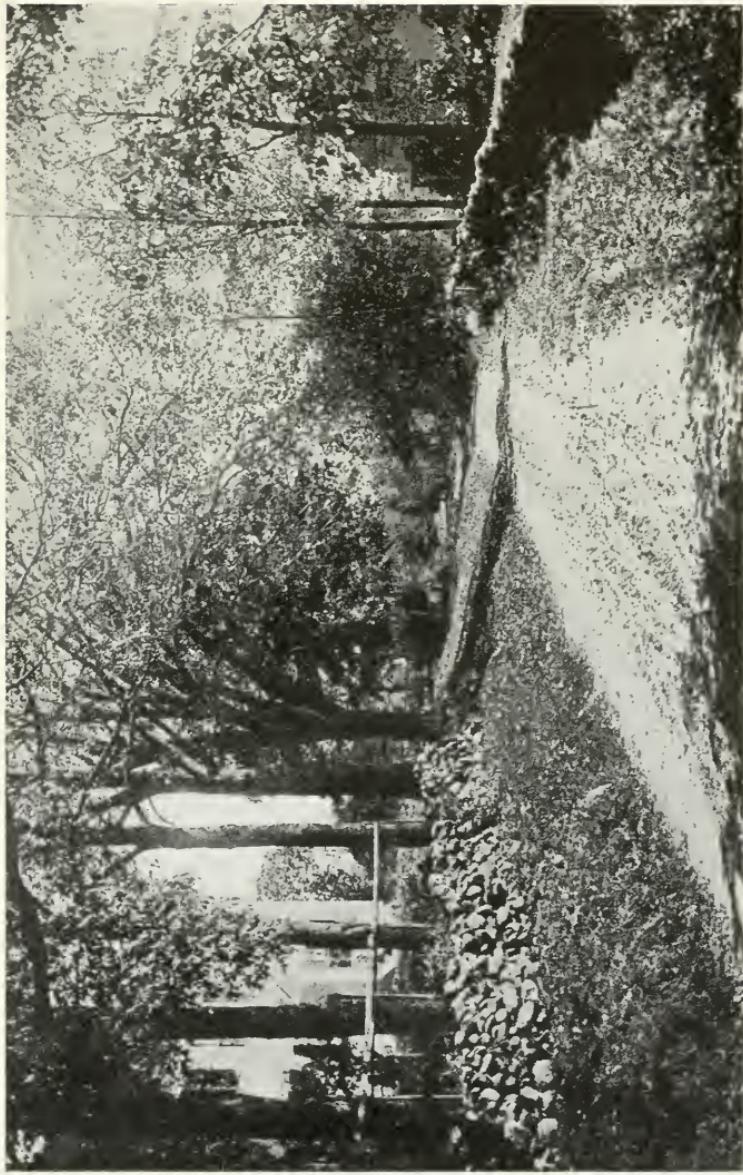




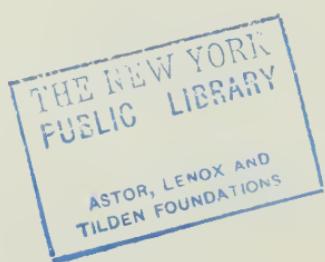
Worster's Corner—Charles B. Gales







On Ferguson's Hill





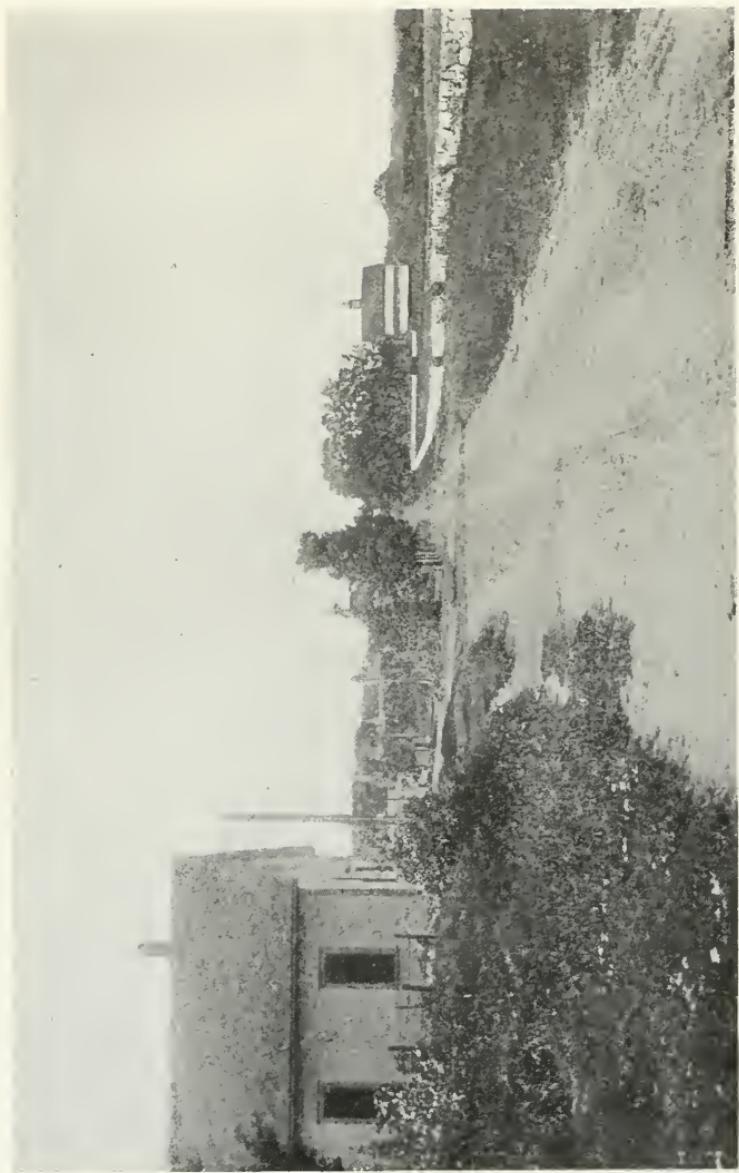
"Bittersweet"—Home of Prof. M. G. Farmer



View from Ferguson's Hill







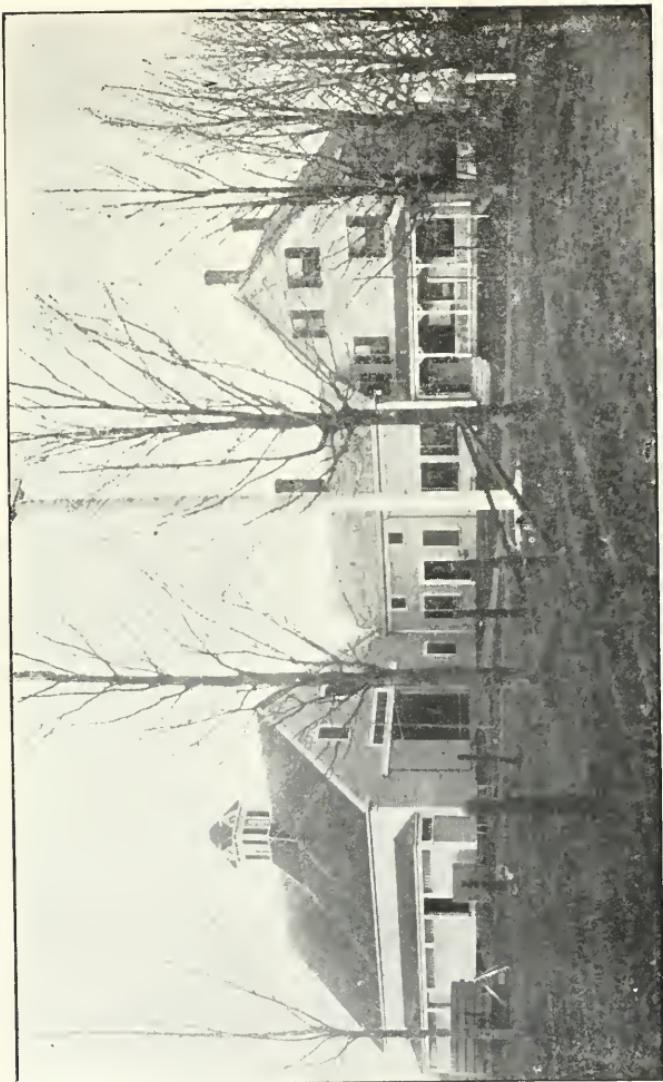
Town Hall



On the Brixham Road

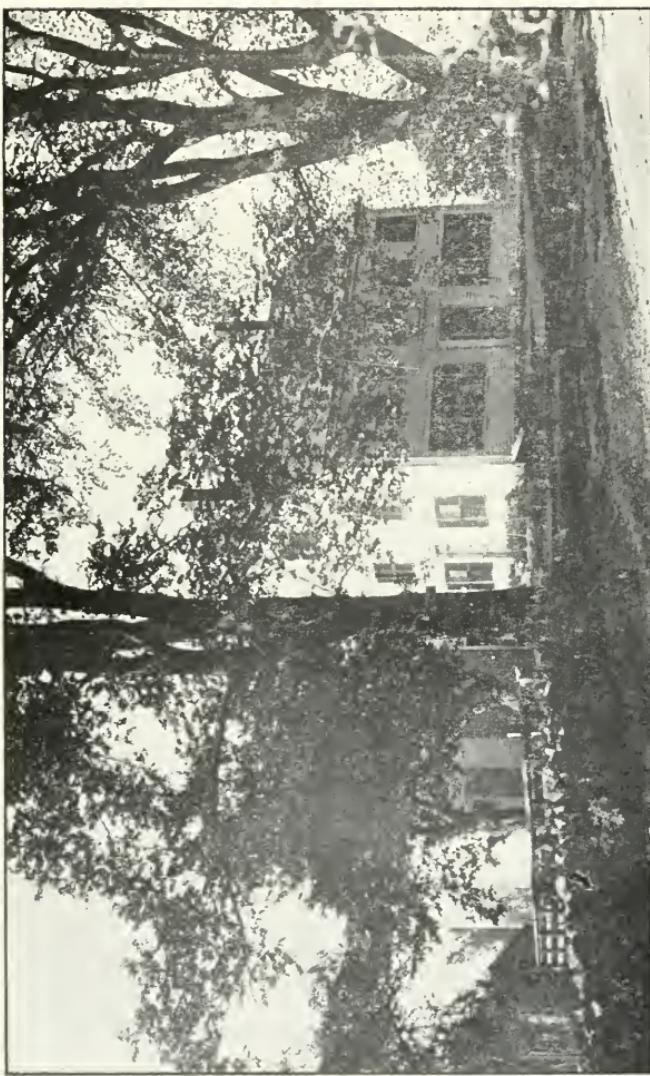






Home of Charles A. Raitt





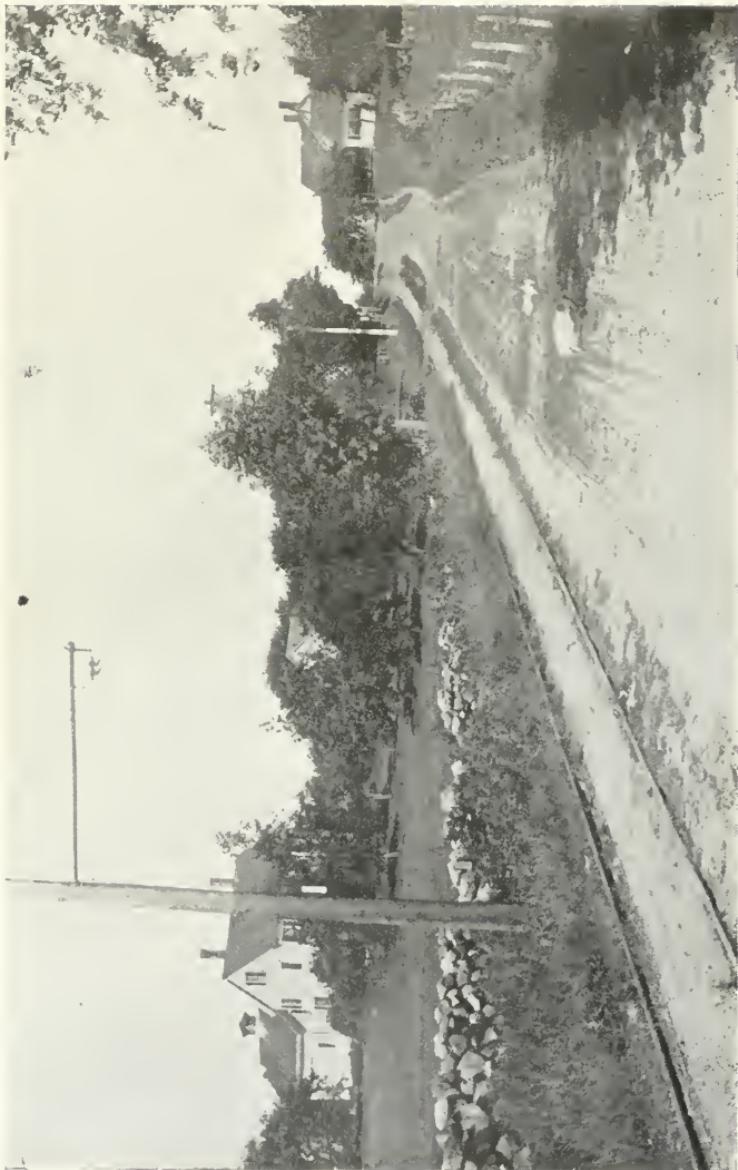
Joseph B. Remick's Residence.





Edward E. Hanscom Cottage.





Pleasant St., Samuel Dixons

